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LONDONERS THEN AND NOW AS PICTURED BY THEIR CONTEMPORARIES

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LONDONERS
THEN AND NOW
AS PICTURED BY THEIR CONTEMPORARIES

WITH COMMENTARY BY
MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

1920

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EDITED BY GEOFFREY HOLME
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THE EDITOR DESIRES TO EXPRESS HIS THANKS TO THE AUTHORITIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, THE SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM, THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY AND THE KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE ASSISTANCE THEY HAVE RENDERED HIM IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS VOLUME BY GRANTING HIM FACILITIES TO REPRODUCE PAINTINGS AND PRINTS IN THEIR COLLECTIONS; ALSO TO ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS AND OTHERS WHO HAVE PERMITTED HIM TO ILLUSTRATE WORKS IN THEIR POSSESSION, OR OF WHICH THEY OWN THE COPYRIGHT.

LONDONERS THEN AND NOW AS PICTURED BY THEIR CONTEMPORARIES

IT is not very far back we have to travel if we wish to see how the people of London, as they went about the daily business and pleasure of their lives, presented themselves to the graphic artists of their own time. Rarely, indeed, before the eighteenth century shall we find the contemporary painters and engravers concerning themselves with the pictorial aspect of London life, and showing us how the Londoners of their day looked and comported themselves in their homes, in the streets, in the playhouses and the market-places, or crowding to the sports, the fairs, the faction tumults, the pageants and the awful spectacles, horribly entertaining to them, of the punishments and executions. But, though in the earlier centuries the pictorial artists were lacking, happily there were others—word-artists, poets, chroniclers, diarists, letter-writers—whose writings could make the contemporary life of old London vivid to the imaginative vision of your true Londoner of any later period. For there is something in the bigness, the gregariousness, the essential familiarity of London that enables the man with London in his blood to assimilate readily with any changed conditions of its general life, to feel no stranger among them, however strange or obsolete they may seem. So long as the old familiar street names remain with us; so long as Cheapside, Cornhill, Bishopsgate, Tower Hill, St. Paul's, Whitehall, stay in their places, and Fleet Street, St. James's, Pall Mall, Piccadilly and the Parks stand where they did; while the Thames continues to flow past Westminster, the Temple, Billingsgate, and under London Bridge; your genuine Londoner will feel at home, whether in actual life or in old story and picture, no matter how extraordinary the metamorphosis of aspect; look the buildings never so different; be the people clad and mannered never so strangely. London, in fact, is too great, too gargantuan and wonderful, its sense of humour too comprehensive in its tolerance, for the unexpected or even anachronism to come into its reckoning. The experience of constant change is so much the birthright of your Londoner that he is apt scarcely to notice it.

How many of us, for example, ever pause to reflect with any surprise or sense of strangeness how greatly the aspect of London street life has changed since the beginning of the century, with the advent of the motor traffic and the rare appearance of the horse , the gradual departure of the tail-coat, the substitution of the felt hat for the silk, and the stockinged revelations of the short skirts for women of all ages and types? Has it ever occurred to you that the swifter motion of the vehicles, as much as their change of shape, accounts largely if subtly for the difference that the thoroughfares present to our vision? It is curious to realise that the streets under the recent war-time conditions, when every third man and every fifth woman, more or less, was garbed in some variety of uniform, must have looked scarcely less strange than would now the streets as I remember them in my childhood, and as we see them pictured in the pages of PUNCH in the days of John Leech, with the men in short tail-coats, peg-top trousers and chimney-pot hats, the women in crinolines, zouave jackets, chignons and headgear of the pork-pie fashion; the newly-raised volunteers in comic opera uniforms and feathered shakos, the top-hatted, frock-coated policemen, and the funny old cabs and omnibuses, with their droll drivers as racy of the London soil as the coster of to-day. Yet, Londoners that we are, we accepted without wonder the daily pageant of London in war-time. How quickly we ceased to stare with any curiosity at the marching, singing regiments still in civilian attire, then at the growing dominance of khaki, the constant passing of guns and military lorries, the mules, the bus-conductresses, the V.A.D.'s in their multitudes, the men in hospital blue, the land-girls, the "Waacs," the "Wrens" and the "Wrafs," the policewomen, the special constables, the food-queues, the expectant air-raid crowds at the Tube stations, the darkened, deserted streets, the search-lights, and all the mysterious beauty and terror of those haunted moonlit nights, which, so regrettably, have never been adequately interpreted in terms of pictorial art.

Never again will the London streets look quite as they did before the war; subtle differences have inevitably evolved; yet who shall say what changes any day may bring? A strike of motor-drivers to-morrow would bring out the survivors of the " growlers " and hansoms, which would again alter the pace-aspect of the street, and then I should no more be surprised to see Jack-in-the-Green and Maid Marian with their motley confederates again peripatetic in the middle of the road on a May Day, as one remembers them years ago, than I was, last Bank Holiday in Hyde Park, to see quaintly-garbed members of the League of Arts striving with old folk-song and dance to revive the spirit and colour of "Merry England" in a holiday crowd attuned to rag-time ditties, the "Fox Trot" and the monochromatic sensations of the Cinema rather than the simplicities of mediæval revelry.

Now let us go in imagination seven hundred years back, to the Thames side with old Fitzstephen, one of those vivid word-artists I have mentioned, who gives us the London of Henry II's reign, and shows us how those communal kitchens of our recent war-time expediency were anticipated by the twelfth-century Londoners. For he tells of a "common cookery, or Cook's row " on the river-side, near by, we may suppose, old London Bridge, still in course of its 33 years building, where resident citizens, or strangers unexpectedly come to town, could obtain at any hour of the day or night cooked meats—"roast, sod, or fried; fish, flesh, fowls, fit for rich and poor." "Very necessary to the City is this Cook's row," says this ancient lover of London, as he calls to our imagination a picture of this busy Thames-side scene, with the fires always burning, the cauldrons, the ovens and the grids constantly replenished, and the casual thronging of tired and hungry soldiers and strange travellers, calling boisterously for the ready hot viands and sending in haste for wines from the taverns; while an extra bustle ensues when the citizens bring with them their guests "come suddenly from afar, weary, and not willing to tarry till the meat be brought and dressed and the servant bringeth water for his master's hands and fetcheth bread."

Let us take a peep at London a couple of centuries later. Chaucer's friend Lydgate will help us to it with his "London Lackpenny," though there was none to illustrate his poem; but as his verses take us among the judges and lawyers at Westminster and the bargees at "Belynsgate," and into the familiarly-named streets, we hear the accustomed cries of the street-traders, and feel we are in a living London, albeit five centuries ago.

"Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hande,
'Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the lande.'"

That is the Cheapside of Chaucer's day, it might be the "Petticoat Lane" of our own on a Sunday morning. And here is another word-sketch of fourteenth-century London that no pencil could have bettered.

"Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsye.
'Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!' some began crye:
Some songe of Jenken and Julyan for their mede;
But for lack of mony I might not spede."

Just such noisy doings may have greeted the eyes and ears of the Canterbury Pilgrims on their way to forgather at the Tabard, as we see them in that quaint illuminated MS. in the British Museum, which adds so little to Chaucer's own vivid pictures of his contemporary Londoners; while this vociferous street medley was still the manner of Eastcheap when Mistress Quickly was hostess of the Boar's Head and Sir John Falstaff and his boon companions were immortally convivial there.

Elizabethan and Jacobean Londoners live for us in the written word rather than in picture, for, though the poets, the chroniclers and topographers were curious enough about contemporary social life, the painters, limners and engravers seem to have been graphically indifferent to it, concerning themselves almost entirely with individual portraiture of notable persons. Even the Dutch and Flemish artists who congregated about the Dutch Church in Austinfriars seem to have been little attracted pictorially by the teeming, full-blooded, variegated life of the Londoners within the City walls or the airs and graces of the courtiers at Whitehall. But at Hatfield there is a picture (p. 41), painted in 1590 during his stay in London by George, or Joris, Hoefnagel of Antwerp, which is of contemporary sociological interest. An old copy of this belongs to the Society of Antiquaries, and a drawing of it is reproduced here. In this we see, on the Southwark side of the river, a festal gathering of Elizabethan burgesses and gallants with their ladies and their servants, together with other incidental happenings that came within the observant artist's vision. The picture has been accepted as representing Horsley Down Fair, but though Bermondsey with its then rural appearance is unmistakably the locality, and a festive air pervades the scene, there are no booths and stalls and riff-raff, and the gaiety is altogether too elegant and decorous to suggest a fair of the period such as Ben Jonson shows us in his comedy " Bartholomew Fair." Anyhow, there is a party of presumably local consequence out to enjoy a festivity of some sort; mayhap the sequel to a marriage in the church hard by, for a parson walks with one of the animated groups that compose the company, brave in farthingales, stomachers, hoods and ruffs, in doublets and hose, or rich furred coats of more elderly wear. Great preparation for a feast is going forward; we see the cooks busy, the table spread, and the serving men and women carrying dishes, while merry dancers are treading a measure—a Round or Coranto, I suppose, to the music of the viols and the flute, " Sellenger's Round," or " John, come kiss me quick," belike, or some such popular dance-tune. A hawking party comes riding casually by; a little way off, archers are practising with the bow; near-by, a delinquent is satisfying local justice in the stocks; while various craft give a lively air to the river beyond, and the Tower significantly crowns the distance. Of much sterner character is a curious picture belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, painted, I suppose, scarcely later than 1612, in which we see the citizens assembled in St. Paul's Churchyard to listen to one of the famous sermons preached from the pulpit at Paul's Cross. The occasion is important, for King James, with his queen and young Princess Elizabeth, his courtiers and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, are present in a covered gallery. But it is a stiff and awkward presentment, without much pictorial vitality. In certain plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, in John Stow's " Survey," in William Harrison's " Description of England," the people of London live actually enough to compensate us for lack of contemporary pictures; while the fashionable follies of the time are as vivid in the light satiric prose of Dekker, the dramatist, as are any modish extravagances of the eighteenth century in the caricatures of Hogarth, Rowlandson and Bunbury, or those of the nineteenth and twentieth in the drawings of Leech, Doyle, Keene, Du Maurier, and their successors in the PUNCH of to-day. What pictorial glimpses we get of the fashions and the social life of Stuart London we owe chiefly to the indefatigable etching-needle of Hollar; yet during those forty momentous years he worked so busily in London it was primarily as the topographical artist, though he was too human a man not to be glad to picture the people incidental to the places. Thus he shows us the courtiers and the Parliament men coming and going at Whitehall and Westminster, and, while the Civil War is raging and the Roundheads hold him, not too rigorously, a prisoner of war, he takes us among the merchants and brokers thronging on the Royal Exchange. Not often did the topical event concern Hollar, but he was always poor, and the printsellers "sweated" him to provide the popular print, so, if his etchings of the scenes at the trials of Lord Strafford and Archbishop Laud and the execution of the former, of the whipping of Quakers at the cart's tail and branding them in the pillory, are not among his capital works, they at least give us the contemporary impression of such events as the people of London were not unused to look upon. Being in Antwerp at the time of King Charles's beheading, he missed his chance of depicting so exceptionally moved a London crowd, and the foreign prints of the scene are hardly convincing. The Great Fire of 1666 was Hollar's opportunity, and his ample topographical records of its progress and effect are of incalculable historic value, but it is to the vividly picturesque pages of Pepys's Diary and the nonconformist minister, Thomas Vincent's "God's Terrible Voice in the City," we must turn to realise how the people bore themselves in the strangely awful scenes of those devastating days. Not Hollar's pencil or needle, nor that of any other artist living in London at that time, could have been as graphically impressive as Vincent's description, or could have pictured, as Pepys's words picture it, the diarist's search for the Lord Mayor amid all the confusion of the spreading conflagration, and his meeting in Cannon Street, with London's chief magistrate, "like a fainting woman," crying in response to the King's message, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." The pencil of a Hogarth only could have done justice to the cruel irony of that Lord Mayor's impotence.

Not only is the panorama of seventeenth-century life in London vivid enough in the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, but the contemporary letter-writers, as we know them in many an extant collection, take us intimately into familiar parts of London in the strange social conditions of the period, and bring us constantly face to face with happenings that stimulate the pictorial imagination; yet we look almost in vain for contemporary pictures showing us the social manners and doings of the London people. The individual personalities of rank, talent and fashion monopolise the painted canvas and the print, and when Robert White stays his deft pencil from representative portraiture it is only to picture the Merry Monarch "touching" superstitious folk for the "King's Evil," or the pompous ceremonial of General Monk's funeral. To get a glimpse of how the Londoners of the latter part of the seventeenth century looked as they walked or drove along the City streets, and how the fine gentlemen ceremoniously saluted one another, we may look at the interesting print among our illustrations (p. 43) showing the newly-erected Monument, still evidently an object of wonder to those who suffered personal memories of the Great Fire; while in the series of prints known as "The Cryes of the City of London," done in 1696, the pencil of "Old" Laroon and the engraving of Pierce Tempest show us the types of itinerant traffickers of the London streets. Yet extraordinary occurrences were daily matters of gossip. The Verney correspondence is full of them. Look at one or two of John Verney's letters. He takes us to the Duke's Theatre, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it would seem it was no uncommon thing to hear the clash of swords among the spectators. Two gentlemen are sitting together, and presently a certain actress comes into the auditorium, masked; suddenly they break into quarrel and draw their swords, some of the audience thereupon form a ring, and they fight until one, the notorious Sir Thomas Armstrong, runs the other through fatally. Another time, Thomas Otway, the new and brilliant playwright, whose brief career ended so miserably, challenges the handsome, rakish young Churchill, already as a soldier the Great Duke of Marlborough in embryo, for beating an orange girl, mark you! and both are wounded, Churchill the worse. A very newsy correspondent was John Verney, with a wide range of topic. The growth of London is proceeding; houses are to be built in Red Lion Fields, but the Benchers and other gentlemen of Gray's Inn will have none of this. It encroaches on their privacy, so what do they do? They turn out, gowned, in formidable numbers, advance against the workmen engaged on the foundations and forbid them on their peril to proceed. The workmen, at first disposed to run away, declare they would rather want work than offend the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, and obediently "down tools," regardless of their employer, who has paid his thousands for the property as a building site. A curious picture of the times, this, but the sequel is not less characteristic; for the landlord, a week later, dresses a number of soldiers in workmen's habits and sends them to fight it out with the Gray's Inn gentlemen, so that several are "shrewdly hurt," and the Lord Chief Justice is angry with the Benchers. Then, what is all this turmoil in the streets these three days and nights, so that double watch must be kept in the City and the trained-bands are called out? The Spitalfields weavers, thirty thousand of them, are up in arms against the introduction of new looms with which one man can do the work of twenty, and they are rioting to maintain the rights of labour, and burning the obnoxious labour-saving machines. Such happenings as these would in the eighteenth century have engaged the illustrator's pencil for the engraver to produce the popular print, which we should value to-day, though the occurrences themselves would make little appeal to the modern artist. But how the greedy camera would snap them for the picture-papers and film them for the cinemas! Yet even the brush of Mr. Nevinson might not have disdained the weavers in tumult, burning the new looms—a subject made to his hand.

It is doubtful if any effort of the historic imagination, be it never so artistic in its pictorial composition, can bring the past to us with that peculiarly subtle charm of intimacy one feels in the contemporary touch. The perspective of history is well enough, even necessary, for forming a judgment, but to get on familiar terms with the life of a bygone period we must button-hole the people in their letters, their diaries, their newspaper advertisements, their prints. So not all those modern pictures on the walls of the Royal Exchange, pompously commemorating incidents in London's history, give me anything like the personal sense of past life in London that I get when looking at Hogarth's paintings and engravings, or poring over the old prints and drawings in the Crace Collection at the British Museum, or in those rich portfolios in the Guildhall Library, or those in the London Museum and the Victoria and Albert, and, would I could add, the countless treasures of the famous Gardiner collection, which, instead of being inaccessibly stored in a safe-deposit, may, let us hope, through the public spirit of the present owner, that enthusiastic collector Sir Edward Coates, become a national possession readily available for all students of London.

Some of those topographical draughtsmen of the eighteenth century knew their business so well that, in vivifying the aspects of the streets, the parks, the pleasure-gardens, the assemblies, with the people that frequented them, one could almost fancy they gave a proud thought, beyond the printsellers' demands of the day, to the curious of future generations, as if to say, " See what a fine easy grace we had in our fashions, our manners, and our deportment; how charming our women looked in their hoops and sacques, their hoods or their feathers so loftily worn; how elegantly and with what a *ton* our fine gentlemen engaged the passing hour; and with what a zest our city folk played their parts in the work-a-day as well as holiday scheme of life. Shall ever be seen again such splendid coaches, such noble chariots, such high and dashing curricles, such graceful and comfortable Sedan chairs? Could you modern folk ever enjoy such fun at your fairs, or make such a brave fantastic show at your masquerades?" Much, indeed, we owe to the pictorial alertness of vision of such men as Thomas Malton, Edward Dayes, Paul Sandby, J. Bowles, G. F. Blondel, J. Maurer, to name but a few who strove, as did such men of the later century as Thomas Hosmer Shepherd and Thomas Shotter Boys, to invest their topographical drawings with a sociological as well as artistic vitality. Yet, invaluable as these are in showing us the Londoners of long ago in their habits as they lived, how they walked or drove about the streets and squares, aired their fashions in the parks or took their pleasure in the gardens and assemblies, it is through the genius of Hogarth that the comedy and drama of their lives in the first two Georgian reigns becomes pictorially significant; while the fluent and vivacious art of Thomas Rowlandson, more than any other of his day, brings us delightfully face to face with nearly every phase of the multifarious London life in the later decades of the third King George.

It was characteristic of Thackeray, in one of his lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, to associate Hogarth with Fielding and Smollett, recognising that the art of our greatest graphic satirist and moralist combined harmoniously, in its pictorial interpretation of the folly and vice, the humour, pathos and tragedy to be seen in every class and condition of contemporary London life, the insight of the novelist with the expression of the painter. As a compeer of the authors of "Tom Jones" and "Humphrey Clinker," in fact, the author of "Vanity Fair" distinguished the painter of "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Rake's Progress"; but was he not also at his best the compeer of master-painters? "Hogarth was a great swell," said Whistler to me one day as we were looking together at "The Shrimp Girl" in the National Gallery, and his rare admiration implied the homage of one great painter to another; but so wonderful was Hogarth's genius in its power to interpret life and manners that, often as his pictures have been described and analysed just as a play or a novel might be, their purely artistic qualities, the painter's qualities, have rarely had full justice done to them. Think of the "Marriage à la Mode" series. What literary pen could resist the rich human and sociological interest of their pictorial content? Yet what admirable pictures they are from a painter's, not merely an illustrator's, point of view; with what vivid artistic feeling the story is told, the persons and the manners are depicted in a perfectly appropriate *mise-en-scène*! "When we speak of a picture by Hogarth, we appear to be describing a comedy or drama ; and, in fact, the subject is so developed in a literary sense. The curious, sarcastic, witty details are so abundant that we are involuntarily led to describe rather than judge it from the plastic point of view, and we omit to appreciate the artist. In this case Hogarth perfectly merits the name of a painter, which has been at times, and unjustly, refused him." This was written by no less a critic than Théophile Gautier, in the course of a brilliant analysis of the " Marriage à la Mode." But the author of " Mademoiselle de Maupin" did not confine himself to analysing Hogarth's masterpiece ; he enjoyed himself with others, and when he wrote " The mind is satisfied, if the eyes are not completely so, and this is the merit and defect of all his paintings," he was really echoing the meaning of Charles Lamb's dictum, " Other pictures we look at, his prints we read." Yet, after all, when we wish to visualise the London life, with all its multitudinous significance, of the early years of the eighteenth century, especially those years covered by the reign of George II, it is primarily as the graphic illustrator that we have imperative need of Hogarth, the illustrator with the all-observant penetrating eye and a genius pictorially eloquent, eloquent even in what Lamb has called " the dumb rhetoric of the scenery." The necessarily limited number of our illustrations will not permit us to look with Hogarth at all the aspects of London life that engaged his insatiable graphic interest. The easy accessibility of his " Marriage à la Mode " in the National Gallery makes it too familiar to need representation here, and what is there fresh to say of the mordant truthfulness and masterly art with which he has typified in those six pictures the ruling cynicism and scandal of contemporary fashionable society, such as we may gather, for instance, from the witty epistolary gossip of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu? But in "The Rake's Progress," a series of eight pictures, painted in 1735, which but few of the public visit in the Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, we have typical scenes of profligacy and extravagance in which the London life of that day offered its easy temptations to the spendthrift and the dissolute. One picture takes us into the Club at White's Coffee House in St. James's Street, where we see the wild gaming that ruled and the heterogeneous company it attracted, including a highwayman ; another introduces us to an orgy at the disreputable Rose Tavern in Covent Garden, and others to a wedding at Marylebone Church, to the Fleet Prison and Bedlam ; but the two reproduced here are, I think, the best and most interesting of the series. In *The Arrest* (p. 52) a young rake and spendthrift is being stopped in his sedan chair in St. James's Street on his way to Court, and arrested for debt by a couple of bailiffs. Down the street we see coaches and chairs proceeding toward St. James's Palace, for it is Queen Caroline's birthday, and, as this synchronises with St. David's Day, leeks are worn by one of the bailiffs and a passing gentleman carrying a muff. It is a scene of common occurrence, yet the lamplighter is as much interested as any Londoner of to-day would be, and is so thoroughly distracted from his job that he spills the oil and is quite oblivious of the fact. A note of sympathy is suggested by the poor devoted young woman offering her purse in hopes of preventing the arrest, while a street urchin uses the opportunity to steal the rake's gold-headed malacca cane. In *The Levée* (p. 53) we see the young spendthrift in *néglígé* costume, but newly risen after a night of dissipation and still wearing his night-cap, surrounded by a group of persons come to help him with his pastimes and themselves with his money. A professional duellist brings him a letter of recommendation, while a jockey waits kneeling to present a large silver cup just won at the races by his horse " Silly Tom." At his side, a little dancing master, holding his " Kit " in one hand and his bow in the other, cannot restrain his impatience to begin his steps, while Dubois, the fencing-master, is showing a pass with the foil to James Figg, the pugilist, who as professed "Master of ye Noble Science of Defence" accustomed to teach "Gentlemen ye use of ye small back Sword and Quarterstaff," regards him somewhat superciliously and hugs his own quarterstaves, ready for practice with the young Squire. Meanwhile, Bridgeman, the landscape-gardener, is striving to attract attention to the design with which he hopes to increase the spendthrift's expenditure. At the single-keyboard harpsichord a musician in full bottomed wig, certainly not Handel, as has been suggested, sits playing and turning the leaves of a new opera, though he does not seem to be disturbed by the man with the French horn who cannot resist sounding it. Various tradesmen are awaiting audience in an anteroom, and if their time means money their charges will help to hasten the young spendthrift's progress toward the Fleet.

Now let us look at Hogarth's picturing of the people as they were wont to gather in crowds for any and every kind of show, though in the London of his day, without any policing of the streets, crowds meant unruly mobs. The social nature never presents itself in more amusing guise than in a London street crowd, for its special characteristic has always been a pervading good-humour. No matter what the motive of the gathering, even if it be to protest anger or indignation, or to claim rights, the individual emotion as it becomes collectively influenced is invariably tempered by the social sense which finds vent sooner or later in good-natured jest and banter. In Hogarth's time the humour of the mob was rough-handed, boisterous and unbridled, for the majesty of the law itself offered but scant example of decency. Yet that haphazard jollity and sociability which has distinguished the London street crowd of every period (and it has been suggested that a history of our London street crowds would be a sufficient index to the history of London itself) found extraordinarily vivacious expression in several of Hogarth's most notable pictures. Never was his art happier than when engaged with subjects in which the mob was the real protagonist, never was his observation of vivid detail more liberal with suggestion to his pictorial invention. One never seems to exhaust the individual and collective interest of Hogarth's crowds. In *Southwark Fair* (p. 45), painted in 1733, we see the typical crowd that was used to be attracted by this most popular phase of old London's recreation, as well as the theatrical booths, with the shows and showmen that would contribute their medley of unsophisticated entertainments during the fourteen September days devoted to Our Lady's Fair at Southwark, the same more or less as would be seen at Bartholomew Fair of even wider fame and longer history. We see a comely young woman making her way through the throng as she beats a drum, attended by a black boy sounding a trumpet, and a fat player swaggering in " Ercles' vein " and a classic martial garb of Georgian theatrical fancy, to attract spectators to Lee and Harper's great booth for the popular "Droll," or burlesque, known as "The Siege of Troy" ; at the very moment that the stage of the rival booth, Cibber and Bullock's, has given way, to the great upsetting of the actors and the abrupt interruption of " The Fall of Bajazet." Feats of daring on the slack ropes were highly popular at Southwark Fair, and we see two celebrated performers, Violante and Cadman, giving their several displays. Here are the Royal Waxworks, where the " whole Court of France " is to be seen, and here are peep-shows and puppet-shows, acrobats, jugglers, tricksters of all sorts, and the fire-eating man, and here is Figg, the fighting man, whom we have met at the Rake's levée, riding, sword in hand, round the fair to advertise the fight with which he proposes to delight his friends the public. And with what vital pictorial art all the jovial, noisy, bustling movement of this typical scene of old London life is conveyed to us ! The same vivacity of pictorial invention, though more satirical in conception, distinguishes the famous picture representing the *March of the Guards towards Scotland in the year 1745*, commonly known as *The March to Finchley* (p. 46). The incidents of the disorderly departure of the soldiers speak for themselves significantly enough. The leading companies are seen already marching up the Hampstead Road on their way to the camp at Finchley, but here by the Tottenham Court turnpike, between the old Adam and Eve and King's Head taverns, the gallant warriors, either through too free philandering or too generous libations, appear to be experiencing some difficulty in getting away. The original picture is in the Foundling Hospital, our reproduction is from Luke Sullivan's engraving.

In the last plate of the " Industrious Apprentice " series (p. 47), showing the Lord Mayor's procession coming round by St. Paul's into Cheapside on its return to Guildhall, we see a characteristic feature of the City crowd of those times in the throng of cheering apprentices, clubs in hand, round the mayoral coach. The Prince and Princess of Wales, standing under a canopy, watch the procession from a balcony, and just below them, a tipsy-looking militiaman, one of a very odd company, is firing off his musket without exciting any commotion whatever. Imagine the consternation and curiosity in a procession crowd of to-day with Royalty present, if a rifle shot should suddenly resound above the cheering; every head turning instantly toward the spot, the rush of police, the immediate arrest of the delinquent. But from the London crowd of Hogarth's day such a happening would claim no more attention than the osculation and the drunkenness the artist shows us as all being in the day's humour. The Tyburn crowd as Hogarth depicts it in the last plate of the "Idle Apprentice" series (p. 49) is of a coarser, more brutal kind than any we have yet seen, but the truth of his picture is testified by all contemporary descriptions of such scenes. It shows us the callous holiday-making behaviour of the mob at the very moment that the condemned arrives in the cart, with his coffin behind him and the prison chaplain exhorting him to repentance, after the lengthy ordeal of his drive from Newgate along Holborn and the rural Oxford Road. The executioner's assistant smokes unconcernedly astride one of the beams of the old triangular gallows, which stands ready for its victim, as it always did from 1571 to 1759, on a spot now marked by a memorial stone near the Marble Arch. Looking at the hilly landscape of Hampstead and Highgate, one can fancy it is gently glad to be so far away from London and the Tyburn mob that is wont to indulge in the lesser and rowdier diversions of a fair without any restraint of decency, while the more "genteel" spectators await the dreadful entertainment on a built-up stand. Rough and tumble fights are proceeding, pockets being picked, while a tattered woman with a baby in her arms, is raucously crying a broadsheet that purports to give the " Last Dying Speech and Confession" of the condemned criminal, such as we may now read with curiosity in numerous examples on the walls of that grim basement room at the London Museum. The criminal who died " game " was a hero to the rabble, which in its boisterous way enjoyed the horrible spectacle. Fielding's sense of decency would have deprived it of its "Tyburn holidays," and the gallows heroes of their " felonious glory," by substituting the privacy of execution 116 years before the law of England ordered it. But we must remember first, that the social and physical conditions in which the uncared-for poor composing the London rabble of those days had to struggle through life were too viciously squalid to permit any sensibility; and next, that such spectacles were a common experience with Londoners in the eighteenth century, when even trivial thefts were punished with death, when highway robbers were "Gentlemen of the Road" with whom it was a point of honour to make a gallant end on Tyburn Tree, and constant scenes in which the "bloods" among the fine gentlemen were frequently chief actors, varied the homely humours of the streets. Picture a gallows in the Haymarket at the corner of Panton Street, within full view of the theatre where Samuel Foote was drawing the town with his farce, "The Mirror"; yet there in 1761, close to the haunts of the fashionable world, they hanged for murder Gardelle, the French miniature painter, who was the club-mate of Hogarth and all the artists, actors and wits who forgathered at "Old Slaughter's" Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane. Then, imagine the special sensation for Londoners when the Jacobite lords were beheaded on Tower Hill; the very year that Hogarth did his Tyburn print seeing the "taking off" of old Lord Lovat, who, as that æsthetic critic, Horace Walpole, assured his friend Sir Horace Mann, "died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery or timidity." Even the witty George Selwyn, the enthusiastic connoisseur of executions, could hardly have given the game old rebel a better notice. But thirteen years later, in 1760, the hanging of the Earl of Ferrers for the brutal murder of his steward provided a veritable gala. Never was such a procession to Tyburn as his lordship's from the Tower, the journey taking two hours, with a prodigious confluence of people all the way. Walpole gives us the details. "First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty (the sheriff being in the coach with the prisoner, who wore his wedding clothes); then a mourning coach and six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards." Can you picture such a procession passing through Oxford Circus to-day, taking a peer of the realm to a felon's death, and no police to regulate the inevitable crowds and congested traffic? But Walpole, the delicate connoisseur of art and social life, commends the earl's resolute and unostentatious exit, and has a good word for the universal crowd's "admiration," though the mob element and the executioners fought for relics, and "the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them."

These were Londoners a hundred and sixty years ago, when Reynolds and Gainsborough were painting, Goldsmith, Sterne and Johnson writing, Garrick acting, and the craftsmen making things of beauty and elegance for the home which the markets of to-day hold to high ransom. Yet those far-off days are brought near to me when I remember, strange though it seems, as one reflects on the changes in manners, modes of thought and points of view, there were people living then that my own father, who lived in five reigns, had seen and talked with, and would speak about to me. And we, for whom Newgate is but a memory, while the rare execution is decently relegated to a small paragraph in a newspaper, have welcomed the nearly two hundred years old " Beggar's Opera " back to the stage with applausive delight, and without any fear that it will influence an increase of crime, as on the authority of Sir John Fielding, the blind police magistrate of eighteenth-century celebrity, we know that every successful run of the piece from its original production added proportionately to the number of highwaymen brought before him ere they made the journey to Tyburn.

Hogarth's picture of *The Beggar's Opera* (p. 50), painted in 1729, depicts the scene in the third act, where Peachum is saying to Polly and Lucy, "Away, Hussys! This is not a time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives. You see, the gentleman is in chains already." We have the original *mise-en-scène*, more grimly realistic than the decoratively suggestive setting in Mr. Nigel Playfair's engaging revival, and the characters are impersonated by the actors who " created " them. Here is Thomas Walker as Macbeth, whose great success made his boon-companionship sought by all the men of fashion and ruined him; and here is Lavinia Fenton, whose Polly so largely contributed to the astonishing popularity of the piece that her salary of fifteen shillings a week was raised to thirty, all the gallants fell in love with her, and she had to be guarded home at night against attempts to run away with her. John Hall, John Hippisley, whose portrait by Hogarth is in the Garrick Club, and Mistress Egleton are the others. But the picture gives us an interesting illustration of contemporary theatrical manners and customs, in showing how privileged members of the audience would sit on the stage, close to the actors, as they did in the time of Shakespeare, an incommodious custom that gave rise to many a riot in the theatres, though it was suffered until the courage of Garrick put an end to it. The Duke of Bolton sits on the right, gazing at the fascinating Mistress Fenton, whom he married after twenty-three years of faithful rehearsal; next to him are Major Paunceford and Sir Robert Fagg; Rich, the manager, is talking to Mr. Cock, the auctioneer, while Gay, the author, as he watches the performance, may be congratulating himself that he wrote the play in defiance of Swift's suggestion to write a "Newgate Pastoral." On the opposite side are others who figure in the fashionable gossip of the day; Lady Jane Cook, Anthony Henley, a noted squire of dames, Lord Gage, Sir Conyers D'Arcy, and Sir Thomas Robinson. What a " first night " it must have been at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre on January 29, 1728! Pope, Swift and Congreve together in a box, all anxious for their friend Gay's sake, while yet dubious of success, though Congreve had said the opera would either " take greatly or be damned confoundedly." But the Duke of Argyll, who had a *flair* for the public taste, was in the adjoining box, and as the first act was hesitatingly commending itself to the audience, the three famous writers were reassured by hearing the Duke say, as he looked over the house, "It will do—it must do! I see it in the *eyes* of them." And there was no further doubt of success when Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, who was in a stage-box, seeing that the audience obviously accepted as levelled at him the reference to bribes in the song " When you censure the age," written by Swift, tactfully applauded and encored the song, and incidentally won for himself a generous burst of good-humoured cheering. A London theatrical audience of those days, though each unit might be ready to bend the knee to a lord, was collectively no respecter of persons, and a politician, or any hero or heroine of the town's gossip, irrespective of social consequence, was always fair game for its humours. Once even the King was hissed, to his amazement, but when he discovered the reason, that he had kept the house waiting, he showed as much tact as his Prime Minister had done at " The Beggar's Opera," stood up in his box, looked at his watch with well-feigned regret and bowed to the audience amid a storm of applause. The pit in Hogarth's day could always enjoy itself one way or another. In his etching of *The Laughing Audience* (p. 51), it is evidently the play, possibly Gay's opera, that is rousing such hearty laughter, and those three wind-instrumentalists in the orchestra, divided from the pit by that barrier grimly spiked to keep roysterers off the stage, are blowing away in apparent indifference as to whether their notes are drowned by the laughter. The orange girls are busy with the *blasé* fine gentlemen in the boxes, who pay no attention to the performance. Hogarth knew the London theatre as well as he knew the various riot of the streets and all the scandalous license and tragi-comedy of the town whether in brocade, broadcloth or rags. Through his art every detail of contemporary life revealed its significance, and to know our London and Londoners in George II's reign still more completely than any of the fashionable letter-writers and chroniclers help us to know it, we must know our Hogarth.

Now let us turn to a curious gouache drawing which seems to be puzzling historical students in the British Museum. It purports to show *Sir Robert Walpole addressing the Cabinet* (p. 44), and in it, if you have an eye for physiognomy, you may possibly identify the persons of George II's chief ministers of state sitting or standing at that Council board. But you must not forget to discriminate between the pleasing self-consciousness you would find in their portraits by Kneller or William Hoare and the discordant expressions with which they are suffering themselves to listen to the domineering Walpole. The drawing is the work of Joseph Goupy, a Frenchman long settled in London and much employed as a landscape-painter by Frederick, Prince of Wales. Through what peep-hole he witnessed the scene in such strange perspective must, one supposes, remain a mystery; for the fact that his princely patron was on bad terms with the First Lord of the Treasury would scarcely suggest a key to any back-stairs opportunity. Sir Robert's own parlour in Arlington Street is presumably the scene of this Cabinet Meeting, since there was no official residence for the First Lord in Downing Street until 1735, and I suppose the date of this drawing to be 1730, for it was in that year Lord Townshend resigned his place in the Ministry and, indeed, in political life. This, as you may remember, was a consequence of the unseemly fracas with his fellow-statesman and brother-in-law, Walpole, when, over a question of policy, they both lost their tempers—in the presence of ladies, too! clutched each other by the throat, and after a tussle, drew their swords, which they were only persuaded to sheath by the peaceful intervention of the Minister of War, Henry Pelham; an incident that set all the town talking and gave the pit its opportunity of hilariously reading this statesmen's brawl into the rough-and-tumble quarrel between Peachum and Lockit in " The Beggar's Opera." Now, here the burly Prime Minister's gesticulating suggests that his hearers are in no complacent mood and he is meeting with opposition and interruption; but who is that standing at the other end of the table with his hand on the collar of one who is seated? Why may not this be Lord Townshend giving vent to that quick temper of his, and, as he is impatiently about to leave the Cabinet for good and all, explaining to the placating Pelham the impossibility of his further acting with Walpole by a tangible reminder of their notorious brawl. The temper and the manners of the time are curiously reflected in this picture of these lordly Londoners who could not fulfil their responsibilities to the State without acrimonious jealousies and squabbling unheard of in these days of democratic government. Can you imagine Mr. Lloyd George, let us say, and Mr. Balfour at a social reception suddenly breaking off a political dispute with an appeal to fisticuffs, and having to be forcibly separated by, say, Lord Curzon, while their hostess is distressingly at a loss how to keep the delightfully absurd *contretemps* out of the *Daily Mirror* and the latest *revue*?

Our illustration on page 55 affords an harmonious contrast to the spirit of discord in this political picture. It is dated 1736 and represents one of those charmingly sociable concerts which, when public concerts could be heard but rarely and then only in certain taverns, were a pleasant and regular feature of the social life in several houses of the nobility, such, for instance, as those of the Duke of Rutland, the Earls of Burlington and Essex, Lord Percival, Lady Godolphin. On the strength of a

MS. note by Horace Walpole on the drawing, identifying two figures at the back on the left as John, Duke of Montagu and his youngest daughter, Lady Cardigan, it has been surmised that this is the music-room of Montagu House. The conjecture is amusing, for his grace was an incorrigible practical joker, much to the contempt, by the way, of his mother-in-law, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and here, seated at the harpsichord, as yet a comparatively small tinkling instrument, one seems to recognise the victim of one of the duke's most notorious and elaborate hoaxes, in which George II, who would never sacrifice his humour to kingly dignity, took personally a prominent and helpful part. It is Heidegger, the Flemish adventurer, who first attracted attention by his exceptional ugliness, and with some mysterious cleverness contrived to obtain such a position that the fashionable world looked to him for its Italian opera, its ridottos and its masquerades, the masquerade nights at the opera house in the Haymarket providing so much excitement that it was always necessary to increase the usual opera night guard of forty men and an officer to a hundred guardsmen, a colonel, a captain and an ensign, and often they were needed to restore peace and order. The furious rage into which Heidegger was thrown by the ducal hoax was humorously depicted in a drawing by Philip Mercier, but here we seem to see him supporting with his harpsichord accompaniment the song with violin and 'cello *obbligato*, probably from one of Handel's Italian operas, which the performers, amateurs belike, are evidently trying over with connoisseurship. Whosever house this may represent, Captain Marcellus Laroon, who was himself an accomplished 'cellist as well as soldier, actor, singer and painter, popular alike in artistic and fashionable circles, conveys in his sympathetic drawing a really musical atmosphere, undisturbed by the effusive gentleman who is playing the "agreeable rattle" to her grace.

Leaving this concord of sweet sounds, we find ourselves among the noisy *Humours of Billingsgate* (p. 56), as they presented themselves to a Dutch artist whose pictorial interest seems to have been chiefly piscatorial. Billingsgate, with its wonderful market, has long been reformed in language, morals and manners, and nowadays it lives up to Hamlet's good opinion of a fishmonger's honesty; but in 1736 its reputation was of the worst, the profiteering being as bad as the morals, the dirt and the vocabulary. Yet Arnold Van Haecken's animated print gives us just a jolly, devil-may-care idea of the place. The fish-shops and the taverns, indeed, have quite a reputable air, and the Gravesend boats waiting for a fair wind lend picturesqueness to the scene, which nevertheless is lively rather with mischievous incident than honest trade. Undoubtedly here is a great din and bustle, and the language of that fishwife whose basket has been overturned, strident above the rest, may best be described as proverbial Billingsgate. A beau, probably waiting to take boat down the river, is purchasing pastime among the fishwives, oblivious of the fact that his pig-tail is being facetiously adorned with a pair of herrings. Those young women in hoop-petticoats are there for no better purpose than to prey upon the sailors come from their ships lying in the river, and the passengers for the Gravesend boats; but what a welcome they are ready to give to that highwayman who comes clattering over the cobbles, recklessly displaying gems from the stolen jewel-case resting on his horse's mane.

None of this lawlessness is to be seen in the old *Stocks Market* (p. 57), as this pleasing print pictures it in 1738, the year before it came to the end of its long history to make way for the present Mansion House. Here you see the citizens and their ladies come, even in their coaches, to purchase fruit and vegetables, which have long displaced fish and flesh as the marketable commodities, and the market-people are plying their trade with decorum. That "beautiful round church" which Mrs. Delany tells us she visited about this time, after a very good dinner at Pontach's, famous for its guinea " ordinary," is Wren's St. Stephen's, Walbrook, while that equestrian statue which the citizen on the right is pointing out with pride to the oriental merchant is the same that once bore the head of the Polish King Sobieski until a loyal Londoner bought it abroad and had the head of Charles II substituted—for the enjoyment of his fellow citizens.

Now for a glance at the fashionable world promenading in the Mall in the year 1741 (p. 59). This is one of its most sacred daily obligations. Not to walk along those avenues between twelve and two o' week-days for the gossips to peck at were to argue yourself unknown. As well might you keep away from the card-tables or the masquerades. It is a small tittle-tattling company, with standards of conduct no higher than the level of its pleasures and amusements, but it has an air, and affects a *bon ton* of its own. Sensibility too; for this is the society that so effusively welcomed Richardson's "Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded," and flattered the vain little author. Here those ladies sworn to the latest mode are wearing small caps and the newly introduced *sacque*, a wide gown open in front and hanging loosely over the enormous hooped petticoat, and this is apparently ousting from favour the "milk-maid" fashion which had given a topic to the satirical writers, always ready to pounce upon any fashionable extravagance of the moment. The beaux and "pretty fellows," in three-cornered hats over smaller wigs with pig-tails, ever alert for an opportunity to "make a leg," their stockings pulled well over the knees, are wearing coats with larger cuffs than of late and short distended skirts. Have you ever noticed, by the way, that when feminine costume tends to rotundity and fulness the masculine follows suit? Here the wide skirts of the men's coats seem to answer the call of the hoop-petticoats, just as the " peascod-bellied " doublets and bombast-stuffed trunk-hose of the Elizabethan gallants matched the farthingales, while the peg-top trousers of the eighteen-sixties did their best to cry quits with the crinolines. These are the *élite* of the polite world you see here in the Mall, and if you be conversant with the social gossip of the period you may titillate your imagination by giving names to the personages of the promenade. In the evening, perhaps, and certainly on Sundays, the town and his wife and daughters, as well as the country squire and his female folk who have the means and fortitude to venture the perilous journey to London, will crowd to the Mall to rub shoulders with rank and fashion. I fancy it is a Sunday promenade represented in that vivacious picture of *The Mall*, in the royal collection, long attributed to Hogarth, but now, I think, credited to Samuel Wale, for the company certainly lacks the air of social exclusiveness. Boitard's print, *Taste à la Mode* (p. 61) also, in showing us the excesses of fashion in the year 1745, suggests amusingly the manners of the mixed society that gave the Mall its more piquant humours. When, four or five years later, London went mad over the beautiful Gunning sisters from Ireland, it was this same society that mobbed them as they walked in the Mall, while the " noble mob " at the King's Drawing-Room, as Horace Walpole called it, clambered on chairs and tables to look at one of the famous beauties when she was presented as a newly-made duchess. Masquerades had now become all the rage; in noblemen's houses, as well as at the Opera House in the Haymarket, royalty and all the fashionable, or would-be fashionable, world had its frequent opportunities of dressing-up. Princes and princesses, dukes, duchesses and the like, vied with each other in the fancy of their disguises and the richness of their costumes, while all kinds of old family portraits seemed to walk out of their frames. George II had a special partiality for these diversions, and on one occasion at an opera masquerade, as Walpole tells us, himself an inveterate " mask," the King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and was much pleased when he was casually asked to hold a cup by somebody who was drinking tea. Naturally the masquerade found its way into the open air, for society was much given to *al fresco* entertainment, and when in 1742 Ranelagh Gardens as a rival to Vauxhall, but with more exclusively fashionable pretension, were opened by a gathering that included "Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility and much mob," the bi-weekly Ridotto—an affair of music and dancing in which the company assisted—was frequently supplemented by a masquerade. The print on page 62 pictures for us that " Jubilee Masquerade in the Venetian Manner " which the King was persuaded by one of his ladies to order in celebration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749, and Walpole described as " by far the best understood and prettiest spectacle " he had ever seen, "though it had nothing Venetian in it." At three o'clock it began, but five was the hour when persons of fashion commenced to arrive, and then one found the whole garden filled with masks. There was a gaily-garlanded maypole around which masked people danced to the rustic music of pipe and tabor, and all about were bands of music, the performers in masks and fancy attire, while on the canal music glided about in a decorated gondola. The famous Rotunda was florally adorned and fancifully illuminated, and soon two thousand persons disported there and among the Dresden china shops and the booths for tea and wine, gaming tables and dancing. If Boitard's picture does not quite suggest that "nothing in fairy tales ever surpassed this scene," I would refer you to Horace Walpole's letter to his friend in Florence, and to any number of contemporary chroniclers for whom Ranelagh signified the charm of revelry. For the costumes, there is certainly variety, and some of the revellers are actually playing up to their assumed characters.

Of a more stately and sedate mien, though not less modishly attired, is the company we see in Donowell's drawing (p. 63) making its evening promenade in the Great Walk of pleasant leafy Marylebone Gardens. This is between the Great Room, where balls and suppers are given occasionally and a masquerade rarely, and the Orchestra, where an excellent band plays well-chosen music and popular vocalists sing. These gardens, which occupied the site of Harley Street, Upper Wimpole Street and Devonshire Place and reached to Weymouth Street, then known as Bowling Green Lane, were convenient for those families occupying the country houses in and about the High Street; but to get there from the town was not without danger, for the fields and paths around were infested with footpads and highwaymen, and special guards of soldiers had to be engaged to escort visitors at stated times between the gardens and specified parts of London. Society relished in Marylebone Gardens a less formal charm than was to be found at Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and one reads the scent of old lavender in the musical programmes when the popular tenor "Tommy" Lowe was manager; while one can almost smell the baking of those luscious fruit tarts and rich cakes, made with fruit freshly gathered in the gardens and the finest Epping butter, with which Miss Trusler, the confectioner's daughter, appealed so appetisingly to the " nobility and gentry " and assisted the popularity of her father's term of management.

In 1776 Marylebone Gardens, with their music, fireworks, cakes and pleasant walks, disappeared from the list of London's pleasure resorts, but another of a more splendid and sophisticated kind had been added four years previously. This was the Pantheon in the Oxford Road, where in " the largest and most beautiful room in London," as Lord Mount Edgecumbe described it, rank and fashion disported in assembly and masquerade. The opening entertainment was, perhaps, the most memorable social event of 1772, but Mrs. Delany, writing of its " brilliant *éclat*," does not omit to speak of the panics to which the High Street robbers subjected with pointed pistols the ladies and gentlemen on their way thither in coach or chair. She adds, however, "Feminine fears as well as bashfulness are no more a check upon the female than upon the male macaronis; pleasure is the prize they run for, and then nothing stops their course." Some of these macaronis, with their absurdly affected fashions from Italy, their hair dressed in high toupees with large curls at the side and great bunches at the back, you see in Earlom's fine mezzotint after Brandoin's vivacious picture (p. 64). The masquerades were splendid, but, though the world of fashion tried in vain to elbow the half-world out of them, the scandals became so constant that the management decided at length to refuse admission to all ladies of questionable reputation. This would rule out several popular actresses, among them the beautiful and notorious Sophia Baddeley, and this the beaux of White's and Almack's clubs, whose reputations the Pantheon managers left unquestioned, would not tolerate. They assembled to the number of fifty and with swords drawn escorted Mrs. Baddeley to the Pantheon entrance, made a pointed archway for her to advance under, and forced not only her admittance but an apology from the directors. After this they could not deny the captivating Mrs. Abington, Lady Teazle's original impersonator, whose taste in dress was the model for ladies of fashion. In 1786 the Pantheon was transformed into an opera-house; but the portico that long ago welcomed the sedan chairs of the fashionable fair now looks upon the motor-traffic of Oxford Street — while the ghosts of the macaronis steal into the store-house of Gilbey's wines.

But there were other Londoners than these, and here in James Miller's drawing (p. 65) you may see them down by old Temple Bar going in and out of the Strand shops with those alluring multi-paned windows, while there is a strangely sparse and quiet traffic in the roadway. Or in John Zoffany's charming "conversation piece " (p. 67) you may look into a typical home of gentlefolk, and see how the family spends a quiet evening. Card-play is the ruling passion in Society, and even here it seems essential to the family converse. How readily the elderly lady drops her book—"The Vicar of Wakefield," perhaps, or a volume of favourite sermons—to look at the poor "hand" her son holds, while his sister sits, like Mrs. Battle, bolt upright, and is not deterred by her would-be-talking father from insisting on "the rigour of the game." She is to be married next year to Mr. Coke of Holkham, though she will not live to be

Countess of Leicester. These are the Duttons, by the way, the Naper-Duttons, and ten years hence that young man who does not know what card to play will be created Lord Sherborne.

Of course we must peep into Carlisle House in Soho Square, but J. R. Smith's fascinating chalk drawing (p. 69), in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the rare mezzotint of which is one of the greatest prizes for the collector of such prints, shows us this celebrated haunt of fashion in 1780, when its social glories under the ægis of that clever adventuress, Mrs. Cornelys, had passed. The entertainment now offered during the summer months was no more exciting than an evening Promenade, when the visitors, ladies and gentlemen alike, wore their hats, as the artist shows us, with his keen artistic eye for the current mode, and regaled themselves with tea, coffee, lemonade, or syrups with the strange names of cappillaire and orgeat, the one made of orange-flower water, the other of barley and sweet almonds, all included in the three shillings charged for admission. But this mild entertainment contrasted curiously with the brilliant and wonderful masquerades that we read of but a few years earlier. That, for instance, of February 27, 1770, when, as a contemporary tells us, "the principal nobility and gentry of this kingdom, to the number of near eight hundred, were present at the masked ball at Mrs. Cornelys's in Soho Square, given by the gentlemen of the Tuesday Nights Club." Thousands of people lined the square and the adjacent streets, and as each coach or chair approached, the crowd insisted on the windows being let down so that the masqueraders should display themselves and their costumes while lights were flared at them; the words "Wilkes and Liberty" being afterwards chalked upon the carriages. All the beauties were there, and one of them intrigued the company with a display of jewels to the value of thirty thousand pounds; though it was afterwards advertised that at the next masquerade she would wear a hundred thousand pounds worth. This was the free and easy, unconventionally vivacious Miss Monckton, later Countess of Cork, at whose really sociable assemblies rank and talent would meet familiarly, and such as Reynolds, Johnson, Burke and Fanny Burney would be specially welcomed. But Londoners had a rude shock in June, 1780, when all pleasures and affairs were interrupted, and indeed the whole normal life of London was held up for four or five days, by the Gordon Riots, which broke out ostensibly as a protest against concessions to the Catholics, when a brutal insensate mob, led by the vain, half-crazy Lord George Gordon, overran the town, indulging in all manner of lawlessness, violence, robbery and destruction. How Newgate was stormed and burned, together with the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, and innumerable other buildings, including Catholic chapels and the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, before the military were called out to suppress the rebellion, as the King had proclaimed it, and some five hundred people had been killed, we may read in countless contemporary accounts and in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge." Wheatley's picture (p. 72) of *The Riot in Broad Street*, with the London Light Horse Volunteers and Military Foot Association in action, gives us some idea of the state of affairs, and, at the same time, of the quaint mass formation and fire-drill of the volunteers. The London troops were reinforced by regulars and militia marched hurriedly from all parts, and camps were formed in the parks and other convenient places. The sense of protection these afforded, and their novelty, made them for a time attractive, out they outstayed their popularity. Their picturesqueness, however, appealed to the indefatigable Paul Sandby, and, besides making several interesting drawings, he published a series of etchings with coloured aquatint of all the park encampments. That reproduced on page 71 represents the camp in Hyde Park, where some thousands of troops comprised the 2nd Queen's, 18th Royal Irish and 22nd regiments, besides several militia battalions and a park of artillery. Every day the King would visit them and occasionally review them, his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, being in command. When the menace of the riots had ceased, the rigour of the camp was somewhat relaxed; reputable Londoners were admitted, though the sentries barred the gates to anyone suggestive of the mob, and, as we see in Sandby's print, the amenities included dancing, canteen hospitality and gallantry, while the children played at soldiers, as they always will. And, by the way, the protective effect of these encampments may be seen in Thomas Malton's aquatint (p. 73), published the following year, showing the money-making folk going quietly about their business in the neighbourhood of the Bank, which was none the worse for the rioters' attempt upon it.

The year 1784 that saw the wild excitement of the populace over the famous Westminster election, and Society crowding to the Grand Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey and to the latest giant from Ireland in his commodious apartments in St. James's Street, brought an entirely new sensation to Londoners, always avid for novelty. This was the ascent, from the Honourable Artillery Company's grounds in Finsbury, of the balloon designed by Vincent Lunardi, a young Secretary of the Neapolitan Embassy, in which, as our print (p. 75) proudly claims, he proved his title to be the *First Aerial Traveller in the English Atmosphere*. His balloon, 33 feet in diameter, differing in structure from those of the other "airgonauts," as Horace Walpole called them, and fitted with two wings to steady it, and two oars to control it, had already been exhibited to thousands of the curious public, and huge crowds assembled to watch the ascent on September 15, 1784. It was a notable company in the Artillery grounds, including the Prince of Wales, though the print incredibly suggests that many persons turned their backs on the novel sight they had come to see. Lunardi was to have had a scientific companion, who at the last moment, however, had to forego the adventure, being too much engaged in directing the preparations. One of the oars broke when the balloon had been but a short time in the air, the sight of its fall, mistaken for that of the aeronaut himself, shocking a woman-spectator to her death ; nevertheless the flight was a complete success, and the descent was made in Hertfordshire. Lunardi became the hero of the moment, and he was duly lionised and immediately followed by Blanchard, the first balloonist to cross the Channel, though there were not wanting sceptics to declare in print that such attempts were mere folly, for the air could never be made subservient to travel by man. What would they have said to R34 or the Royal Air Force?

You may not be quick, perhaps, to connect the elegant scene represented on page 79 with the boisterous humours of the Westminster election, when the polling lasted six weeks and a butcher's vote cost a duchess's kiss; yet this leafy glade is in the gardens of Carlton House, and the facile pencil of clever Harry Bunbury, the Duke of York's equerry, foregoes its wonted satire in presenting this glimpse of the *fête champêtre* which the Prince of Wales gave to celebrate the victory of the Fox and North Coalition, for princes meddled with politics in those days, even in opposition to their kingly fathers. It is a lovely day in May, and here among the trees are assembled all the beauty, rank and fashion that grace the Party. All are wearing the Coalition blue and buff, and he in the centre is the Prince himself, giving an arm to each of the beautiful sisters, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Duncannon, who have played so conspicuous a part in the election struggle. Surely the gracious lady on the right must be that other heroine of the election, the witty Mrs. Crewe, whose beauty, as Fanny Burney says, " uglifies everything near her," and whose entire loveliness was honoured by Sheridan in his dedication of "The School for Scandal." It is to her house in Lower Grosvenor Street the Prince and all the Carlton House company are to repair in the evening, flaunting their blue and buff. Meanwhile, the Neapolitan Ballad Singers are furnishing a musical *obbligato* to the chatter beneath the boughs.

Again we see the enchanting Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon, "the admired of all admirers," this time amidst the gay heterogeneous crowd in the grove of Vauxhall Gardens (p. 78) in Rowlandson's vivaciously pictorial record of that most popular of London's pleasure haunts. It is on the authority of Harry Angelo, the fencing-master, who so frequently spent his evenings at Vauxhall in company with the artist, and whose vivid "Reminiscences" revive the past, that we identify the celebrated sisters as well as other noteworthy persons in the gathering by the Orchestra. All are supposed to be listening to the singing of popular Mrs. Weichsel, mother of the more famous Mrs. Billington, accompanied by a splendid band comprising some of the principal instrumentalists of the day, led by either Pieltain or Barthelemon, and conducted by James Hook, one of whose numerous songs, perhaps, is actually being sung. But the presence of the famous duchess is apparently too great a counter-attraction, and the music is receiving little attention from those near enough to indulge in a good stare. Prominent in the foreground is Captain Topham, the macaroni, who writes scandalous gossip for the WORLD, and looks capable of manufacturing it to order; then, there are jovial, old, one-legged Admiral Paisley; James Perry, of THE MORNING CHRONICLE, absurdly affecting a Scottish garb; and, behind the Duchess, the Rev. Sir Bate Dudley, editor of THE MORNING POST, known as the " Fighting Parson," who in these Gardens of Vauxhall chivalrously thrashed two of an insolent party who were offensively ogling Mrs. Hartley, the beautiful and gifted actress whom Reynolds delighted to paint. So you see he deserved to be made a baronet and Canon of Ely Cathedral. But Angelo says that George of Wales is here also. Then that must be he on the right, playing a lagging Florizel to poor Perdita, the fair actress Mary Robinson, whose escort is a singularly horrid old man. Rowlandson shows us Vauxhall in its heyday, and if you would have the essence of all contemporary records and descriptions distilled in a modern essay that shall bring to you the actual charm of old Vauxhall Gardens with the various Walks, the Rotunda, decorated by Francis Hayman's paintings, the Orchestra with its fine organ, the pavilions, alcoves and expensive suppers, and, above all, the social atmosphere, you have only to turn to Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes." But do not, I pray, let even that delightful essayist persuade you that the vulgar party supping in the alcove under the Orchestra is composed of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, albeit they had all visited Vauxhall at times, and Goldsmith particularly enjoyed himself there. The mere date of Goldsmith's death would be enough to make the supposition of his being of that party impossible. Angelo was surely nodding when he suggested it.

Although the fashionable world ruled at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, this seems to have added a keener relish to the enjoyment of the city-folk—"cits" the "polite" world called them—when they left their more familiar Bagnigge Wells and Islington Spa to mix with the higher social circles in their *al fresco* recreations. But there was in St. George's Fields a tavern known as "The Dog and Duck," (p. 77), with gardens in which was a spring of water supposed to possess curative powers, and this place, making but a shoddy pretension to fashion, offered a free-and-easy entertainment which for a time was exceedingly popular with the classes that felt less at home with the *ton* at Vauxhall. Garrick in 1774 hit off the place with a satirical quatrain in one of his prologues; but Arcadian pretence was gradually forgotten in the license of the assemblies, accompanied by very popular concerts, in the tavern's saloon, with its organ and its refreshment tables. Our print shows the style of the company, which is frankly common, but it got worse and worse, more and more riff-raffish, and the Bow Street runners came to recognise the "Dog and Duck" as the most likely place in which to find any bad characters they were in search of. Although the Lord Mayor in 1787, strangely enough, overruled the magistrates' refusal to renew the proprietor's license, the attraction of the place was gradually killed by its evil reputation, and charity has covered the site with the School for the Indigent Blind.

If we saw in the last print vulgar women awkwardly aping fashions already *démodé,* in Gainsborough's beautiful picture *The Mall* (p. 68), here finely translated into mezzotint by J. S. Shury, we have the fashion of the period in its quiddity exquisitely used by a great artist as a pictorial motive. It is generally supposed that those in the centre are the three young princesses, whose portraits Gainsborough had painted, taking their walk duly attended, although the great social vogue of The Mall is on the wane, and the *élite* generally prefer to air themselves in Hyde or Green Park. But, be these the royal girls, and she on the left, as I suppose, Princess Elizabeth, the youngest, who dabbles prettily in the graphic arts and will publish her mezzotints and engraved designs, they and the other promenaders are not merely placed against an arborial background to make a picture; they and the trees and the cows—those long-famous St. James's Park cows—are in lovely pictorial unity, enveloped in an atmosphere of the painter's poetry. In the elegant groups, with the shapes of those ample swaying skirts, and the forms of the trees with their full-leaved branches, the master found such gracious rhythm that he could not but paint a picture of subtle artistic allure, while recording his aggregate impression of a scene of fashionable grace harmonising with natural beauty.

The Squares have been a characteristic feature in the development of London since the Great Fire, and their charm has always attracted noteable persons to dwell in them. For their histories you must go to the interesting volumes of Mr. Dasent and Mr. Beresford Chancellor, but here in the prints made from the drawings of Edward Dayes, an artist with an alert eye for the pictorial aspect of the London of his day, you may see what Bloomsbury and Hanover Squares looked like in 1787. In that serene *Bloomsbury Square* (p. 85) housing so many dignitaries of the law, life appears to go on as quietly as if it had no memory of the lawless mob that came but seven years since to riot, burn and pillage, with the consequent ghastly spectacle offered to the inhabitants of those dignified houses by the hanging of two boys within that placid enclosure. Those two gentlemen in the roadway are possibly discussing Sheridan's great speech for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which has been the burning question of many days. In *Hanover Square* (p. 81) we have quite a lively scene. Here is one of the " Perch-high " phaetons in fashionable use with daring drivers, and here are chariots, gentry riding and walking, the milkmaid with her cans, and the wayfaring market-folk. Dayes is best known, however, by the two charming water-colour drawings in which he has depicted the fashionable world as it was wont to parade in the parks in 1790. In *An Airing in Hyde Park* (p. 82), reproduced from Thomas Gaugain's delicate stipple-engraving, Society appears in very sociable mood and gives us ample opportunity of noting the latest fashions in walking and riding costumes, while a lady in her gig or "whisky " seems nothing loth that this should be recognised as quite the newest addition to the smartest vehicles, such as curricles, phaetons, sociables and barouches. The *Promenade in St. James's Park* (p. 83) we take from the original drawing which Soiron engraved. That is old Buckingham House, known as the Queen's House, in the background, and here everybody seems to know everybody, and I am sure there are beauties and beaux in this company we are expected to recognise; but anyhow here is coquetry and, of course, gallantry, and the costumes and manners suit each other. And, by the way, some of the ladies are wearing the new high sugar-loaf bonnet of the French peasant style, with the hair frizzled. But the parks were not entirely given up to the parade of fashions, they saw frequent violence and robbery, and Hyde Park was a chosen place for duels, sometimes to the death. With these matters the artists did not concern themselves. In the seasons of frost, however, there were pictorial subjects that appealed. Yet, had I not found J. C. Ibbetson's *Winter Amusement* (p. 76), in the Crace Collection, purporting to represent skaters on the Serpentine, I should have supposed the distant heights of Hampstead and Highgate to be rather the painter's native Yorkshire hills. And those are not women of fashion he shows on the ice's edge, though they look warmly clad enough, keen as is the winter air, to be able to bestow a kindly thought on the poor, ragged, bare-footed little urchin by their side.

Work and the working-classes did not often suggest themselves as pictorial subjects to the artists of those days. The mighty energies of labour in which a Brangwyn, a Muirhead Bone or an Edward Wadsworth can find rich material for their art, would have seemed to the eighteenth century unpicturesque, but George Garrard, who was Painter of Horses to the Prince of Wales, saw that even in a brewer's yard he could find the pyramidal forms (p. 86). That driver of the dray urging that splendid cart-horse between the shafts makes one with the man rolling a great beer-barrel, in itself a good subject for draughtsmanship, while that group of burly men on the right forms another of the artistic pyramids. It is really a good picture, and the mezzotint is by a master hand; but if you wonder why the Prince of Wales's Painter of Horses should take this sudden interest in beer-barrels, I may tell you that, since the King and Queen had just visited Whitbread's famous brewery in Chiswell Street, the public would expect a print of the place. And, after all, the horse was quite worth painting, and the brewers themselves lacked no picturesqueness. Nor did the streets of London. When William Marlow, one of the many artists who made their homes in Leicester Square, went about the streets he would always keep a pictorial eye on the passing people and conveyances. Here (p. 87) he gives us an animated picture of that once modish shopping-centre at the St. Paul's end of Ludgate Hill, then called Ludgate Street. To Everington and Graham's shawl and mantle shop, or to Rundle and Bridge, the jewellers and silversmiths, or other well-known emporiums dear to ladies of fashion, we see them making their way, while stylish coaches and chariots rumble along the cobbled roadway, and a crowd is gathered outside St. Paul's to watch some persons of consequence coming down to their state coach.

This is the heart of London: let us take an amusing glance with Rowlandson at the outskirts. Fancy having to stop and pay toll as you are entering the town by way of Oxford Street or Hyde Park Corner, Tottenham Court Road or the Mile End Road! Here at the Tyburn Turnpike (p. 89), where you see a nobleman and his lady in their smart "sociable" with two postillions galloping past a fat plebeian party in a little chaise, a group of beggars, a sergeant giving himself airs to his awkward squad, and a gallant officer following a coquette on the arm of her old husband, you are on the road that runs outside Hyde Park toward the little hamlet of Bayswater, and you are looking up a very quiet Oxford Street. Scarcely less astonishing to our eyes is the appearance of the Mile End Road, where a battery of artillery, doubtless ordered to the war, is about to pass through London by the Whitechapel Turnpike (p. 90). London citizens were as patriotic in those days as in these, and the war with France evoked a popular volunteer movement, which is illustrated here in a drawing by Edward Dayes (p. 91) of the *Cornhill Military Association* drilling on the grounds adjoining St. Helen's Church and the old Leathersellers' Hall. They number no more than what we should reckon a platoon, for the uniforms are expensive, and, as Sheridan pointed out in one of his speeches, this keeps out of the ranks many as patriotic as those with fuller purses. But we see that the smart citizen soldiers are attracting the fashionable flirtatious fair, who already reflect in their costumes the influence of the French revolution in fashion. Their waists are beginning to ascend, their skirts shaping towards a clinging slenderness.

We now enter the nineteenth century and find the fun of the fair just as popular as it was in Hogarth's day, though, except at old Bartholomew Fair, we have to seek it further afield (p. 92). Brook Green, which in the twentieth century still retains something of an old out-of-townish charm, and is favoured by the residence of noted artists, was in 1800, and still later, almost a waste space, with, I think, but an old manor house, Catholic chapel and charity school, and some ancient alms-houses; but for three days every May it presented a very lively and jolly scene. Rowlandson, who revelled in a crowd as much as Hogarth did, but with a less significant and more happy-go-lucky humour, of course took his sketch-book to Brook Green Fair, as he seems to have taken it to every place in London where there were "men to know and women to love," as the poet says, and amusing life and character to be seen and drawn. And with what a jovial relish for its incidents, and what a vivid and comprehensive pictorial power, he has given us the living aspect of the whole motley scene. Through all the multifarious business and humours of the heterogeneous folk that crowd about the booths of the mountebanks and the cheap traders, the swing-boats, the giant and monsters, the tarantellists with their tambourines, the eye is carried up to the two great rival theatrical shows, dominating the fair, side by side; Richardson's, in which perhaps the boy Edmund Kean is earning a starving wage, and Scowton's, both come as usual from Bartholomew Fair, and both employing the same familiar tricks to clear out the audience as soon as a sufficient number of fresh spectators has been beaten up. Here among the booth-folk and the mountebanks might be seen gentry from the Malls of Hammersmith and Chiswick, tradespeople from the High Streets, yokels from the other surrounding villages such as Shepherd's Bush, Acton, and the like, as well as folk from London who sought a day's fun and fairing in the country. From this bustling noisy scene Rowlandson takes us with equally happy art to see Society enjoying the quiet charm of aristocratic Richmond Green (p. 93).

When the General Post Office was in Lombard Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand was a narrow little street in which was one of the ordinary receiving houses for letters by the twopenny post. Thomas Girtin's artistic drawing (p. 109), however, is not merely of topographical interest, for it gives us a typical idea of the living aspect of the city side-streets at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the conditions of commercial transport seemed to preclude any hurry in the traffic. Society, however, was dashing about in its smart equipages, though that was for pleasure, and gaming and pleasure were its chief pursuits, with dandyism rampant under the new rule of Beau Brummel. But the sham-fights and reviews of the volunteers in Hyde Park, with the lavish waste of gunpowder and the gallant enthusiasts' rich display of uniforms, such as we see in Cranmer's drawing (p. 95), would remind the "fashionables," to borrow the contemporary newspaper word, that England was again at war with France, and they would leave the promenade, and even the card-tables, to join the multitude in gazing upon the martial spectacles. More perfunctory would seem to be the attention the ladies are paying to the parade-march of the regular troops on the Horse-Guards Parade, as Rowlandson depicts it (p. 97), unless this is just the artist's satirical way of putting it. There is no hint of satire in J. A. Atkinson's delicate etching of a skating scene on the Serpentine, most vivaciously drawn (p. 96), in which we see that the graceful pastime makes no personal appeal to the ladies, who have not yet taken to athletics in any form, although they come down to the ice to see the men cutting their figures of eight. They are dressed, however, somewhat more suitably than when, but half a dozen years earlier, they had flocked to the Serpentine's banks in gowns of gaudy colours extremely *décolletées* (in freezing weather!) to watch the " dashing skaters of fashion." However Rowlandson's humour might be tempted to caricature in picturing any aspect of fashion, an innate pictorial grace would not be denied; his sense of life was too actual, his instinct for artistic charm too expressive. In *Promenade in the Green Park* (p. 105), his art and his humour have most engagingly hit off the types and the pervading spirit of the parade round the " basin" or reservoir, with its solitary fountain, whither the *beau monde* had migrated from its old haunt in the Mall to walk on summer evenings after dinner. "During the week," as Jacob Larwood tells us in his racy "Story of the London Parks," " the Green Park promenade was entirely abandoned to the patrician splendour of the Western hemisphere of London. But on Sundays, though there were many dashing *élégantes* of unquestionable *haut ton*, yet there were also many other *élégantes*, equally dashing, but not altogether unquestionable. Mixed among the *Dii Majores* were the inhabitants of the City, luxuriating in a seventh-day glimpse of high life, and jostling the members of those antediluvian families 'whom the flood could not wash away.' There was the blue blood from Grosvenor Square breathing the same air with Mademoiselle Papillotée from Cranborne Alley, and Beau Brummel studied and copied by Mr. Higgins from the unexplored regions east of Temple Bar or the Terra Incognita of Bishopsgate and Hatton Garden."

Now to the markets with the ubiquitous Rowlandson. First the old Cattle Market at Smithfield (p. 98), which even at the beginning of the last century was regarded as a disgrace to London. Yet for another fifty years Londoners tolerated herds of cattle being exposed for sale in the heart of the City, with all the noisome circumstances, the cruelties attendant on the overcrowding of the poor beasts and driving them to the various slaughter-houses about the town, and the noisy, brutal, thieving, dirty rabble which swelled the crowd of countrymen, drovers and butchers that business brought to the market. Rowlandson's spacious and wonderfully live and crowded drawing gives graphic illustration of Dickens' vivid description of Smithfield in "Oliver Twist"; for the difference of twenty-seven years had apparently changed neither the conditions of the place nor the character of the market mob, and imagination hears the horrible concatenation of noises. It was of the market in Covent Garden (p. 99), as we see it in the coloured print from Rowlandson's drawing, that Leigh Hunt in a genial mood of reminiscence, referring to the charm of a walk through Covent Garden on a summer day, says: "On these occasions we were very well satisfied with the market in its old state. The old sheds and irregular avenues, when dry, assorted well with the presence of leaves and fruits. They had a careless picturesque look, as if a bit of an old suburban garden had survived from ancient times." And, while sparing a word of admiration for "the ladies who come to purchase," and the "good-natured Irishwomen who attend to carry baskets for the purchasers," he adds, "the country girls who bring the things to market at early dawn are a sight themselves worthy of the apples and roses." Rowlandson evidently saw this too when he was drawing the scene; but Pugin, his architect-collaborator, who added his authoritative touch to the buildings, lures us for the moment from the market-folk to recall the Jacobite meetings and conspiracies under the Piazza; the famous men that lived hereabouts, and forgathered at Wills's or Button's Coffee House with Dryden or Addison; Hogarth's *Morning*, or that crazy early morning frolic, also in front of Inigo Jones's church, painted Hogarthianly by Balthasar Nebot; or the wild scenes of the Westminster elections.

To the collaboration of the vivaciously graphic Rowlandson and the architectural Pugin we owe a variegated survey of the life of London at this period, in a number of prints which Ackermann called the "Microcosm of London" and published in three, now rare, volumes. These prints are of exceeding interest, for their range is wide, and they show us Londoners in the early years of the nineteenth century as they congregated in most of the public places of the town. Here are four representative examples. In this typical parish *Watch House* (p. 101), we get an idea of the policing of London in the days, or rather nights, when footpads and highwaymen were still the pests of the streets and the roads, and the "bucks" roystering home after their nocturnal orgies would be no respecters of persons or manners. These aged men in large great-coats, with their lanterns, long truncheons and rattles, that we see preparing to start on their rounds of night-watch, are the "Charleys," who were the special objects of the "bucks' " rude sport. To think of these venerable Dogberrys and Verges being of any real use as guardians of the peace is, of course, ridiculous to us with our modern ideas of police ; yet in those days they were generally accepted as sufficient, and the following naïve advice, printed in a descriptive Guide to London, testifies to the public faith : "In walking the streets by night, if a person is in any way attacked or assaulted by thieves or others, he should instantly call the watch. A cry of "*Watch*," three or four times repeated, will instantly bring up the assistance of several watchmen, and it is ten to one if the thief or assailant make his escape." The name of *Sadler's Wells Theatre*, (p. 102) may revive cherished memories for many old playgoers ; but when this print was done the old playhouse had been turned into an "aquatic theatre," and the exciting diversions and immersions possible with a large tank of real water under the stage were drawing the town. We see a typical popular audience, intent upon the prelude probably to one of the realistic sea-fights or rescues from drowning ; or perhaps the "Grand Caledonian Aquatic Performance, written by C. Dibdin, Junr., called ' An Bratach ; or The Water Spectre'," with the culminating scene in the Cave of Fingal, where, as the advertisement declares, " The SPECTRE will arise from the immense Body of REAL WATER." *Tattersall's* (p. 103) brings to vision types of the connoisseurs of horse-flesh ; the men who ride, drive, breed, bet, or merely deal in horses. One of the Monday sales is on, the auctioneer is in his rostrum, while the fat dealer between the old beau and the colonel is bidding against others behind for the animal that is showing its paces. The *Drawing-Room, St. James's Palace* (p. 104), shows us, and this is its most noteworthy feature, that, while the feminine costume of ordinary wear had adopted the high waist and long slender trailing skirt, at Court the normal corsage with the "swelling hoop's capacious round " was still *de rigueur*, though the overskirts had become inordinately ornate.

The impression conveyed by this charming riparian drawing of Rowlandson's (p. 107) contrasts curiously with our modern conception of docks and dockers. One might almost imagine this the quay of some seaside resort, but it is the old-world picturesqueness of the Blackwall entrance to the West India Docks, just newly built, which the artist shows us with a graphic feeling as happy for the boats and the shipping as for the river-side loafers and the London people who make the new works the object of pleasant boating-parties. In Rowlandson's day, when the West India trade was accustomed to arrive in fleets of sailing-vessels, since steamships were not yet, there was apparently less continuous call for the strenuous labour of the docker, which has given Mr.

Brangwyn so many fine subjects for draughtsmanship; but when those fleets did arrive, with all the consequent crowding and confusion, before the docks were opened, those drowsy long-shoremen must have awakened to a busy time. The memorable year 1814, in the summer of which Londoners went mad over the peace-celebrating welcome to the Allied Sovereigns, and Hyde Park was given up to a monstrous fair, had begun with a three-months' frost so severe that the solid Thames could not deny its surface to the inevitable Fair (p. 108). Bewick's pupil, Luke Clennell, gives us a lively picture of the motley crowd enjoying the swing-boats, the cock-shies, the dancing and drinking, nor do we miss that usual feature of the frost-fair, a printing-press. For our last glimpse of Londoners in George III's reign we shall turn to James Pollard's *Epsom Races* (p. 110) and see what the people of the Regency made of Derby Day. It is not a very vast assemblage, but it has a quaintness of aspect, the men in pantaloons and top-hats, the women in full skirts and coal-scuttle bonnets; and countless horsemen galloping across the heath to see what happens at Tattenham Corner.

You may remember how Thackeray, in one of those dear button-holing "Roundabout Papers," fondly recalled his boyish joy in the Cruikshank brothers' illustrations to Pierce Egan's "Life in London," and how he found, some forty years later, the pictures "just as fine as ever," though the descriptive prose had entirely lost its flavour, except as a curiosity. Now, here you shall see some of those pictures, the best of which we may ascribe, I think, to George Cruikshank, in which the author's three young protagonists, Jerry Hawthorn, Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic, are shown enjoying, with a zest proper to the time, such day and night scenes as meant "seeing life " in the London of 1821. *At Almack's* (p. 112) we see the extremely select company dancing one of the quadrilles which, together with the waltz, Lady Jersey had recently introduced from Paris to displace the reels and country dances. Lady Jersey was the gorgon among the seven all-powerful Lady Patronesses who presided over the "seventh heaven of the fashionable world," as Major Gronow called Almack's in his indispensable "Reminiscences." The difficulty of getting a voucher of admission to Almack's was only equalled by the social importance attached to it, and poor Lord Jersey was like to have become a target for all the officers of the Guards to whom his wife had denied vouchers but for his manful refusal to fight the ridiculous duels. The dancing at Vauxhall (p. 113) looks merrier, but the place under its new management seems to have lost something of its fashionable air since we last saw it in the bright days of the beautiful Duchess. The dignified Gothic orchestra has been changed to a structure of tawdry appearance; the musicians look almost capable of anticipating "rag-time"; and no wonder, for but six of the forty first-class instrumentalists remain, and now the Guards' band—very different from a Guards' band of our days—after each part of the concert, would change their Vauxhall coats for their regimental ones to accompany the popular rope-dancing, such as Madame Sacchi's ascent amidst fireworks. In spite of the " superb galas," there is a tone of commonness, and frankly, the costumes of the company lack charm. Nor do we find more among the crowd at the *Royal Academy* (p. 114), nor for that matter on the walls, though Sir Thomas Lawrence is President, and we know that Constable's "Hay-Wain" is somewhere in the exhibition. It is, perhaps, during an *entr'acte* of the new opera that Sir Henry Bishop has made out of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," that these smart folk are assembled in the *Saloon of Covent Garden* (p. 115), but we need not believe all that Pierce Egan says about their reputations. Nor need we be sure, if these be the characters of "Don Giovanni" (p. 118) that this is really the historic Green Room of Drury Lane ; for Mozart's opera, after its production in 1817 at the Opera House, which was the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, was revived there in 1821, when for the first time in its career a commodious Green Room was added to the theatre. But the creator of Tom and Jerry was not a stickler for fact, and it is sufficient that Cruikshank's drawing shows us a Green Room of the period with its privileged visitors. In *After the Opera* (p. 117) we have a typical scene under the great portico of the King's Theatre, with the ladies, in their full-dress feathers, being escorted to their carriages, the footmen, the linkmen, the hackney-coachmen in their many-caped coats, the constable with his rattle, and the soldiers on guard, as one remembers them always at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, a relic of the unruly manners of old theatrical audiences. When we look at the men of business on the *Royal Exchange*, (p. 119) and then turn to the *Royal Cockpit* (p. 120) in Birdcage Walk, we surely recognise some of the same persons, for there was no more popular "sport" than a Main of Cocks, in which the pluck and endurance of the birds seemed to these "Gentlemen of England" to be worth the venturing of large sums of money, while a "Long Main" would provide excitement for a week. The last of these amusing drawings gives us a glimpse of the old coaching days, when the coaches themselves had almost reached their acme of comfort and speed, and the roadway in front of Hatchett's *White Horse Cellar* (p. 121) presented a motley scene of bustle ; very different from the lesser traffic of Regent Street in the days of its elegant *Quadrant* (p. 111), as seen in T. Hosmer Shepherd's delicate drawing, when the Life Guards could take the middle of the road, and undisturbed a mounted brewer's-man could trail a barrel along. Among the various claims to his subjects' affection and respect attributed to King George IV, in the author's dedication of " Life in London," no mention is made of his having ruled the hoop-petticoat out of court. In this comprehensive print, however (p. 123), showing the company going to, and returning from, his Majesty's Drawing-Room in 1822, one sees the feather-crowned ladies coming from the palace in skirts no more expansive than those generally worn by the feminine bonneted sightseers who gather now to watch the coaches and chariots, the Waterloo heroes and all the gorgeous courtiers, the soldiers and the flunkeys, and the sedan chairs not yet obsolete, just as, the year or so before, they would join the sympathetic crowds that cheered the ill-used Queen Caroline whenever she left Brandenburgh House in Hammersmith Mall to drive abroad. The London populace had known too much of their king to be censorious about his wife, and particularly kindly would be their greeting when the Queen went on her way those many days to the House of Lords for the preposterous ordeal of her trial; and kindlier still when she drove back to Hammersmith after the final insult, on Coronation Day, at the portals of Westminster Abbey; back to Hammersmith to sicken and die. But let us turn from George IV's palace to the healthier atmosphere of the *' Elephant and Castle ' on the Brighton Road* (p. 125) and see how our fathers and grandfathers travelled before the era of railways. One finds here in James Pollard's picture that breezy, cheery, bustling picturesqueness one always associates with the old coaching and post-chaising days, ignoring the drawbacks and inconveniences. But perhaps it never occurred then to a paterfamilias, wishing to take his wife and children to the seaside, that it was inconvenient, numerous though the Brighton coaches were, to have to book seats a week in advance. The Brighton Road was always one of the most entertaining of all the post-roads, rich as was the adventure of the others, and some of the most famous amateur whips kept up its reputation. With this old coaching scene in one's memory it is amusing to approach the ' Elephant and Castle ' of to-day on the outside of a motor-bus, and try to visualise the old times amid the multitudinous motor and tramway traffic. Then, if we should happen to be lunching at the Berkeley, we should look out of window on the passing world of Piccadilly, and imagine the old *Gloucester Coffee House* (p. 124) is back again where now we are standing, and the mail-coaches are gathering at its door, the inside and outside passengers have taken their seats, the teams are ready to do their thirteen miles an hour on the road, and presently the horns shall blow and the coaches shall start with their freights of travellers and news to link London with the West of England.

The necessities of public building have long since swept away the pleasant house and garden where you see a charitable Fancy Fair in progress (p. 127), and the ladies, in the full sleeves and bell skirts of 1830, are archly coaxing the guineas from the now trousered gentlemen in exchange for trifles from their baskets, as successfully as if it were a Flag-Day or a Rose-Day of our own time. But here in New Street, Spring Gardens, where now Admiralty business is done, a charmingly eccentric old bachelor, known familiarly as "Governor" Penn—a descendant of Pennsylvania's founder, used to dispense hospitality to a varied assortment of interesting people, including authors, artists, musicians, especially those of youthful promise, who would be given opportunities of displaying their talents among the performances of noted musicians. An amusing feature of these parties would be, by way of interlude, a lecture advocating the advantages of matrimony. These lectures would be the propaganda of the quaintly benevolent Outinian Society, inaugurated by John Penn in 1818, with meetings first at Hatchard's, the bookseller of Piccadilly, and later at his own house, with the purpose of helping suitable persons to marry, and to ensure their happiness when married. The life of London had been for so many centuries intimately associated with London Bridge that when the new bridge was being built beside the old one with its memories of all the City's history, it was no uncommon thing for curious Londoners to go river-ward and watch the work of bridging the Thames anew. And when in 1831 it was approaching completion, and George Scharf had the historic instinct as well as the artistic impulse to make the fine drawing of this remarkable juxtaposition of ancient and modern (p. 129), the demolition of the bridge which had served London's transpontine needs for seven hundred years, must have given historic students pause and their imaginations full play. Another new building of interest at this time, linking past and present, which brought many people to the river-side, was the great *New Hungerford Market* (p. 128). This replaced the old market-house which had stood amid precarious commercial circumstances since the seventeenth century. The building, with its several galleries, lined on either side with shops, was intended chiefly for the sale of fish ; fruit, vegetables and butchers' meat being secondary commodities. The opening of the new market in July 1833 was quite a festival, as we see in the lithograph, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators, a special sensation being offered in the ascent of Mr. Graham in his balloon with two other passengers. These do not appear to have been very carefully selected, for one of them, it is said, being unaccustomed to the air as a highway, lost his reason. On the river-side of the market the scene was equally animated, as shown by another print commemorating the occasion, when the Terrace was as thickly crowded as the paddle-steamers and other river-craft, and the Thames watermen made a better harvest than they had for many a day. And if you ask, where is that market now, you must listen for the echoes of the fish-salesmen and the butchers and greengrocers in the shrieks of the steam-whistles, the puffing of the locomotives and the rumblings of the trains, in the railway station at Charing Cross. By the way, travelling by steamboat was still a comparative novelty at this period, and, as we see in Parrott's lithograph of *The Pool*, done in 1841 (p. 133), the trip down river on the little paddle-boats became quite a popular form of recreation.

The days of Count D'Orsay and the dandies are recalled when we look at this parade of the *Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park* (p. 131) in the year that Queen Victoria was crowned; for surely that is the Prince of Dandies himself driving the foremost team. He was as admirable a whip as he was a horseman, and whatever his vehicle, were it the unsafe high curricle he had had built for him in 1836, or the fashionable cabriolet he favoured later, the turnout would be perfect, while the immaculate white kid gloves, with the shirt wristbands turned back over the coat-cuffs, the studied knot of the kerchief or the stock, and all the other exquisitenesses of his attire, not forgetting the wide-brimmed glossy hat worn, as here and in Sir Francis Grant's portrait of the dandy, at a carefully-considered tilt, would be religiously noted and copied, without any reckoning of the personal equation, by all the men-about-town who aspired to dandyism. And don't those two absurd-looking officers in undress uniform stand together, while the four-in-hands are passing, as if they imagine they have assimilated the grace of D'Orsay?

Fashion was perhaps more arbitrary in the early Victorian years than it is to-day, but it presents quite a charming aspect in the auditorium of Her Majesty's Theatre (p. 132), as Eugène Lami vivaciously records in artistic terms of water-colour the ovation being accorded to his gifted countrywoman, Rachel, at the end of her performance of one of Corneille's heroines. Whether it was Emilie in "Cinna" or Camille in "Horace" I am not sure, but Macready, who in the summer of 1841 was fulfilling an engagement at the Haymarket, tells us in his Diary that he went twice within a few days to the Opera House across the road to see the great actress, and most interestingly he analyses and criticises both impersonations, giving the higher praise to Rachel's Camille. "In the last scene," he says, "she was all that a representation of the part should be. It was a splendid picture of frenzied despair." It is this scene, probably, that has roused the fashionable audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm, vented in the throwing of bouquets, the waving of hats and the flutterings of fans; while one notes, as it were, "the *Cestus* of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders."

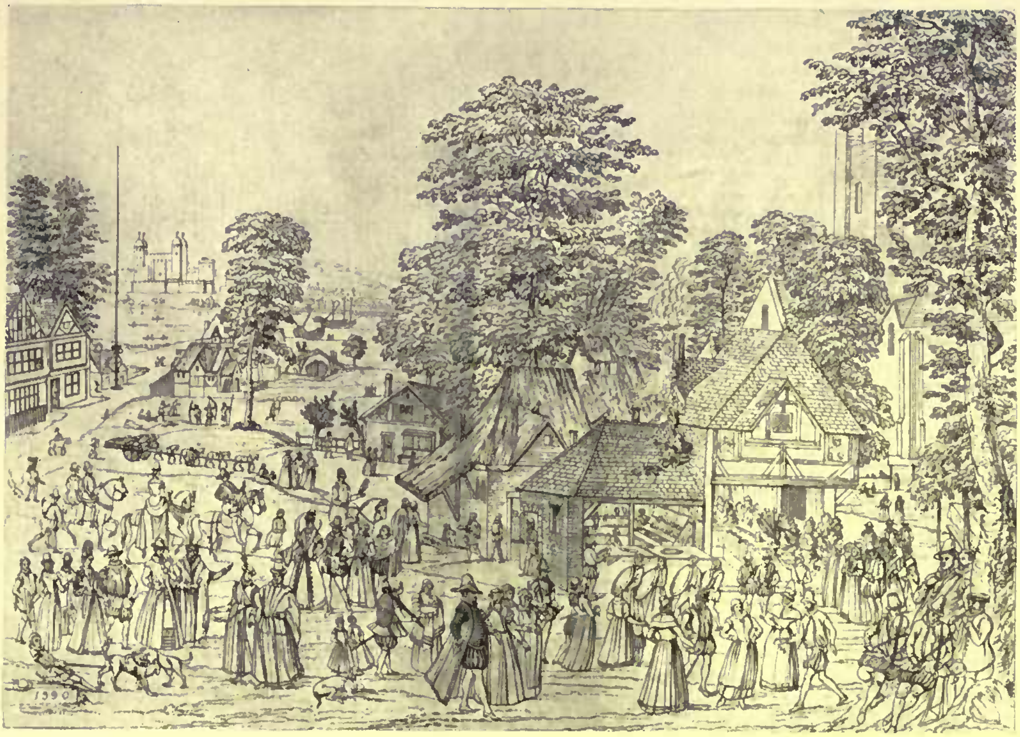
For the life of the streets in early Victorian London one need look no further than the interesting series of lithographs done in 1842 by Thomas Shotter Boys. This very worthy pupil and friend of the brilliant Bonington was no mere topographer; for him no street would offer any pictorial significance unless he saw it peopled with those who dwelt or worked in it, or used it as a thoroughfare toward their livelihood or their pleasure, or maybe merely loafed in it. Then he would look with an artist's eye, and see everything that was happening of pictorial or characteristic interest. So we look along Piccadilly from Bond Street (p. 134), and notice that, though the road is up, the attention of the workmen and an unsophisticated group on the pavement is attracted by a couple of balloons in the air; otherwise Piccadilly is concerned with its normal traffic, an omnibus or two, hackney coaches at leisurely intervals, a cart, a hurdy-gurdy man, and a sprinkling of pedestrians. At Hyde Park Corner (p. 137), the navvies with their picks and spades are in the roadway, but they will prove no obstruction to a couple of omnibuses and a few carts and waggons; nor are the pedestrians on the pavement incommoded by the porters with their loads or the stretcher being carried to St. George's Hospital. So in Whitehall (p. 138) and in the Strand by Temple Bar (p. 139) the people are making their way leisurely, the vehicles being driven patiently; and these people are worth noting, mind you, for among them Dickens and Thackeray are finding their characters, and you may meet some of them again. When the artist takes us into Hyde Park, near Grosvenor Gate (p. 135), and shows us on the promenade the ladies in their long shawls and poke-bonnets, the gentlemen with their full-skirted coats insisting on waists, and on the roadway the riders of both sexes and the smart phaetons, cabriolets, landaus and barouches, we are, of course, in the heart of the fashionable world, and we know that D'Orsay will presently show himself, and his votaries will be on the *qui vive* for some rumoured change in the knot of his tie.

Now, eight years later, we are exactly in the middle of the century; D'Orsayism is over, and the lively art of Eugène Lami brings us to close quarters with London's work-a-day people at Charing Cross (p. 140). Here is traffic indeed, and the clever French artist depicts to the life the coster in his donkey-cart, the bus-drivers and conductors of the period with their passengers on the knife-board omnibuses, and all the passing humanity of the hub of London. Just as admirable in draughtsmanship and pictorial sense are the champing horses, the pompous chariot, the flunkeys, the richly-dressed ladies, and the poor tattered girls and Italian organ-grinder, who gaze at these wonderful splendours in Eaton Square (p. 141). And now (p. 143) let us turn to this assemblage of ladies in the demure-looking bonnets, veils and shawls of 1851, the Great Exhibition year. Though they have come into this refreshing corner of the great glass house to discuss tea together or with their white-hatted male companions, as Louis Haghe's drawing presents them, be sure they are really bent on studying all the industries of all the nations. So we leave them; and, this would seem an opportune moment to say good-bye for the present to the Londoners of Then, promising, of course, to return and visit them with the artists of any period we may choose between Then and Now.

As imagination calls up visions of Londoners under all their changing aspects since those sweet demure-looking ladies drank tea in the Great Exhibition of 1851, the artists who have made their contemporary Londoners live again in picture leap at once to mind; dear familiar names necessarily absent from this volume, though only needing the favour of "our kind friends in front" to appear in a future one that shall bridge the gap between Then and Now which limits of space have compelled us to leave. But to emphasise the fascination of the past, to bring out its full flavour, we need to contrast it with the present, to realise the differences not only in the life, manners, fashions, but in the artistic points of view from which these have been pictorially approached. In the few modern drawings and prints we have chosen here to illustrate these it will be seen that the outlook of the artists is in the main democratic, that they have found their pictorial interest in the life of the work-a-day people rather than among the leisured classes, while rhythmic design with significant expression and decorative purpose has been the artistic motive rather than mere scenic representation. Mr. Claude Shepperson alone gives a hint of Fashion and Society. His etching-needle takes us among the *élégantes* in the paddock at Ascot (p. 144); his dry-point, in a fantasy of the carnival spirit (p. 147), reminds us that we moderns can masquerade at will as joyously as ever they did at Ranelagh; while the elusive colour-charm of his pastel (p. 145) persuasively suggests the allure of those red-and-white-umbrellaed tea-tables among the trees of Kensington Gardens. The people of the London streets seem to come actually to life in the inimitable draughtsmanship of Mr. George Belcher, innate in every line of which is character. Not a touch but is significant and expressive of the artist's penetrating humour and complete understanding. Those *Costers* (p. 149); go through any of the street-markets and you will see them in the flesh; and that scene outside the public-house (p. 148), those people and those policemen, is there any part of London in which you will not see them? To compare Mr. Randolph Schwabe's admirably vivid etching of *Piccadilly Circus* (p. 151), and all its traffic just before the war, with Hosmer Shepherd's drawing of 1822 (p. 111) would be to see almost a new world did not the beautiful County Fire Office survive. Quick to note the startling changes of aspect London presented during the war, and to interpret them cleverly, with modern feeling, in terms of flat decorative painting, was Miss Elfrida Hughes, and her drawings *In Piccadilly* (p. 152) and *The Corner House* (p. 153) are interesting pictorial records of war-time Londoners. A stern-faced group of these is *The Queue* (p. 154), a characteristic reminiscence by Mr. Nevinson, whose large, individual vision gives us, with vigorous draughtsmanship, vital impressions of varied types of Londoners in *The Bargee* (p. 158), *The Railway Strike—Meeting on Tower Hill* (p. 159), a fine lithograph, and *Sunday on Clapham Common* p. 161), a scene of popular gaiety painted with pigments mixed, as it were, with shimmering sunshine. These same girls, perhaps, or their prototypes in overalls and trousers, we see in Miss Winifred Jane Knights's very ably designed drawing, *Leaving the Munition Works* (p. 157); and such as these may be in the auditorium of the Granville Theatre of Varieties (p. 160), where, in the listening aspect of the audience, with the circular mirrors and pilasters and the accidents of light, Mr. Walter Russell found so appealing a pictorial motive for his accomplished art.

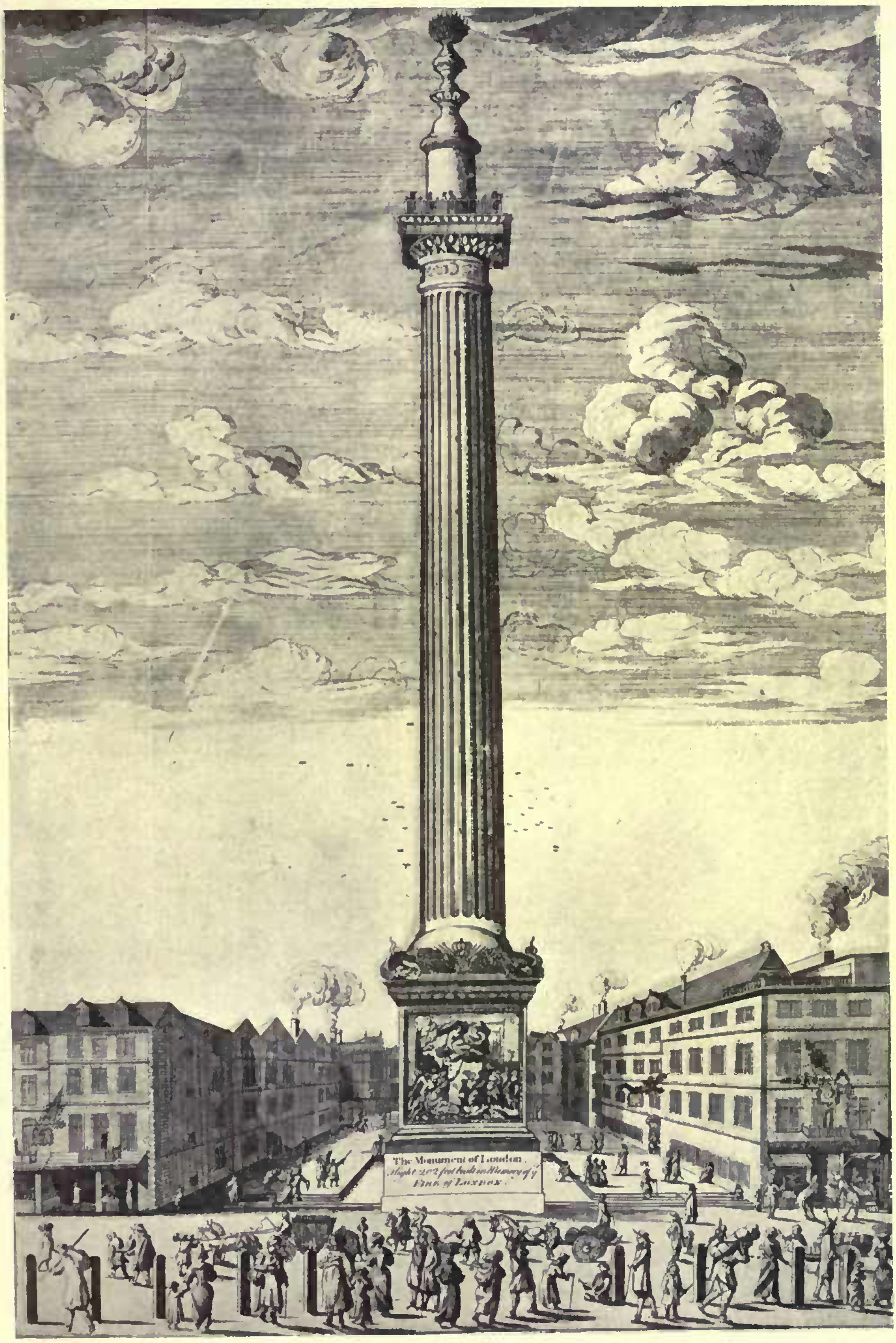
These strange-looking figures in Mr. William Monk's striking drawing (p. 155), can hardly be called Londoners, nor has this the appearance of a London street; but this is " Chinatown " in Limehouse, so much discussed of late, and these are representatives of the three or four thousand Chinese settlers or temporary residents, though—and more's the pity—their women-folk are for the most part London girls, and the children are half-castes. But in all parts of London are strange sights to be seen, none more curious than the noisy medley of Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning, as we see it in Miss Katherine O. Lack's clever etching (p. 165); or on a Saturday night in the Whitechapel High Street with the crowd among the costers' barrows in the flare of the lamps (p. 166), as Mr. Ernest Blaikley shows us. Strenuous marketers and keen raucous-voiced salesmen these; but before you see them in Mr. Schwabe's lithograph taking their joy of life in the Bank Holiday swings (p. 167), let Miss Doris Davis's artistic needle take you out Deptford way to see this jolly greengrocer doing his trade (p. 164), and don't miss the delicious coquetry of those two infant Londoners. And now, before we say *Au Revoir* to the Londoners of Now, let that talented draughtsman Mr. Steven Spurrier give us a characteristic glimpse of his brother artists enjoying themselves at the Langham Sketching Club (p. 163), while Miss Molly Campbell, with humour at her needle's point, interprets the feelings of the Royal Academy rejected.

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.



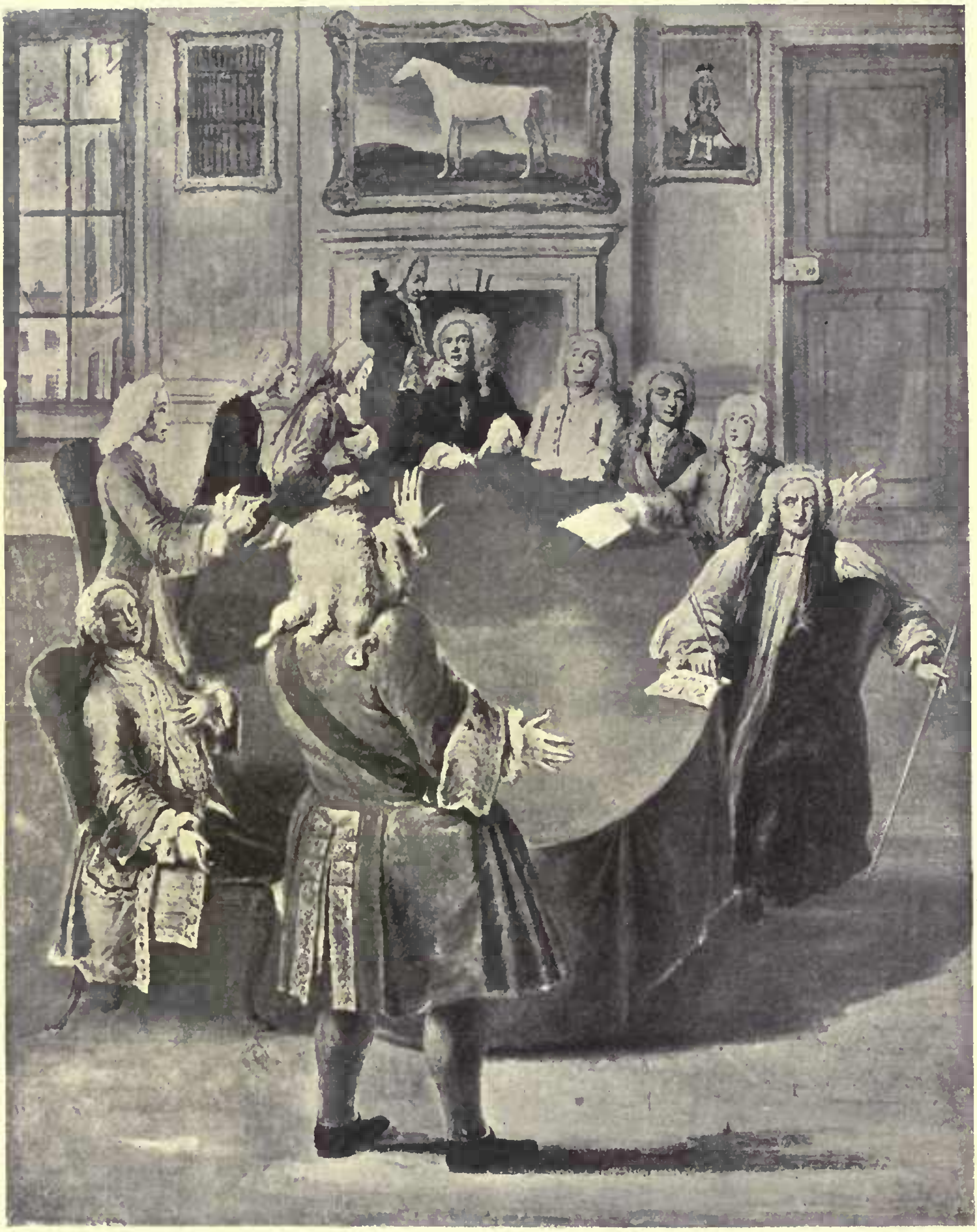
(From a drawing after the original picture at Hatfield House. Reproduced by courtesy of the Kensington Public Library)

"A WEDDING FESTIVITY IN BERMONDSEY"
1590. BY GEORGE (JORIS) HOEFNAGEL


The Monument of London.
Height 202 feet built in Memory of y
Fire of London.

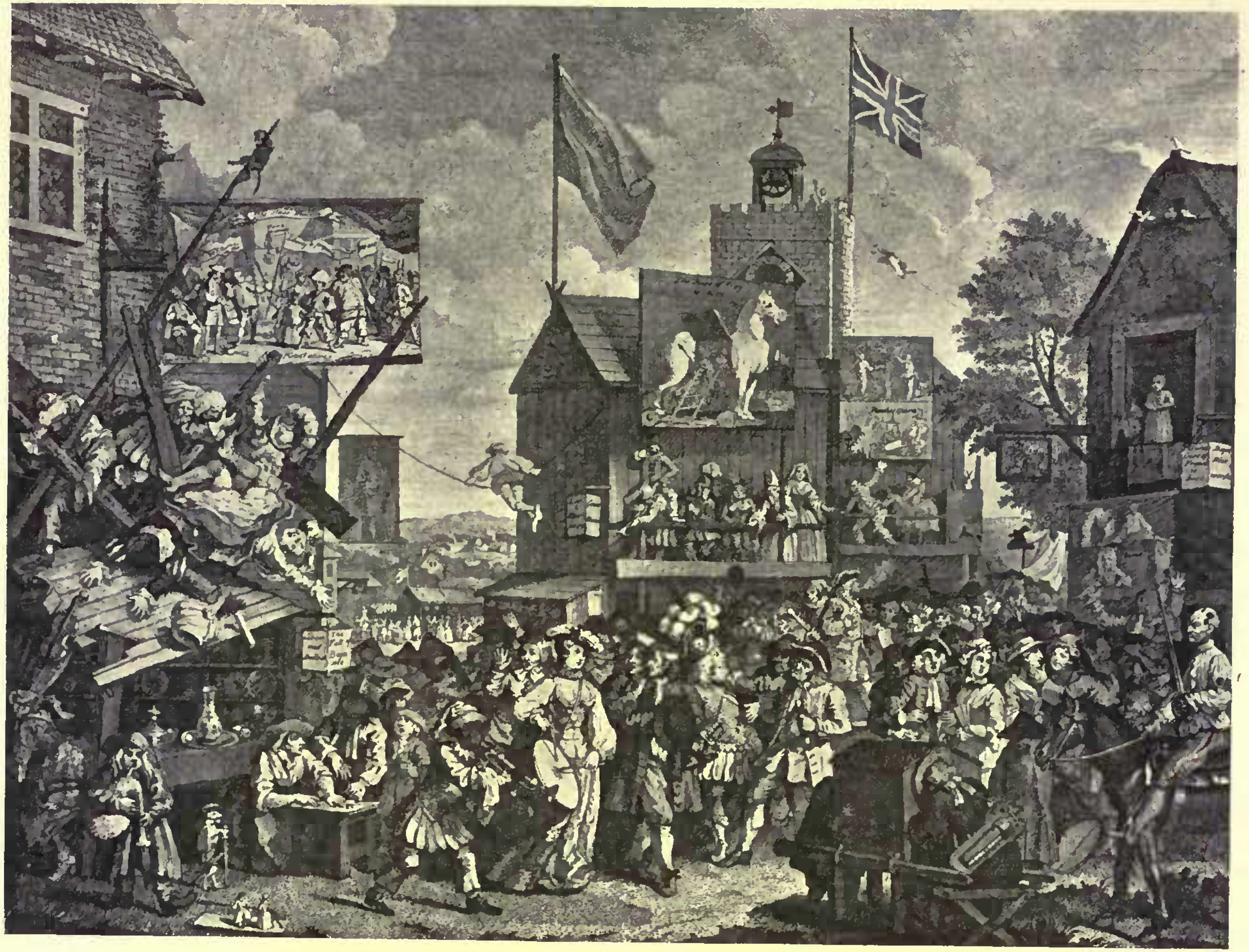
(*From a print in the Guildhall Library, London*)

" THE MONUMENT OF LONDON." *c.* 1680
ANONYMOUS ENGRAVING



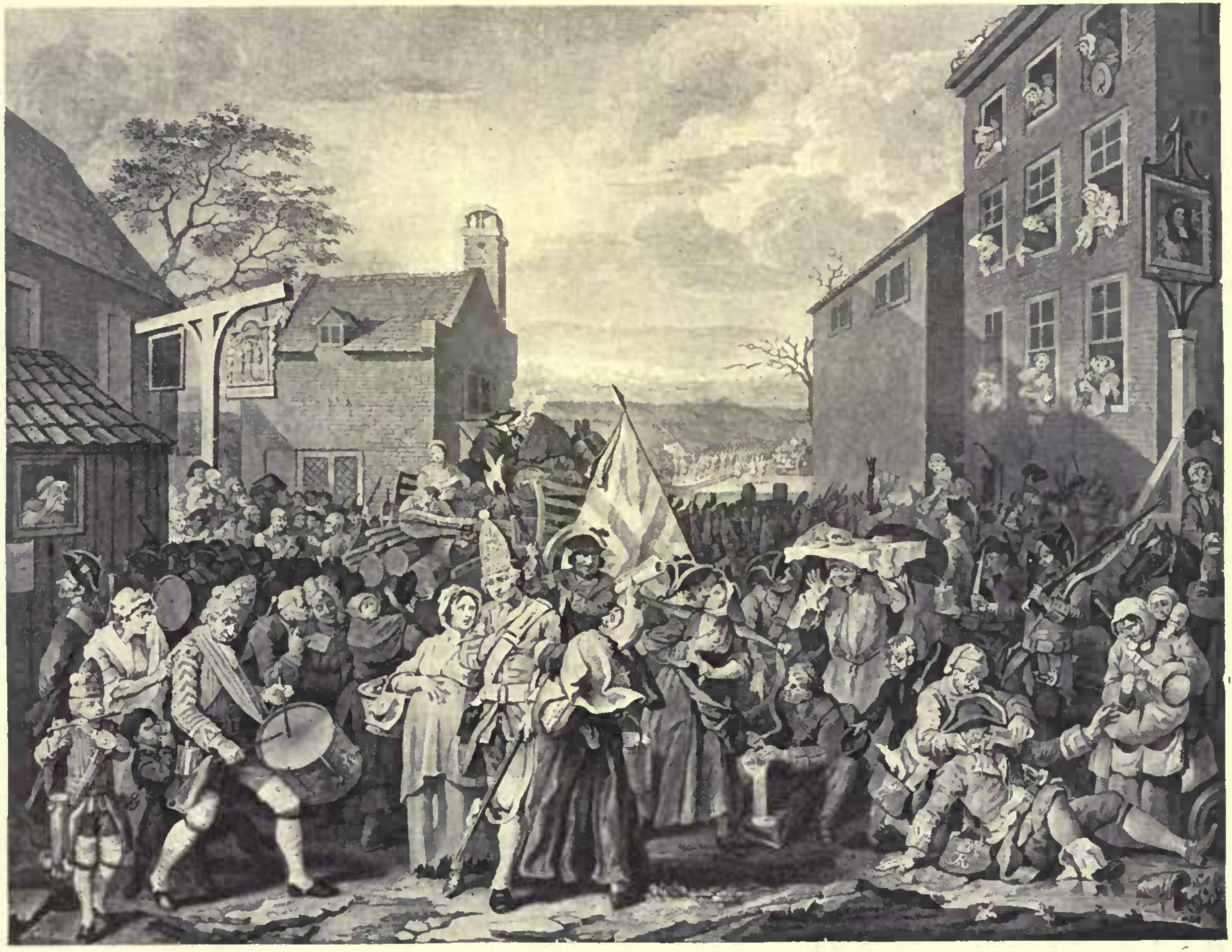
"SIR ROBERT WALPOLE ADDRESSING THE CABINET"
?1730. GOUACHE DRAWING BY JOSEPH GOUPY

(From the original in The British Museum)



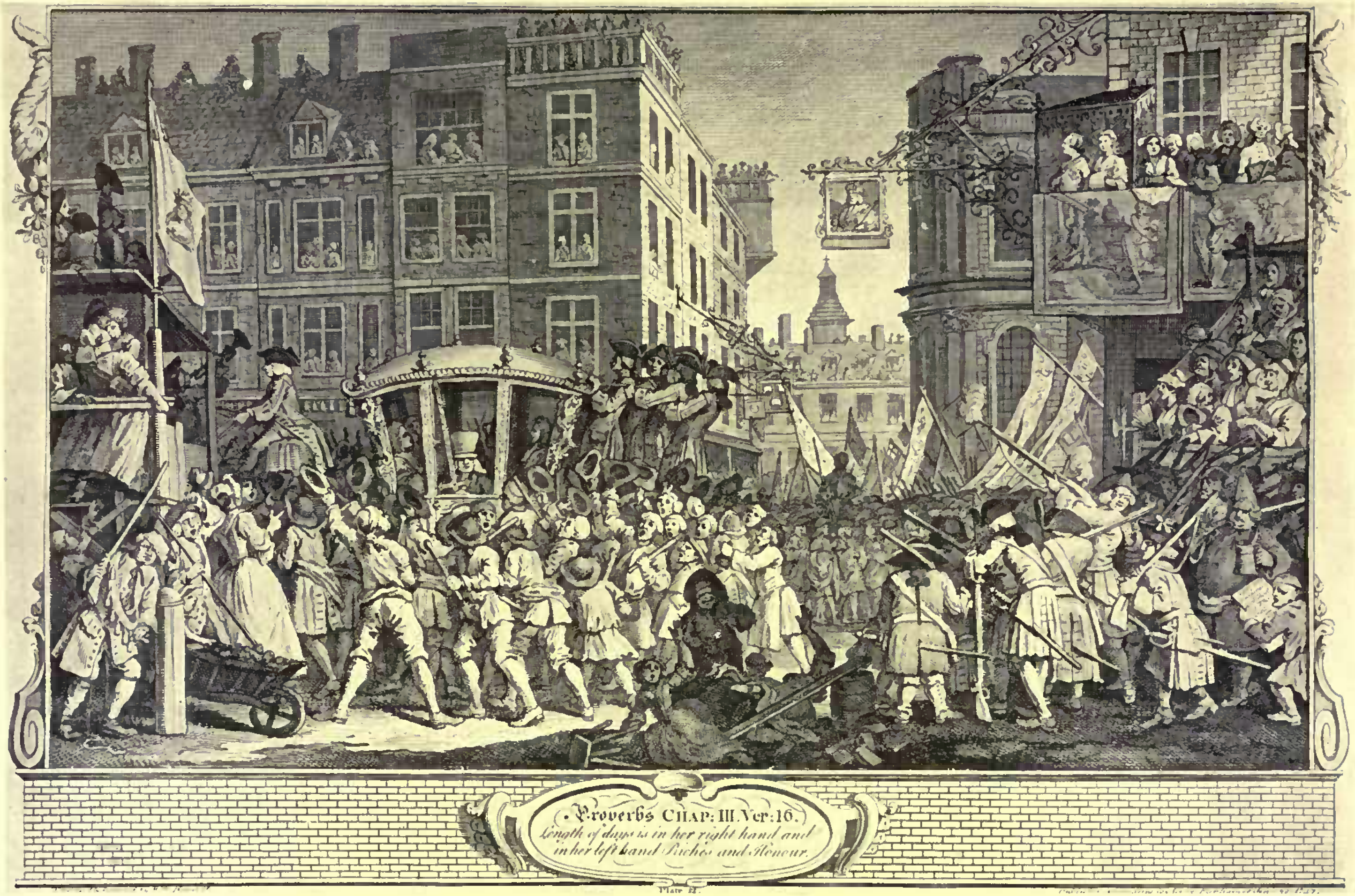
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" SOUTHWARK FAIR." 1733. ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



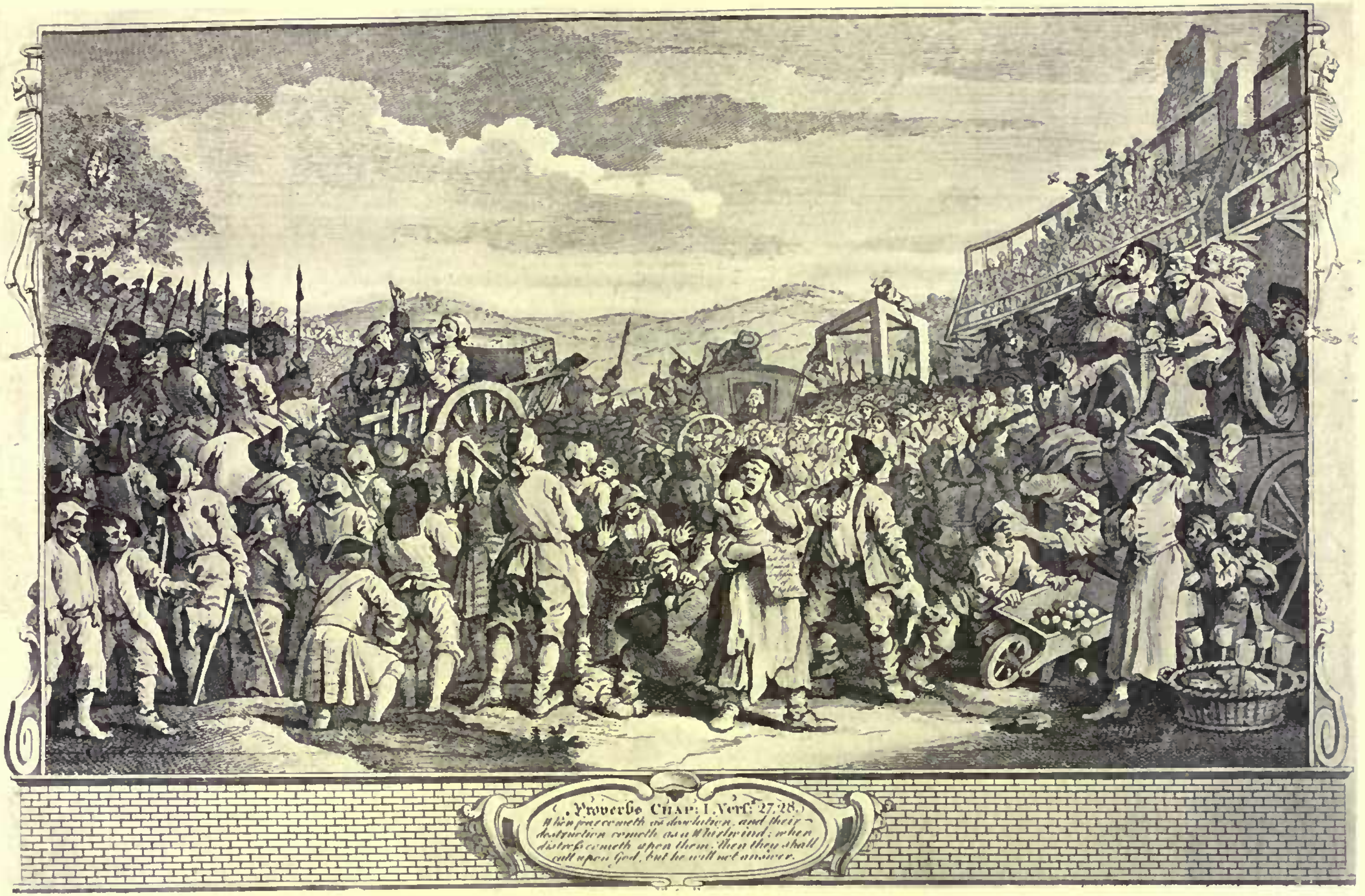
" THE MARCH OF THE GUARDS TOWARDS SCOTLAND, 1745 "
ENGRAVED BY LUKE SULLIVAN AFTER WILLIAM HOGARTH

(*From a print in The British Museum*)


Proverbs CHAP: III. Ver: 16.
Length of days is in her right hand and in her left hand Riches and Honour.
Plate 11.

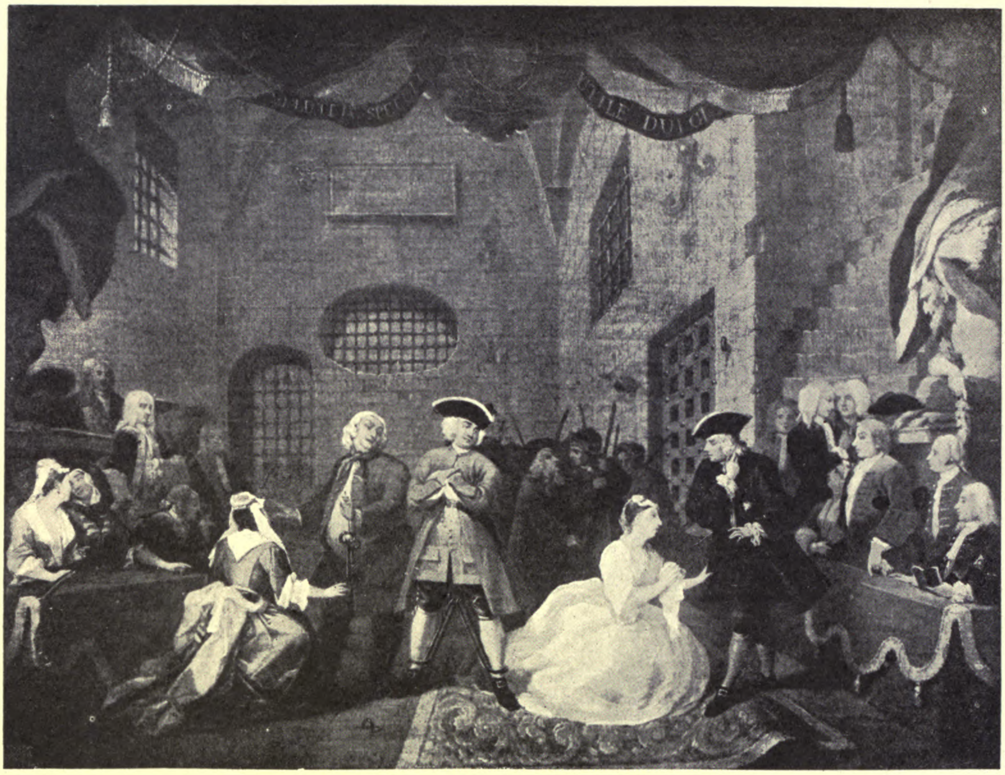
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW." (FROM THE " INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS " SERIES). 1747. ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH


Proverbs Chap: I. Verſ: 27.28.
When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a Whirlwind; when distreſs cometh upon them, then they shall call upon God, but he will not answer.

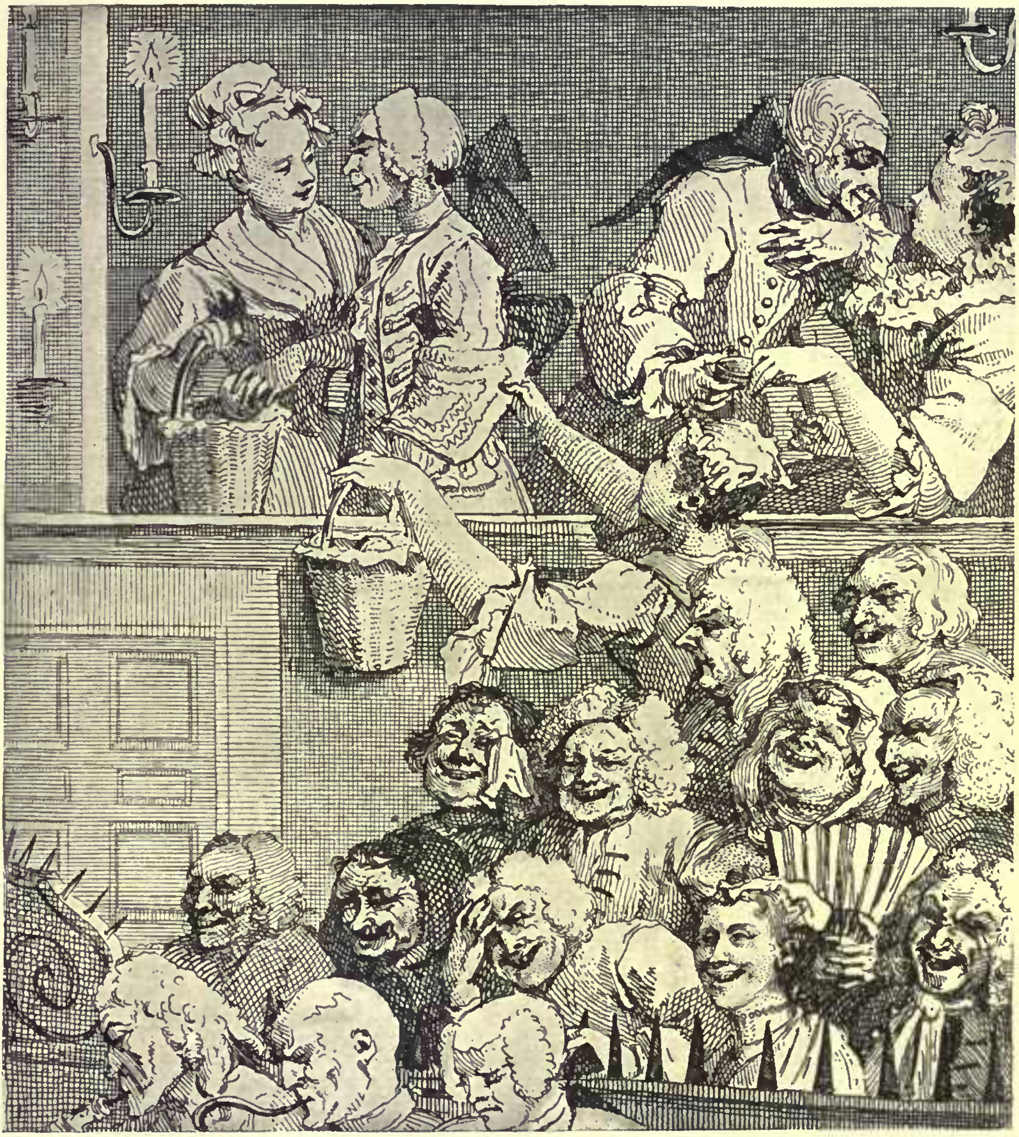
(From a print in The British Museum)

"THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN" (FROM THE "INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS" SERIES). 1747. ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



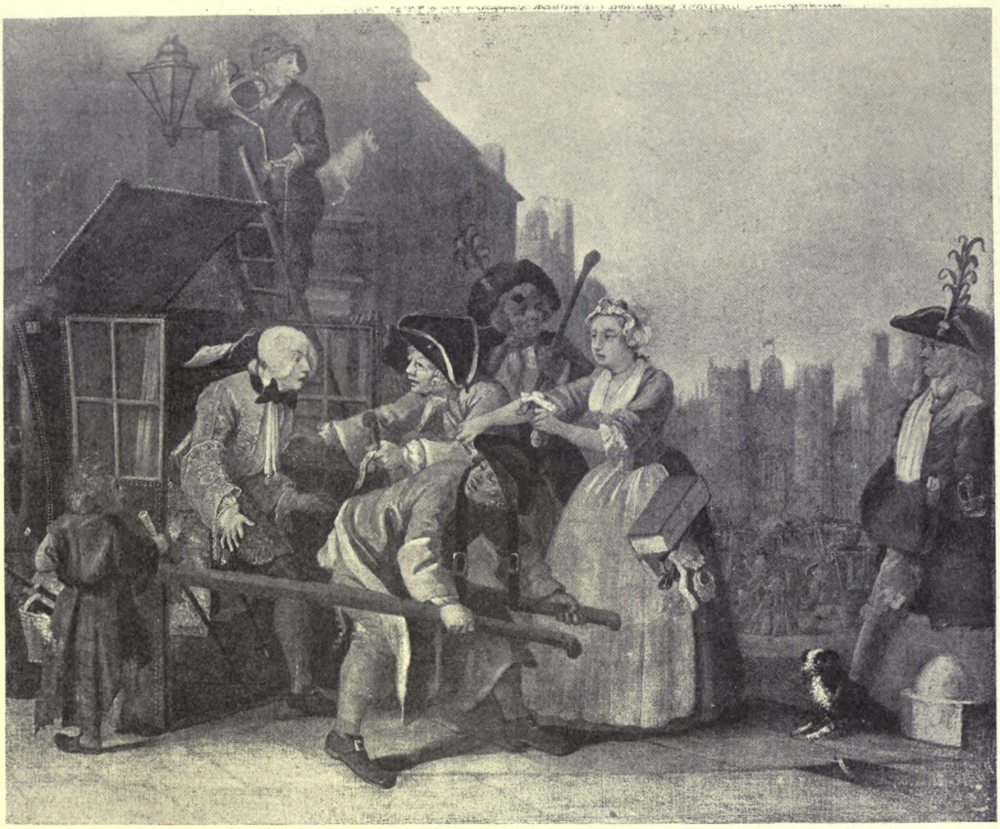
" A SCENE FROM ' THE BEGGAR'S OPERA ' "
1728. OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

(From the original in The Tate Gallery)



(*From a print in The British Museum*)

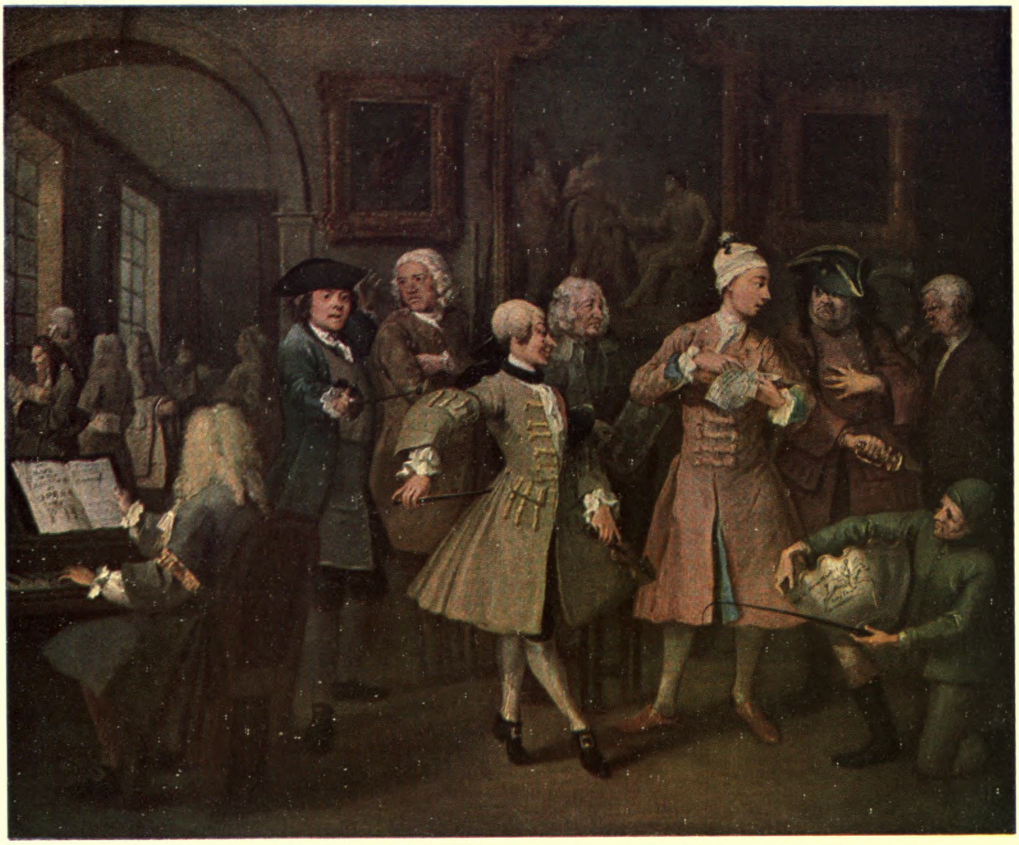
"THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE." 1733
ETCHING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



Photo, *Mansell.*

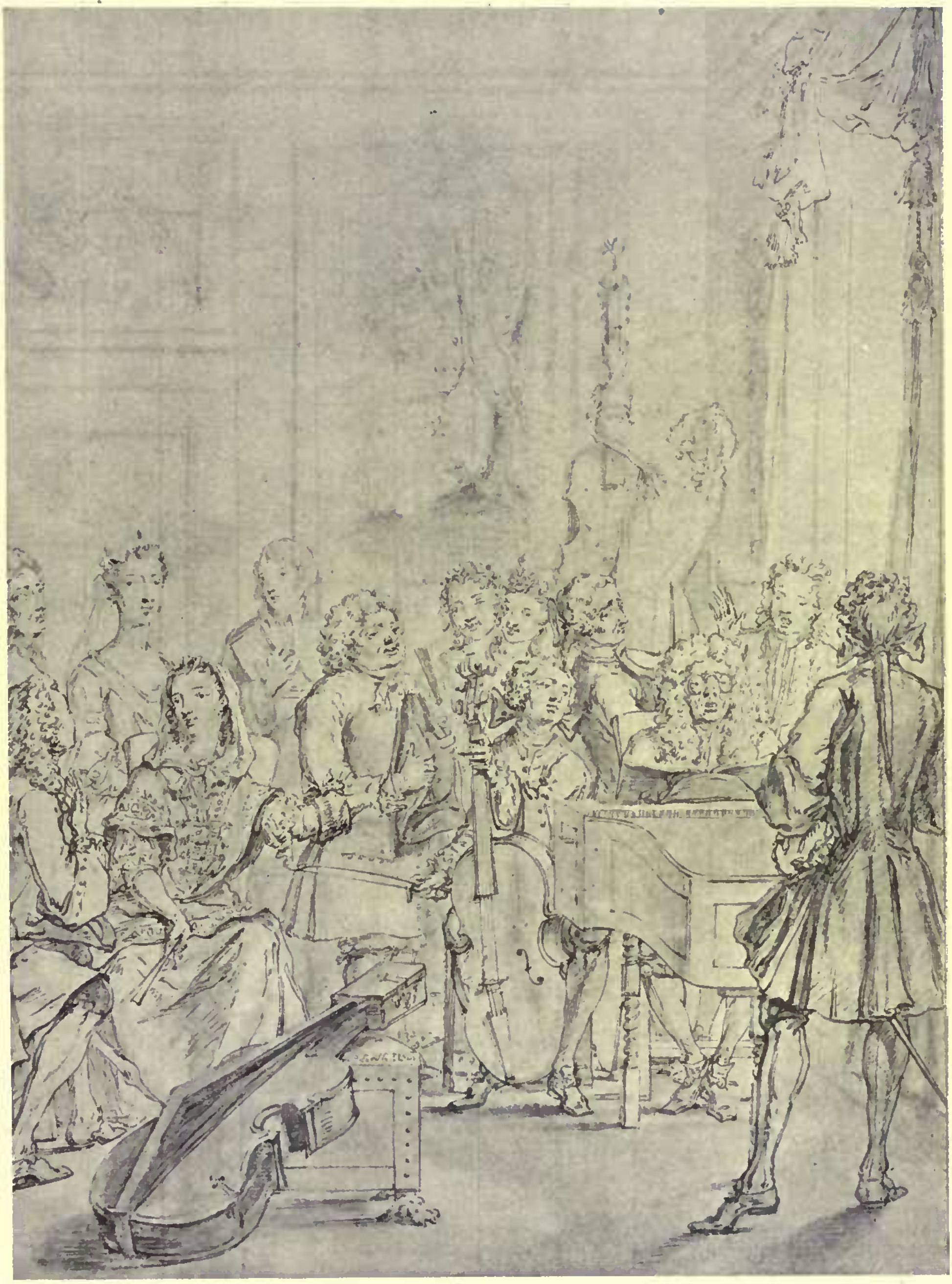
" THE RAKE'S PROGRESS—THE ARREST." 1735
OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

(From the original in The Sir John Soane's Museum)



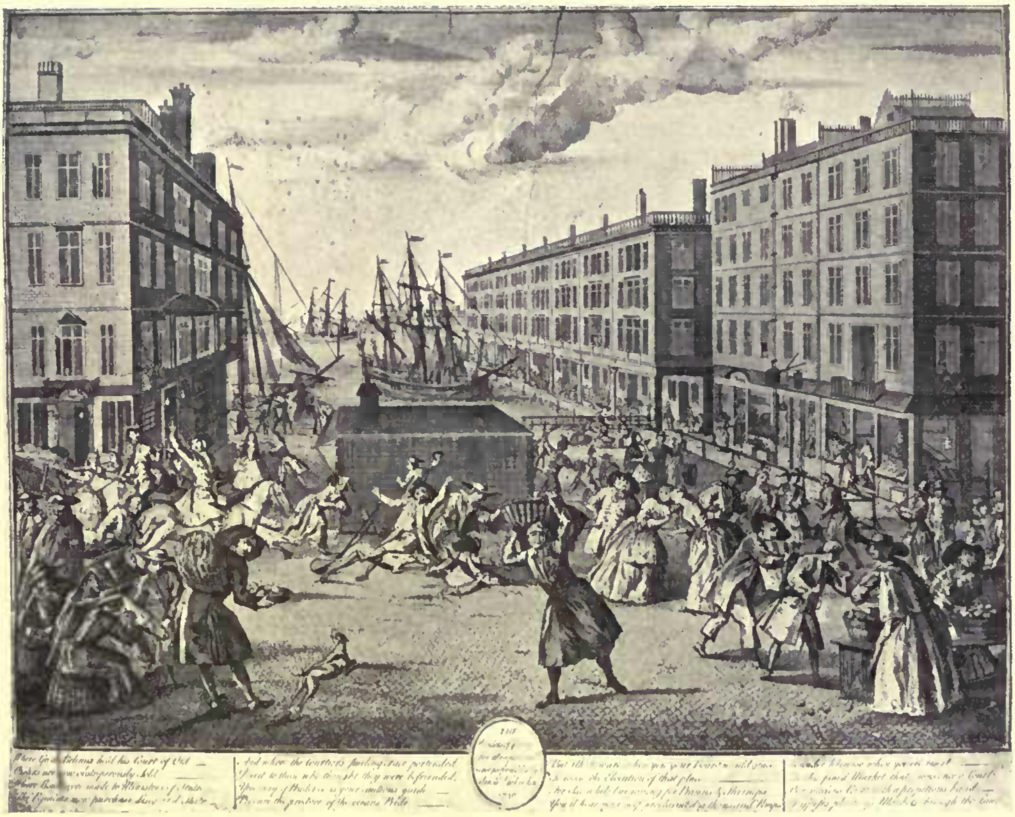
(From the original in The Sir John Soane's Museum)

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS—THE LEVÉE." 1735
OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



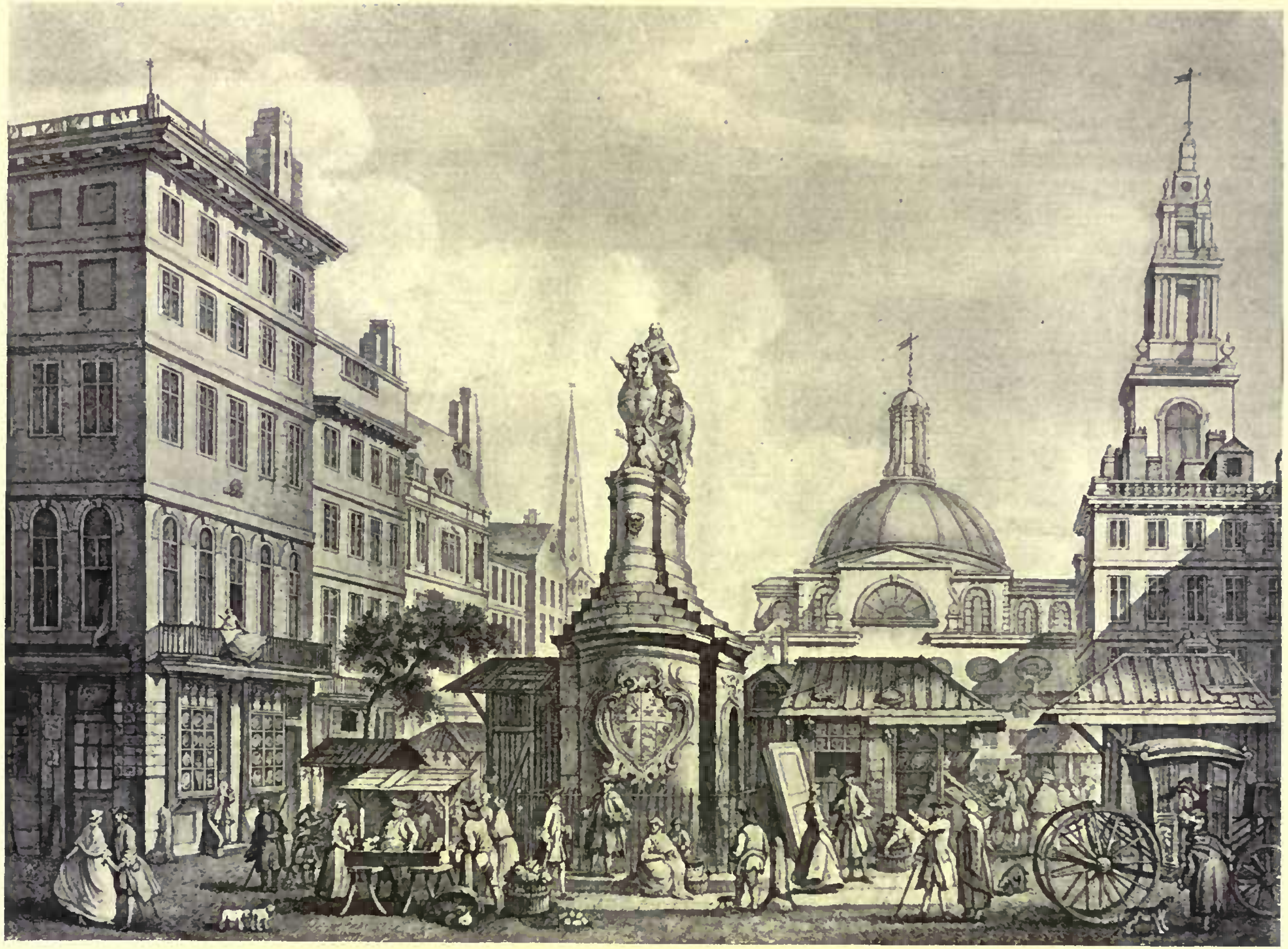
(From the original in The British Museum. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.)

" A CONCERT IN A NOBLEMAN'S HOUSE." 1736
DRAWING BY CAPT. MARCELLUS LAROON



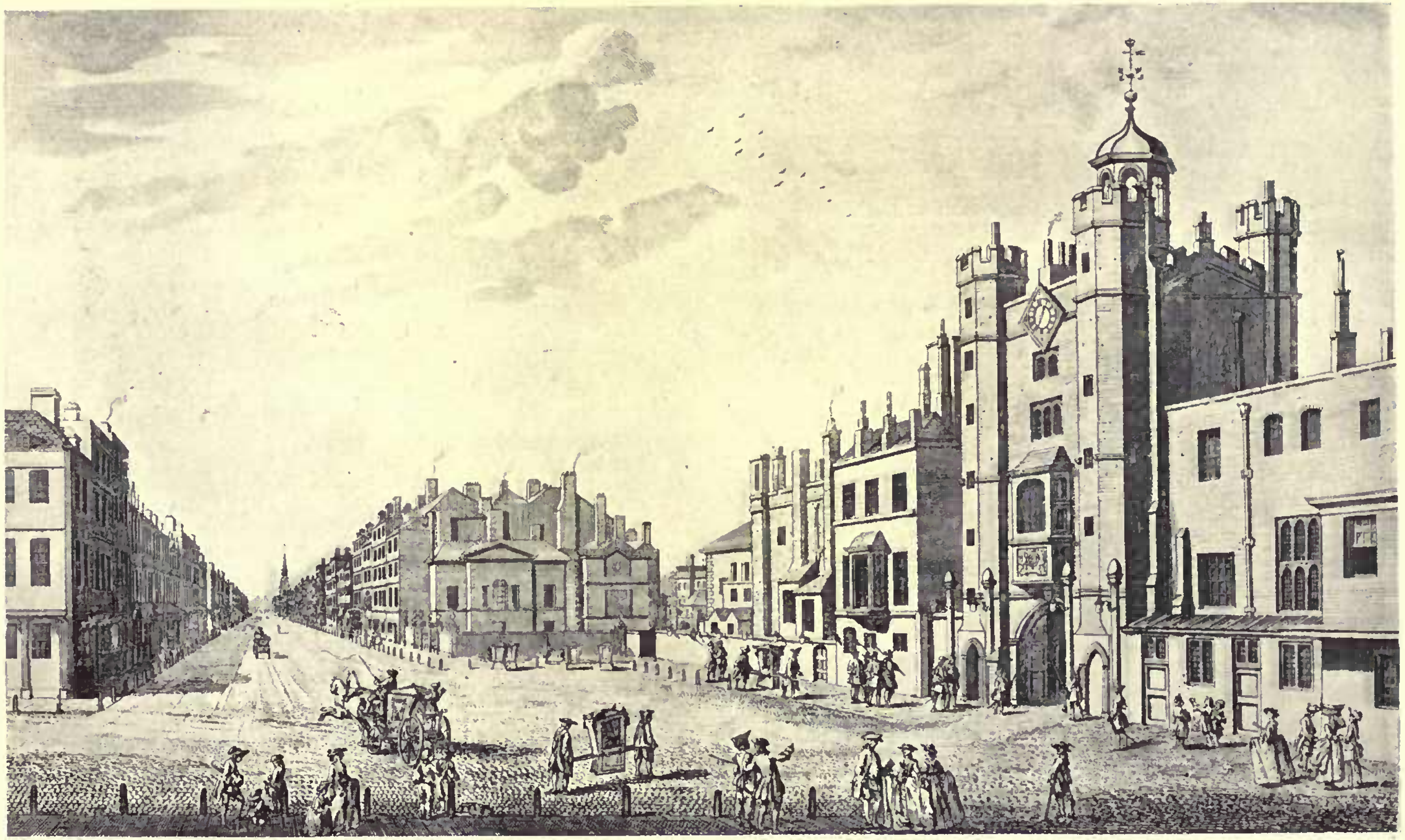
" THE HUMOURS OF BILLINGSGATE." 1736
ENGRAVING BY ARNOLD VAN HAECKEN

(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)



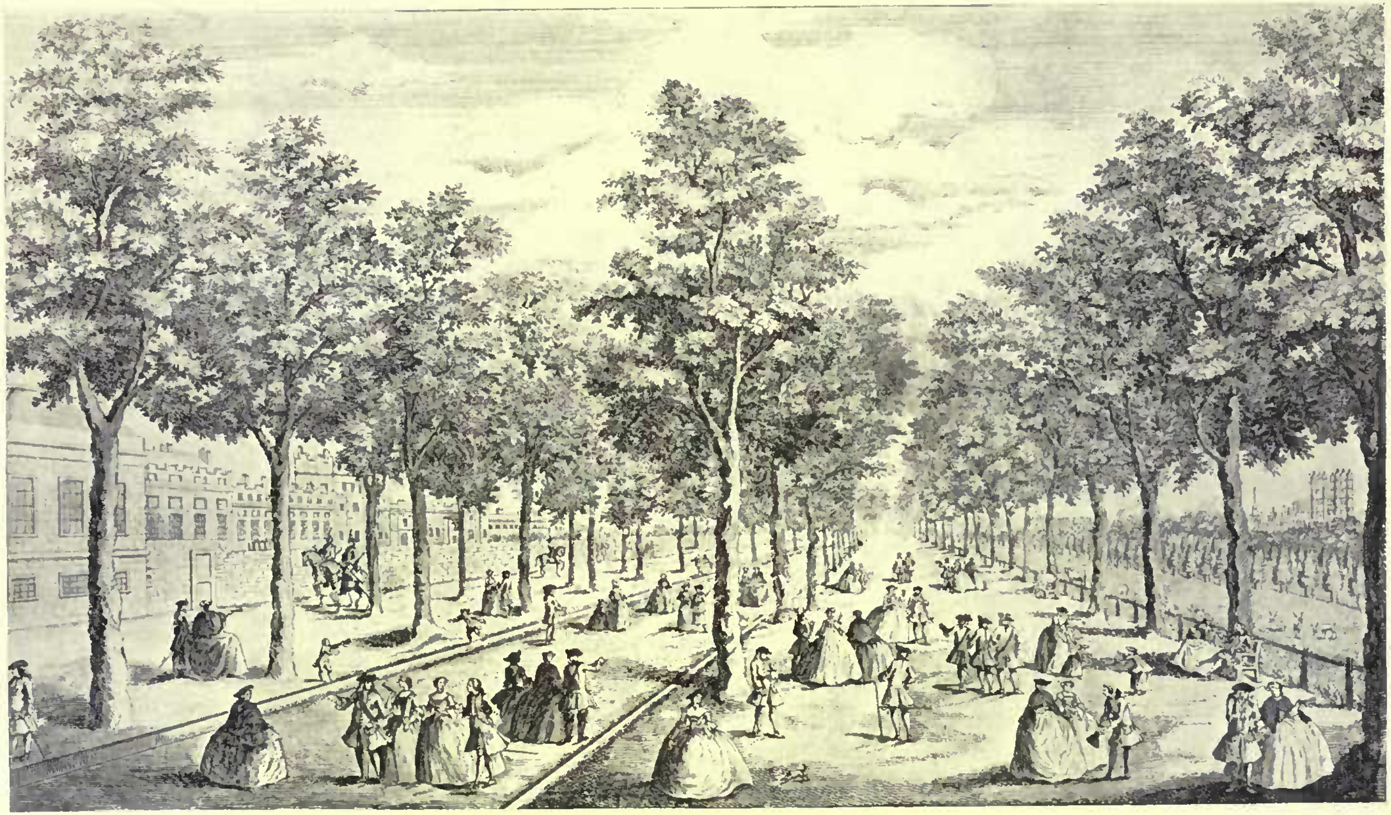
(*From a print in The Guildhall Library, London*)

" THE STOCKS MARKET." 1738. ENGRAVED
BY H. FLETCHER AFTER JOS. NICOLAS



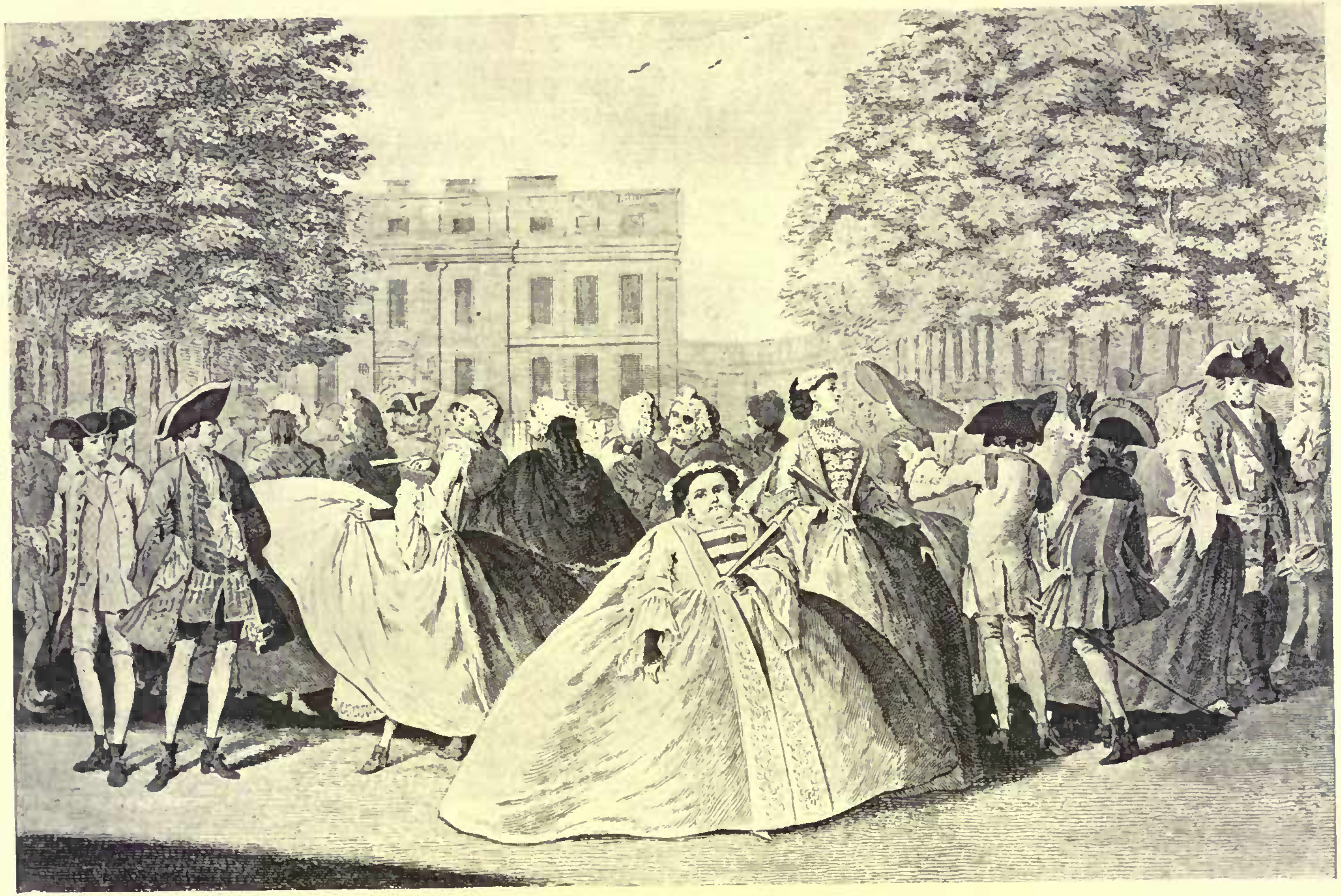
"OUTSIDE ST. JAMES'S PALACE, PALL MALL."
1741. ENGRAVING BY T. BOWLES

(*From a print in The British Museum*)



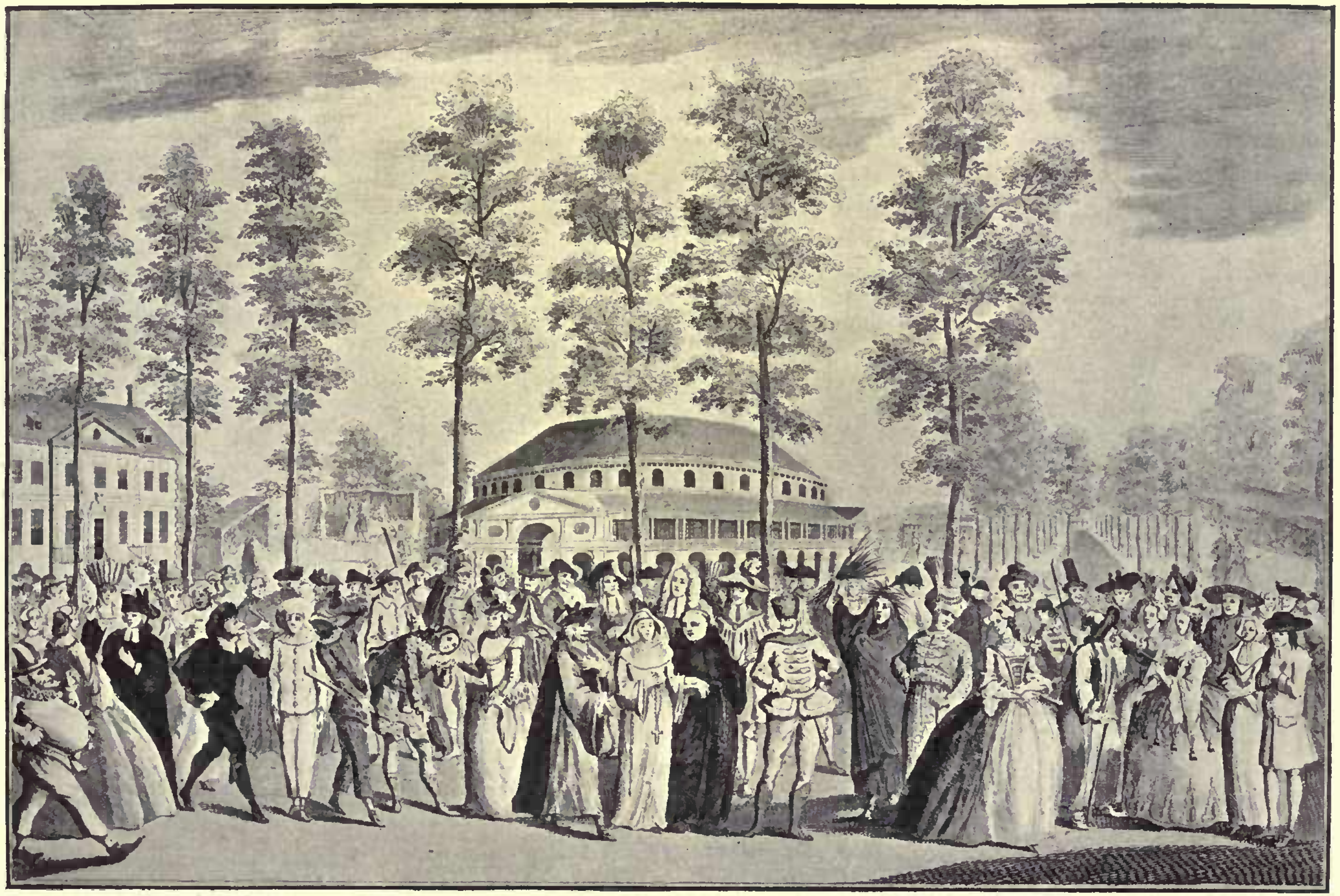
"SOCIETY IN THE MALL." 1741. ENGRAVED BY J. SMITH AFTER J. MAURER

(From a print in The British Museum)



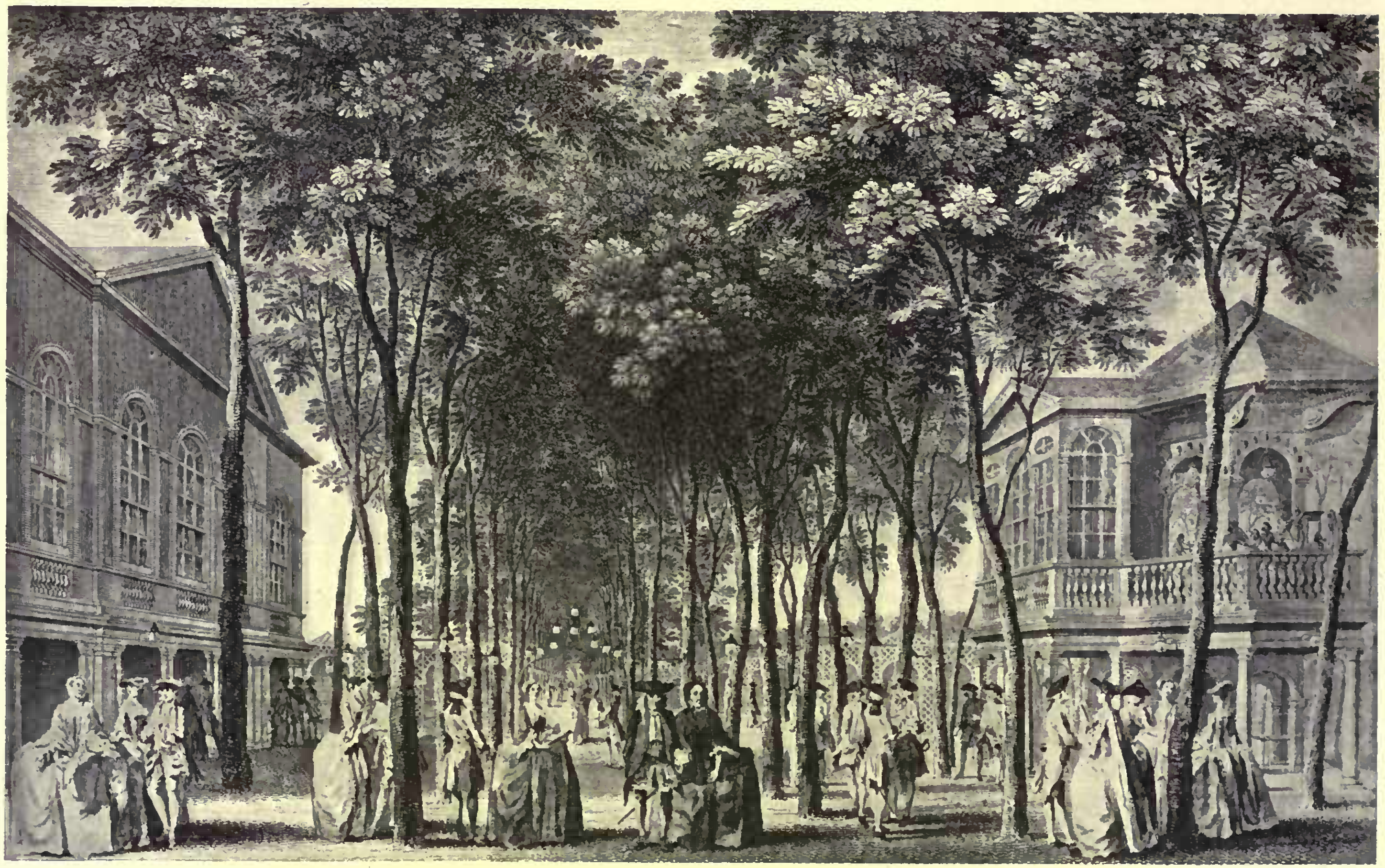
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" TASTE À LA MODE." 1745. ENGRAVED BY F. PATTON AFTER BOITARD



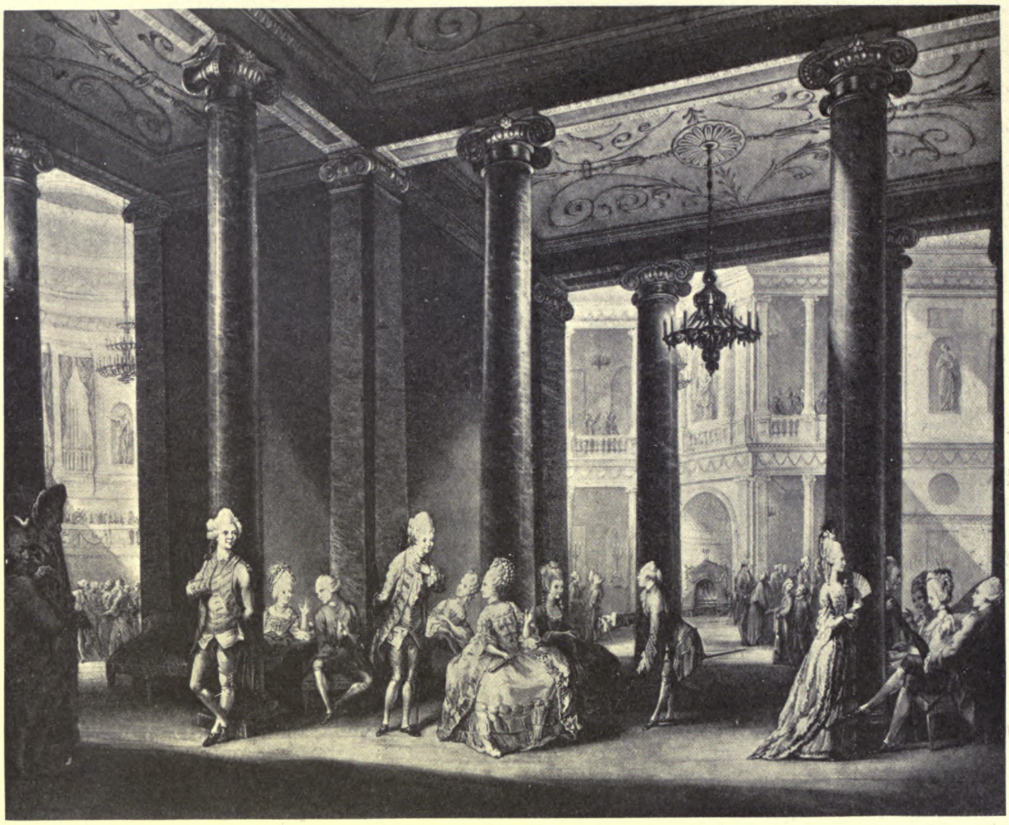
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

"THE JUBILEE BALL AT RANELAGH GARDENS, APRIL 26TH, 1749." ENGRAVED BY PARR AFTER BOITARD



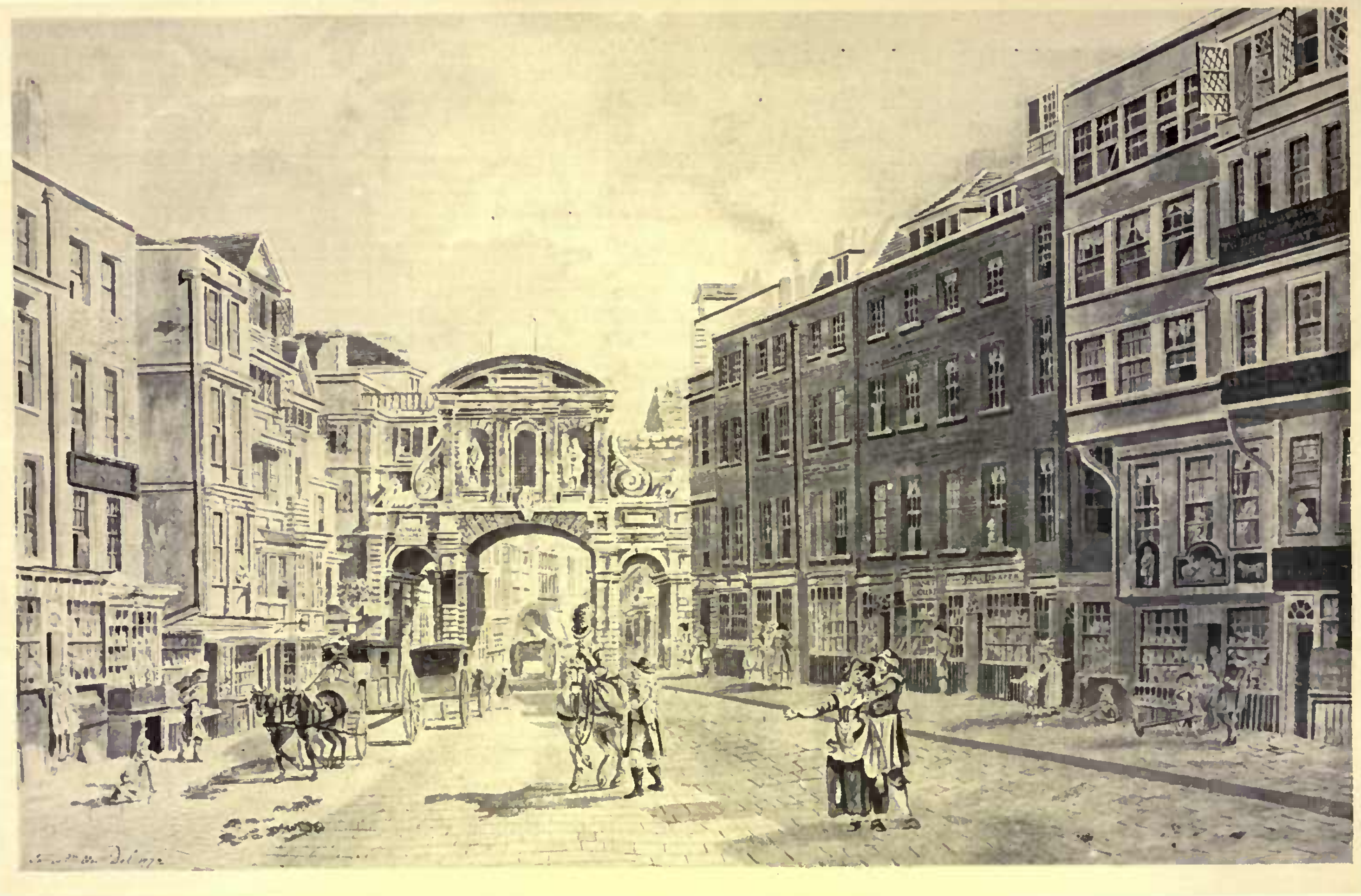
"SOCIETY AT THE MARYLEBONE GARDENS." 1755
ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY AFTER J. DONOWELL

(*From a print in The British Museum*)



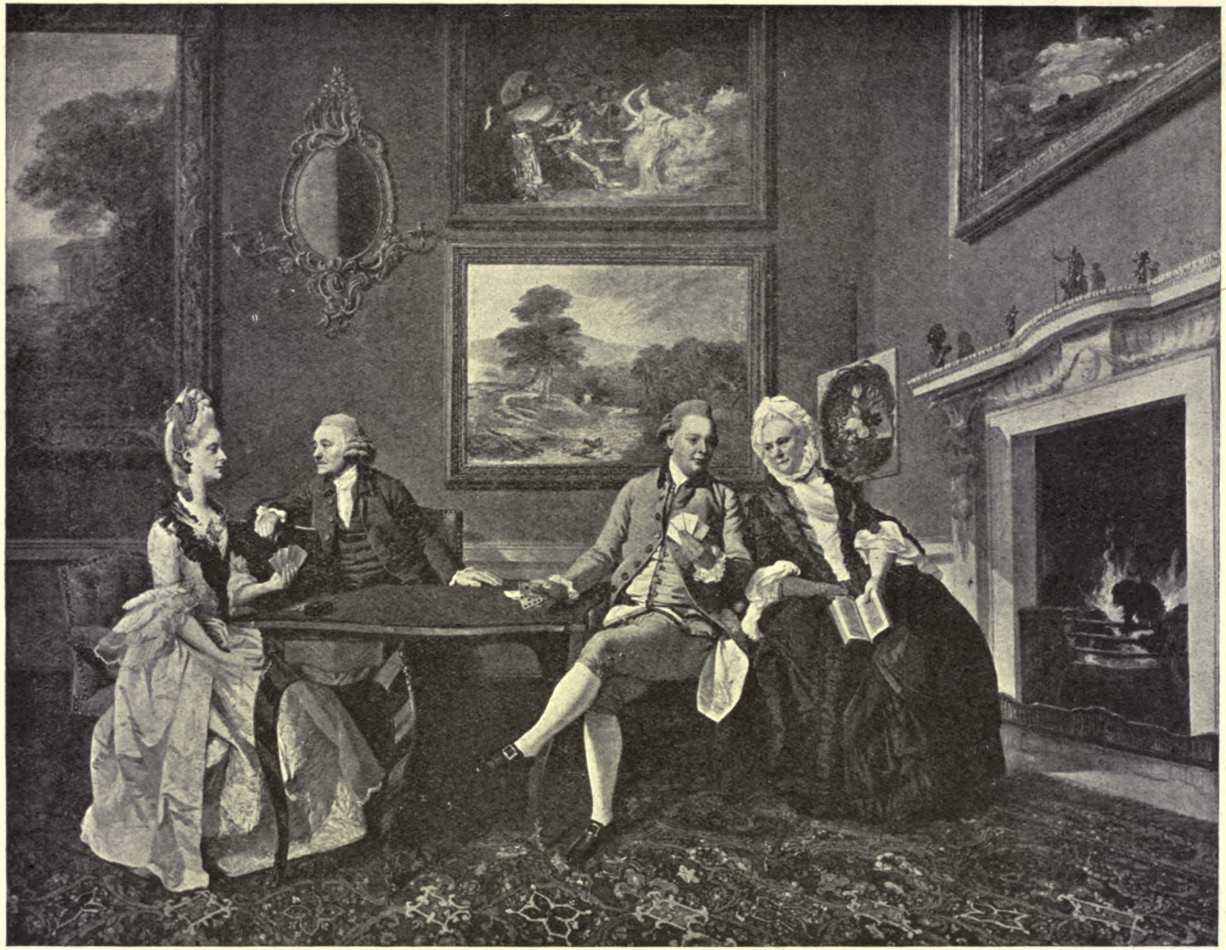
"AN ASSEMBLY AT THE PANTHEON IN OXFORD ROAD." 1772. MEZZOTINT BY RICHARD EARLOM AFTER CHARLES BRANDOIN

(From a print in The British Museum)



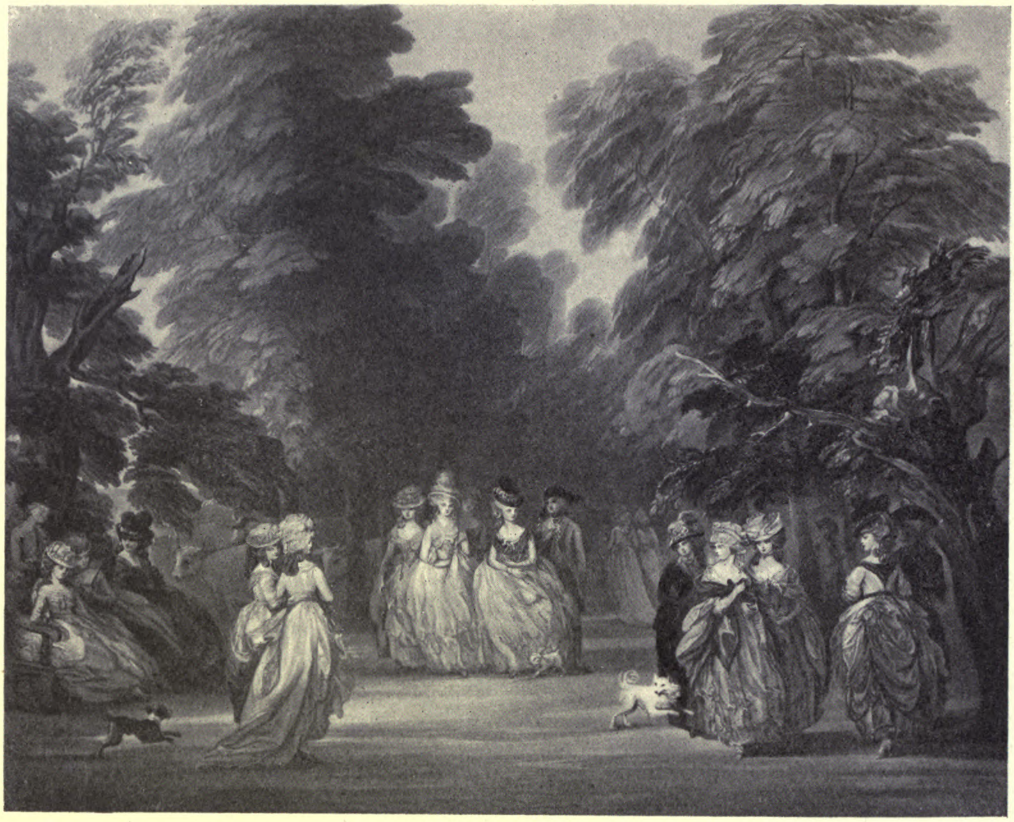
(*From the original in The Guildhall Library, London*)

"WEST OF TEMPLE BAR." 1772. WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES MILLER



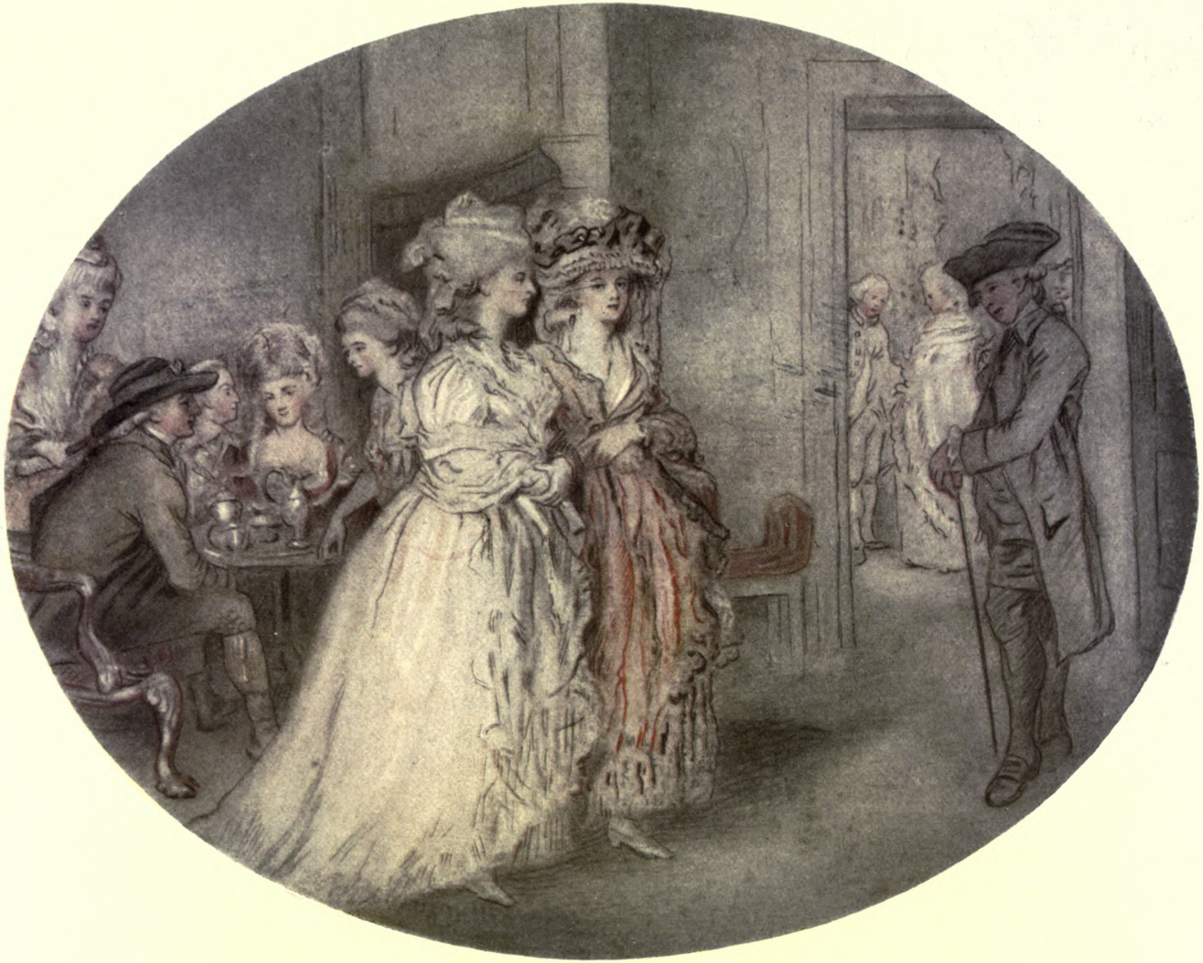
(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.)

" THE FAMILY AT HOME." 1774. OIL PAINTING BY JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A.



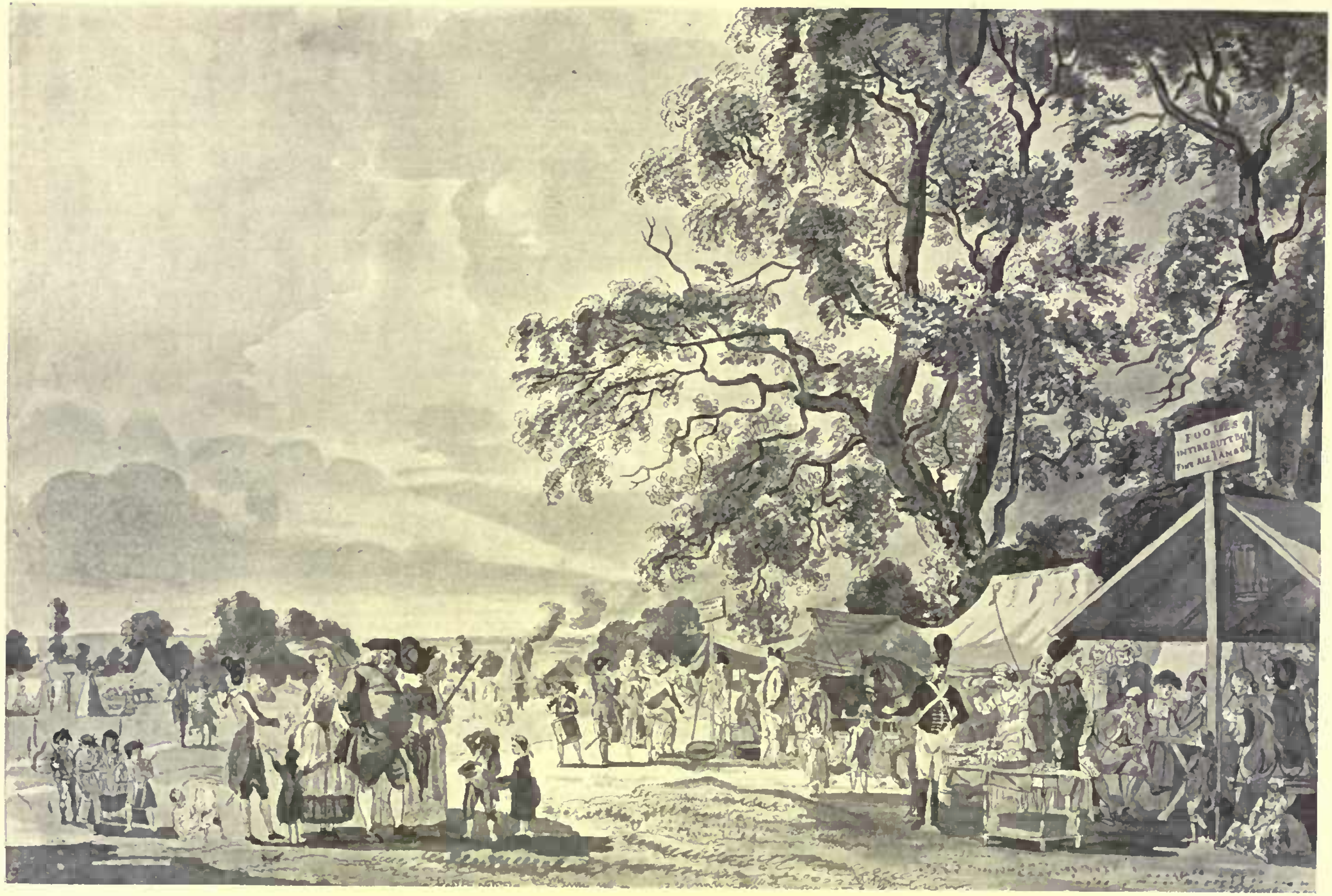
"THE MALL." 1786. MEZZOTINT BY J. S. SHURY AFTER THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

(From a proof in the possession of Mrs. Aria. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Ellis and Smith)



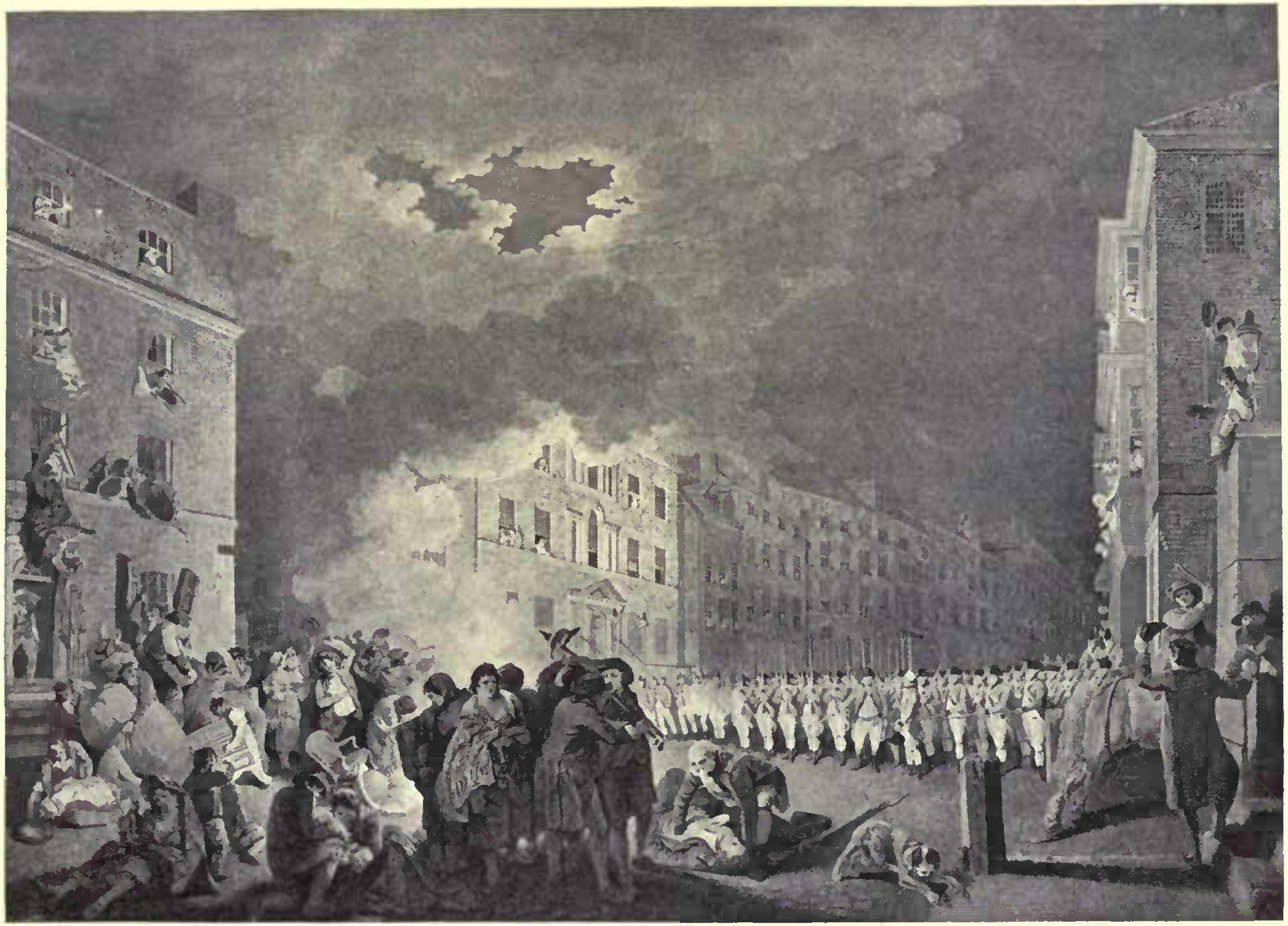
(From the original in The Victoria & Albert Museum.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.)

"THE PROMENADE AT CARLISLE HOUSE."
1780. CHALK DRAWING BY J. R. SMITH



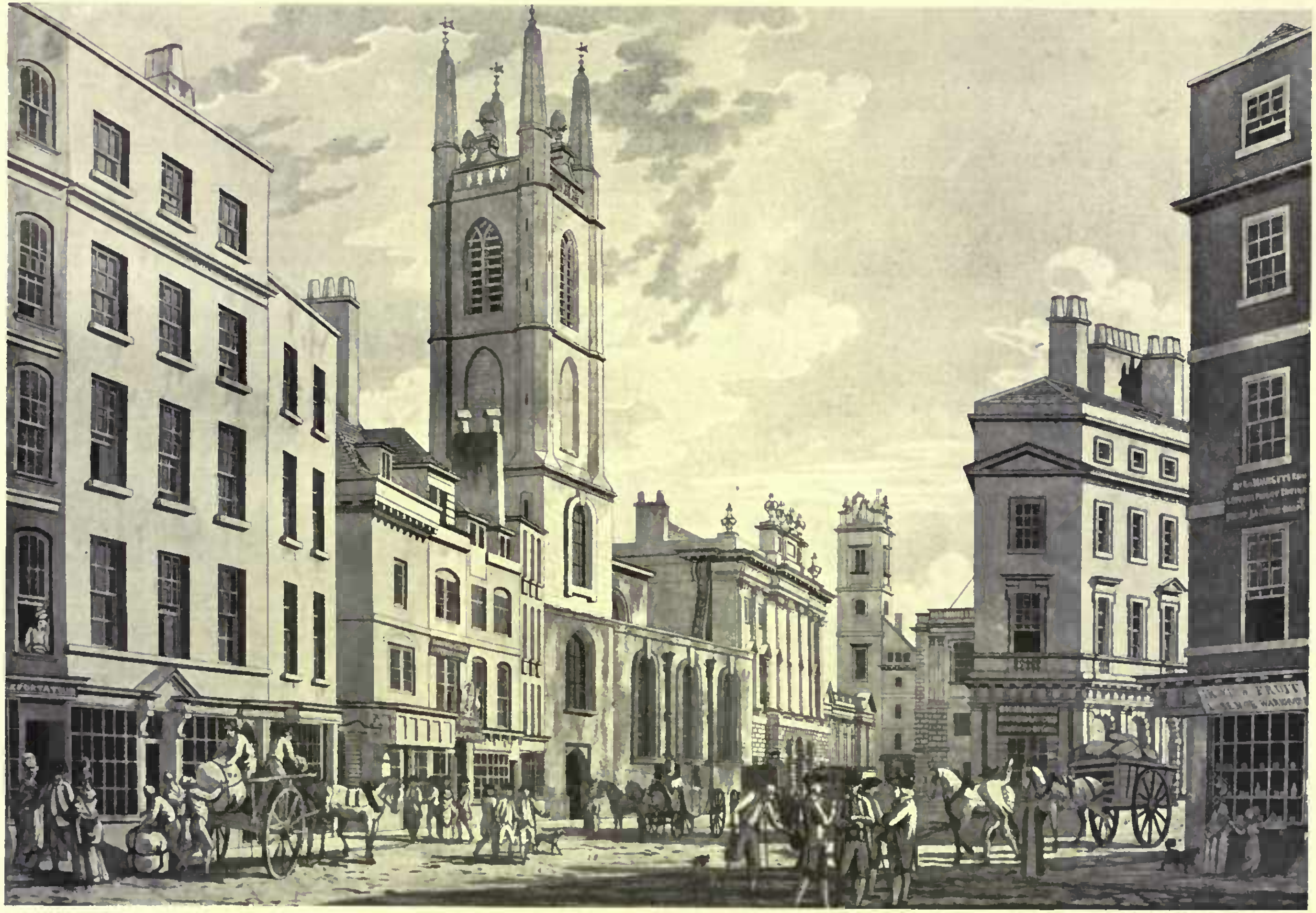
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

"THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT IN HYDE PARK, 1780"
COLOURED ETCHING BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.



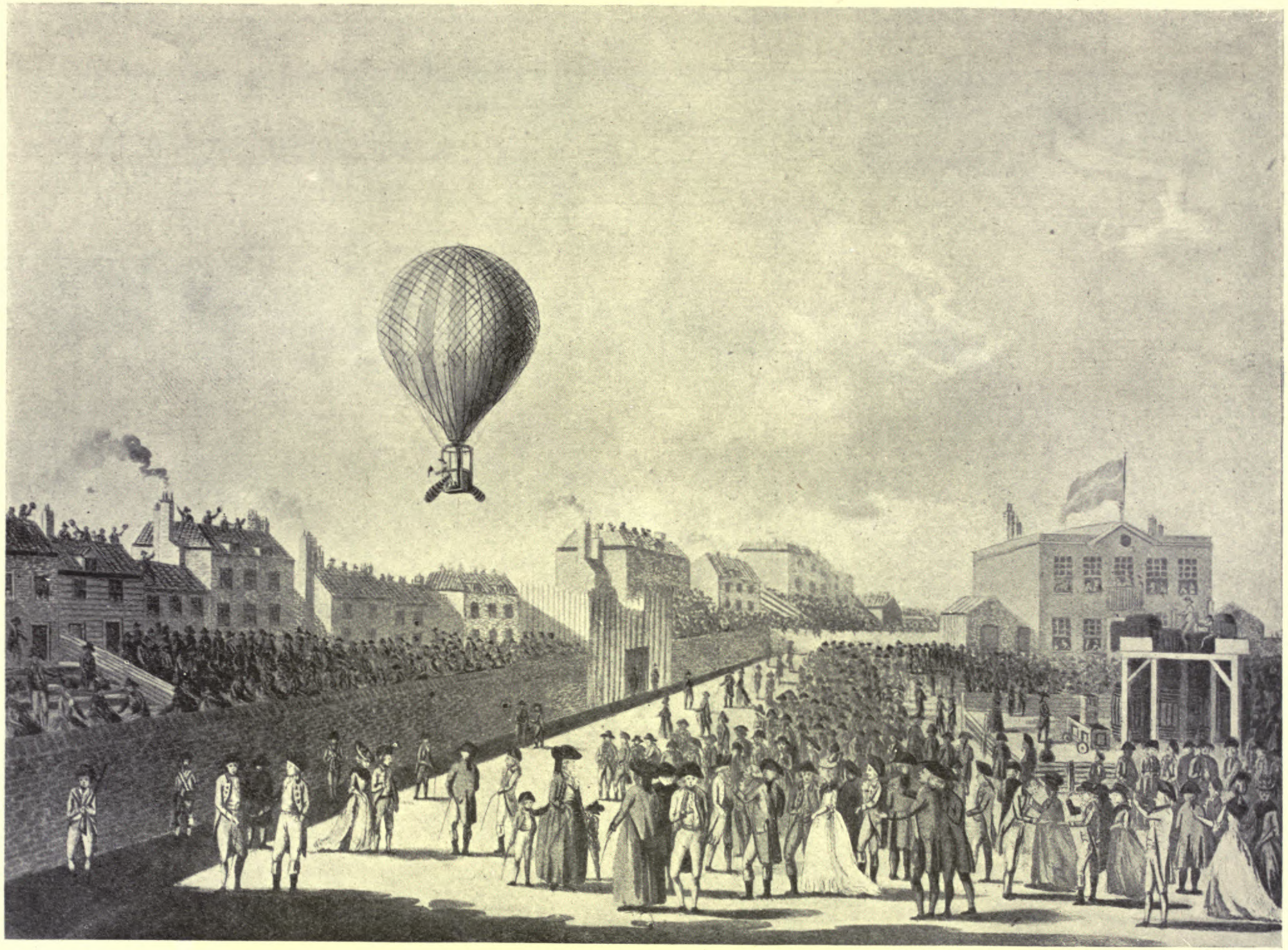
"THE RIOT IN BROAD STREET, JUNE 7TH, 1780." ENGRAVED BY JAMES HEATH AFTER FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A.

(*From a print in The Guildhall Library, London*)



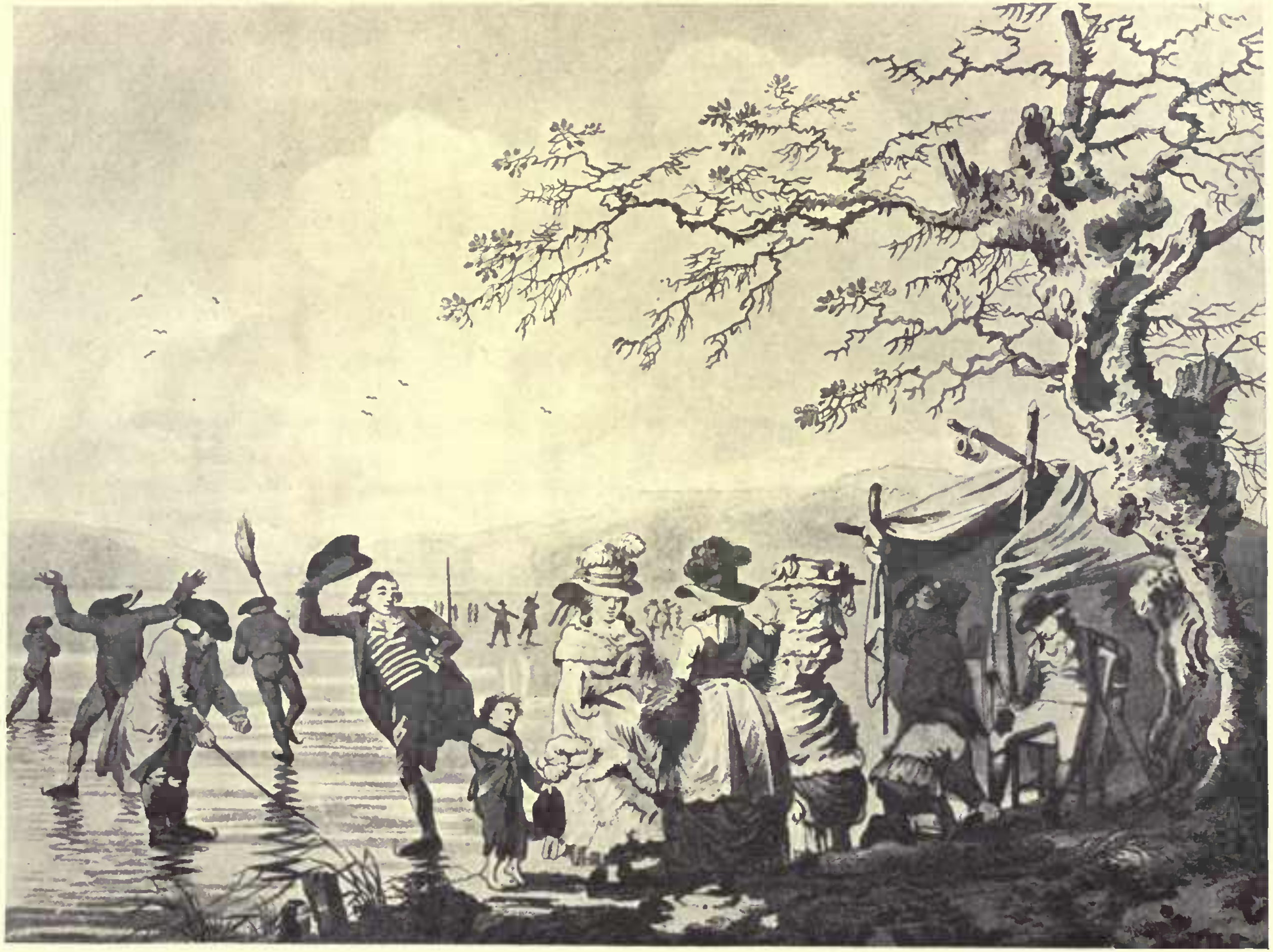
(*From a print in The Guildhall Library, London*)

" SCENE NEAR THE BANK." 1781. AQUATINT BY THOMAS MALTON



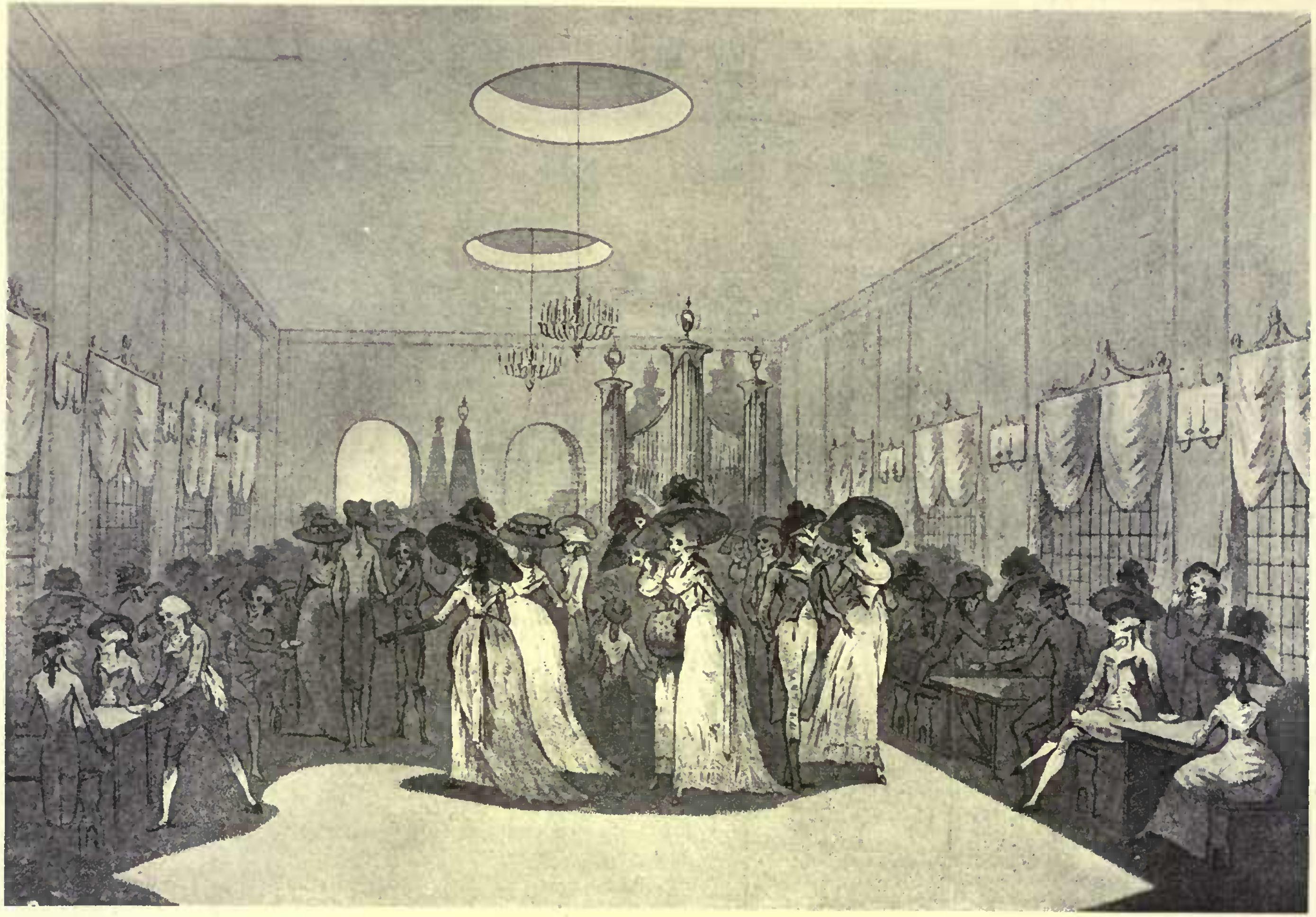
“ THE FIRST AERIAL ASCENT IN THE ENGLISH ATMOSPHERE. LUNARDI’S BALLOON OVER THE GROUNDS OF THE HONBLE. ARTILLERY COMPANY SEPT. 15TH, 1784.” AQUATINT BY F. JUKES AFTER J. BREWER

(*From a print in The Guildhall Library, London*)



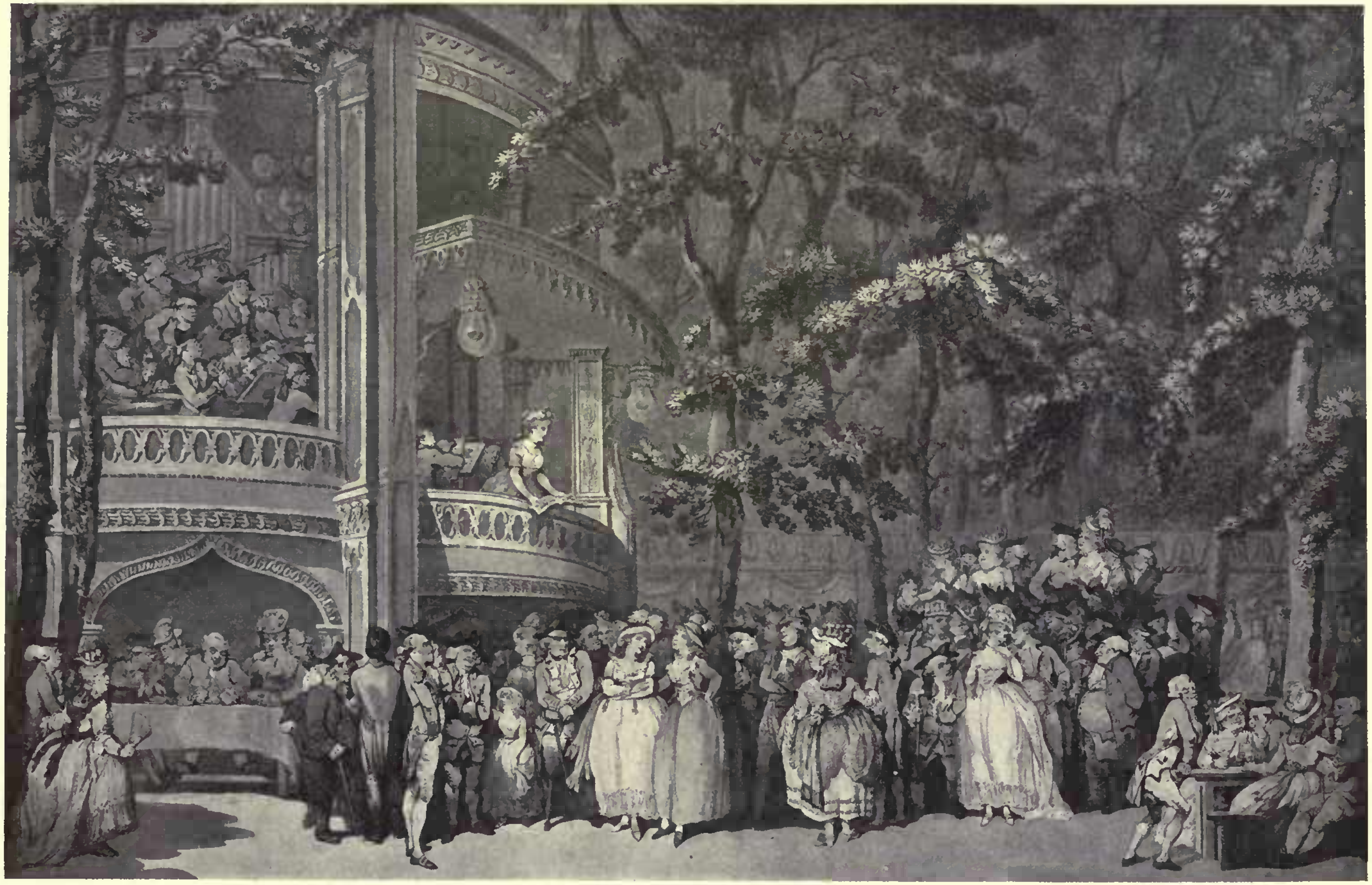
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

"WINTER AMUSEMENT IN HYDE PARK." 1787. ETCHED BY TOOKEY AND AQUATINTED BY EYDE AFTER J. C. IBBETSON



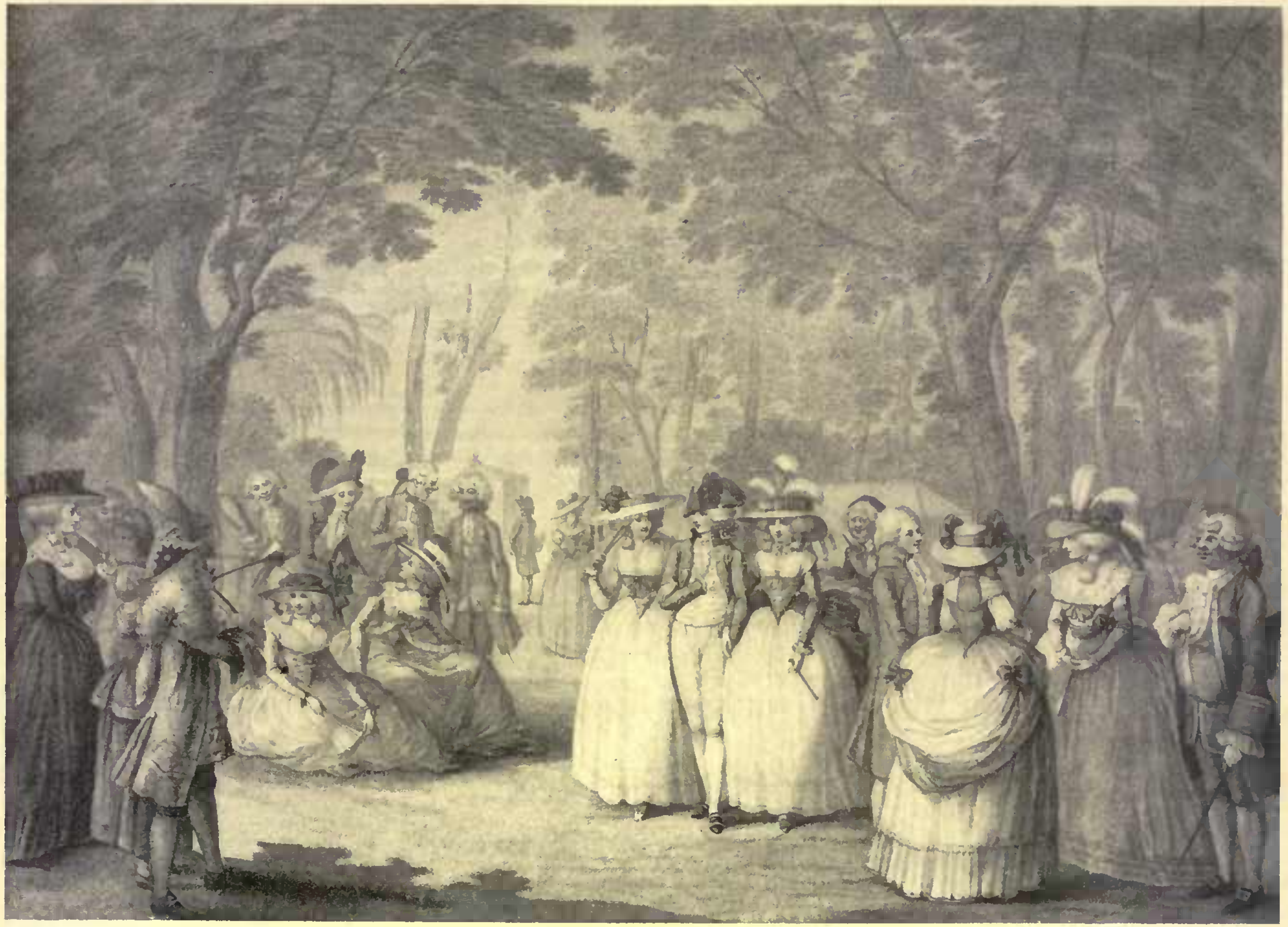
(*From a print in The Guildhall Library, London*)

"AT 'THE DOG AND DUCK.'" 1789. STIPPLE ENGRAVING



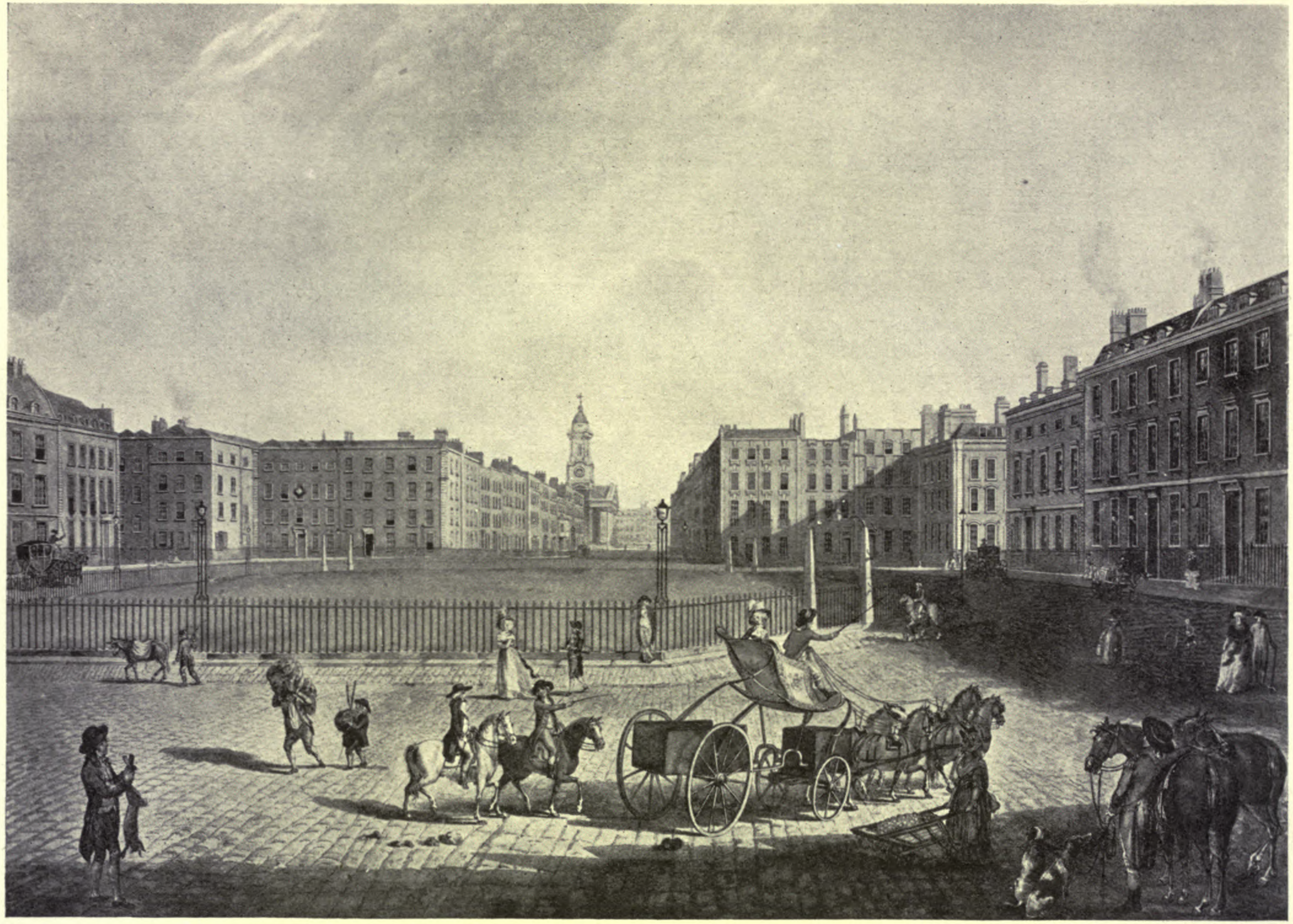
“ VAUXHALL GARDENS.” 1785. ENGRAVED BY R. POLLARD AND AQUATINTED BY F. JUKES AFTER THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton)



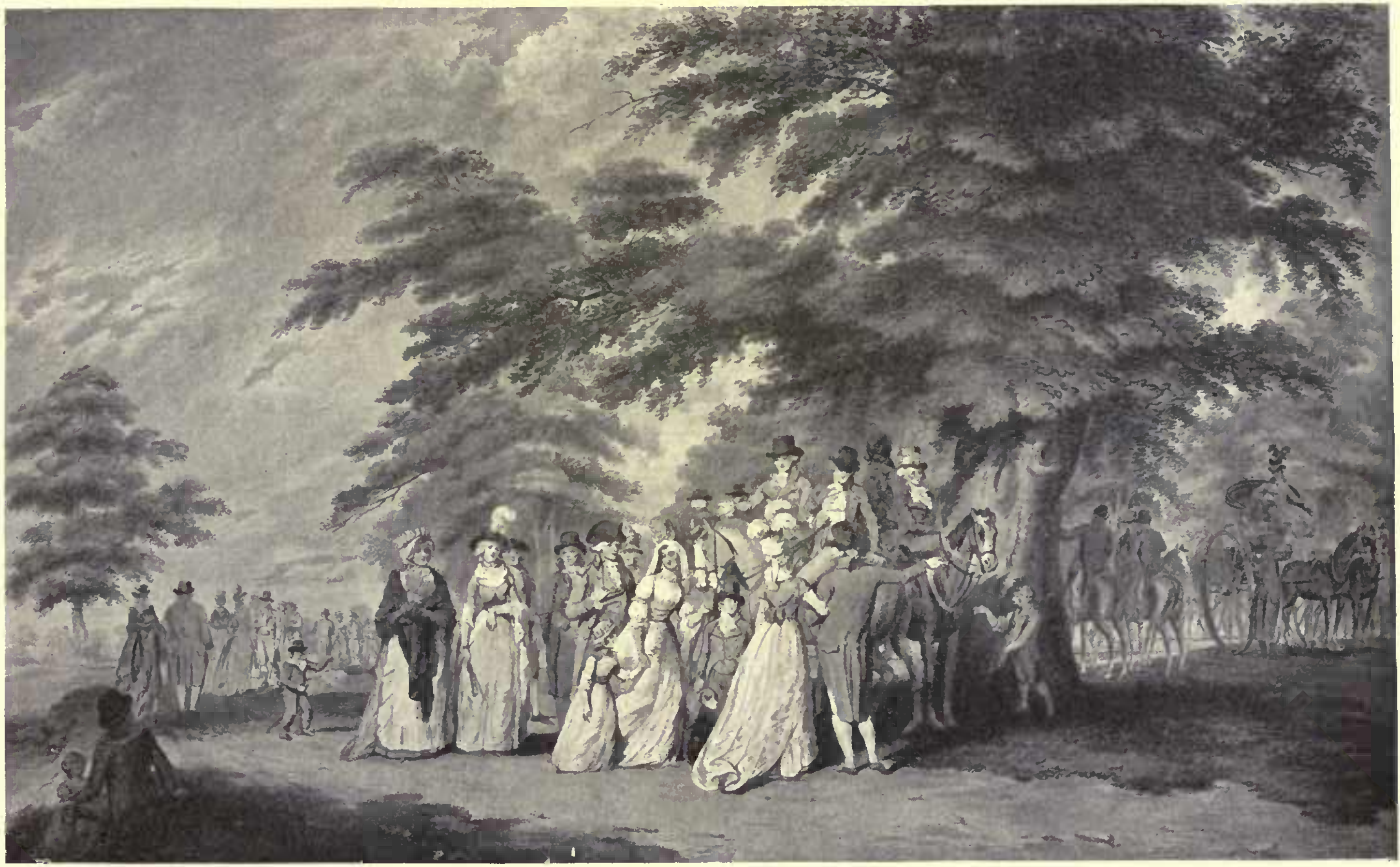
(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton*)

" IN CARLTON HOUSE GARDENS." 1784. ENGRAVED BY W. DICKINSON AFTER HENRY BUNBURY



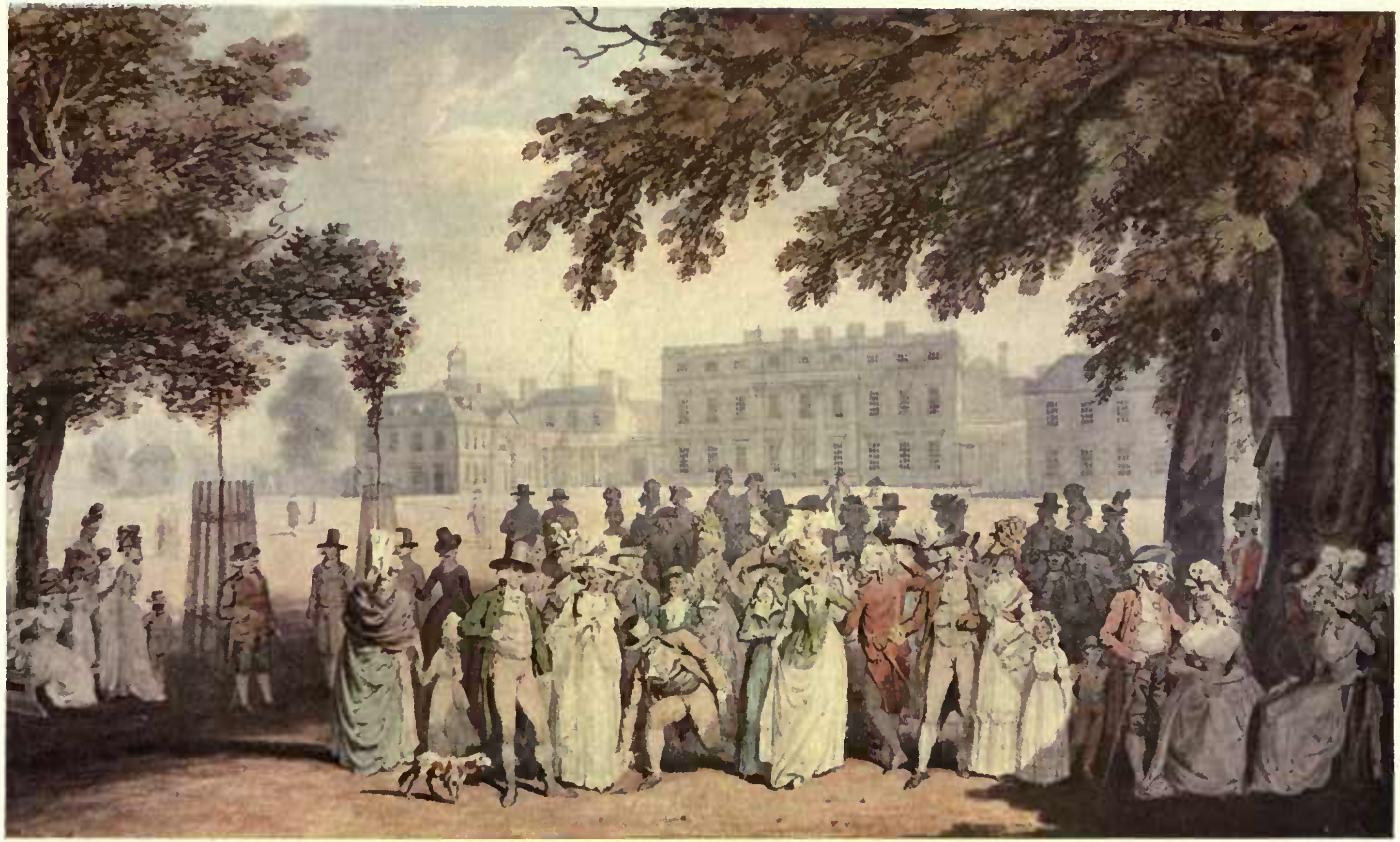
"IN HANOVER SQUARE." 1787. ENGRAVED BY
R. POLLARD AND F. JUKES AFTER E. DAYES

(From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton)



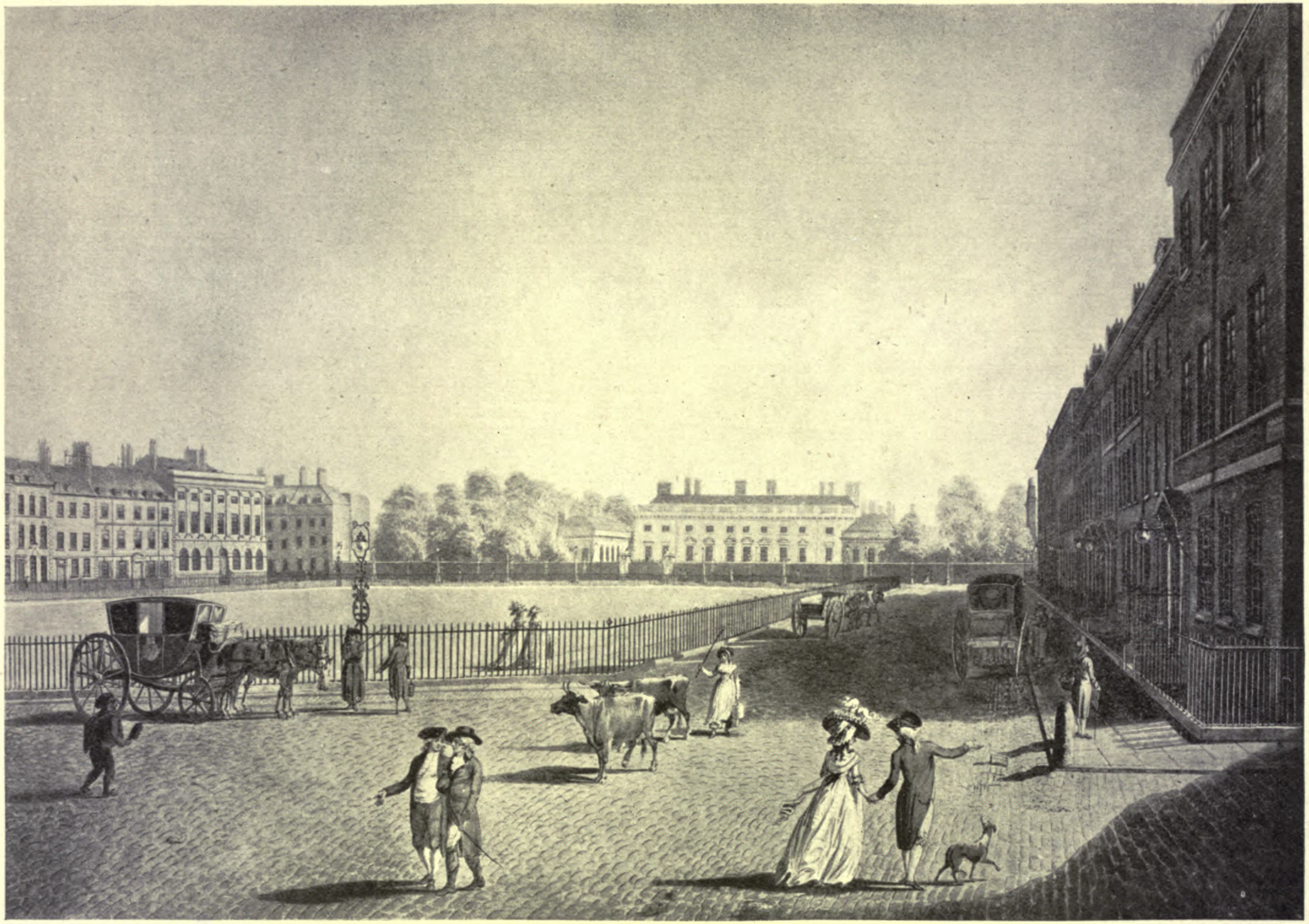
(From a print in the possession of Mr. Francis Harvey)

" AN AIRING IN HYDE PARK." 1790. ENGRAVED BY F. SOIRON AFTER E. DAYES



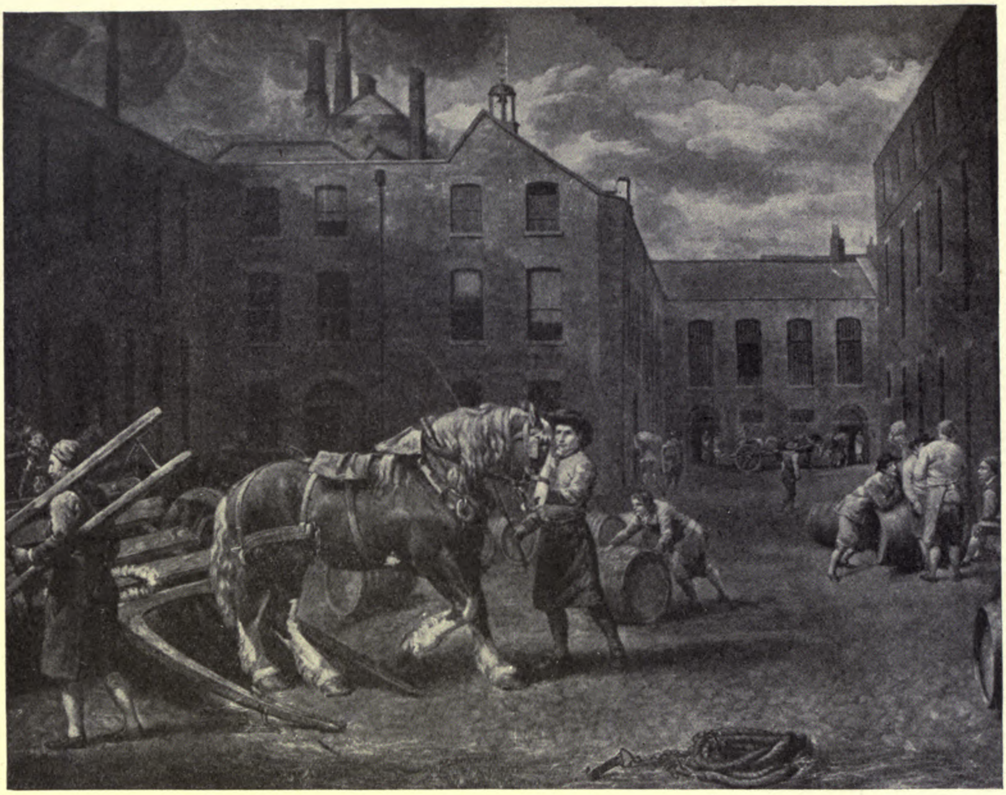
(From the original in The Victoria & Albert Museum)

"PROMENADE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK." 1790. WATER-COLOUR BY E. DAYES



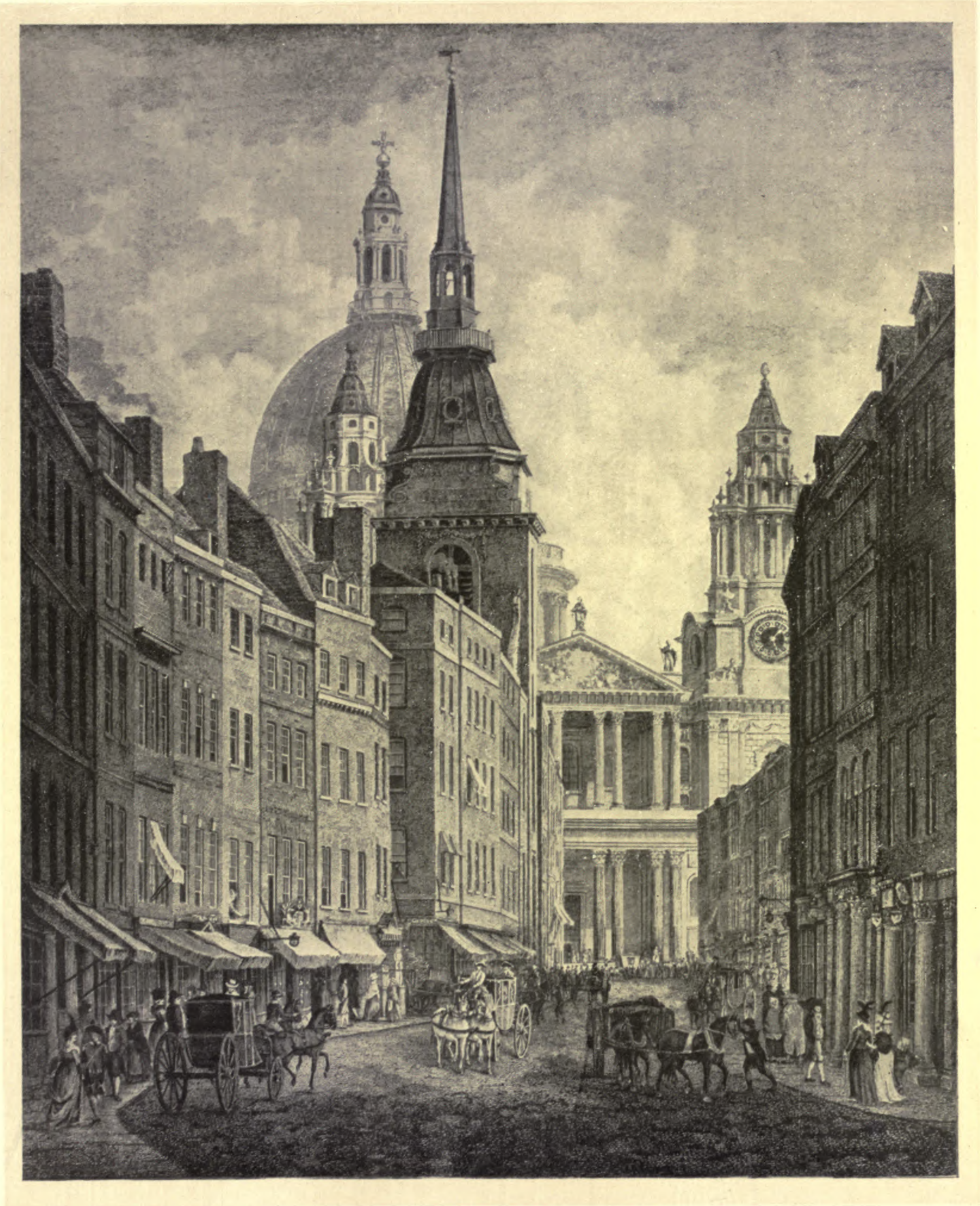
" IN BLOOMSBURY SQUARE." 1787. ENGRAVED BY
R. POLLARD AND F. JUKES AFTER E. DAYES

(From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton)



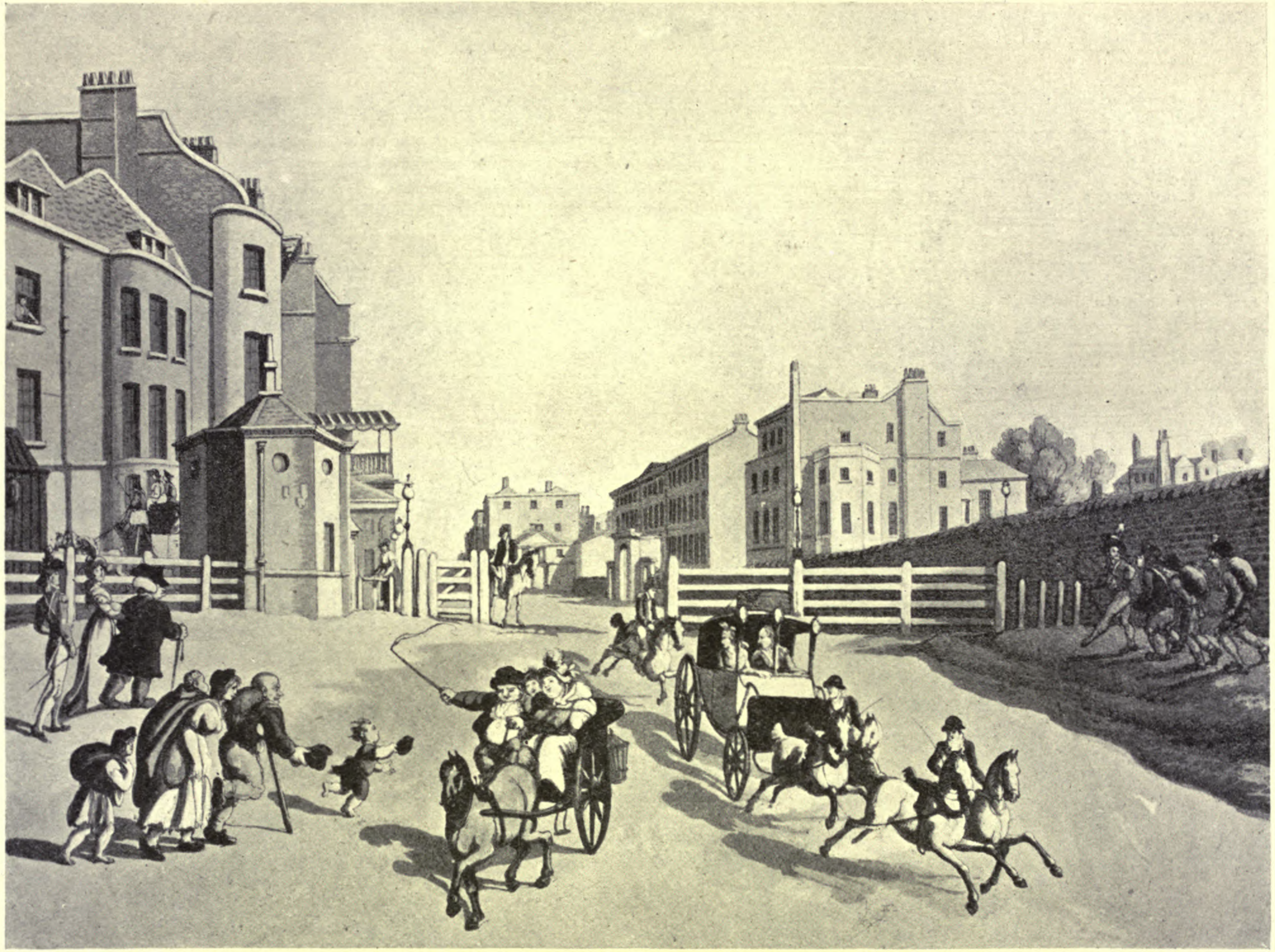
" THE BREWERS OF CHISWELL STREET." 1792. MEZZOTINT BY WILLIAM WARD, A.R.A. AFTER GEORGE GARRARD

(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)



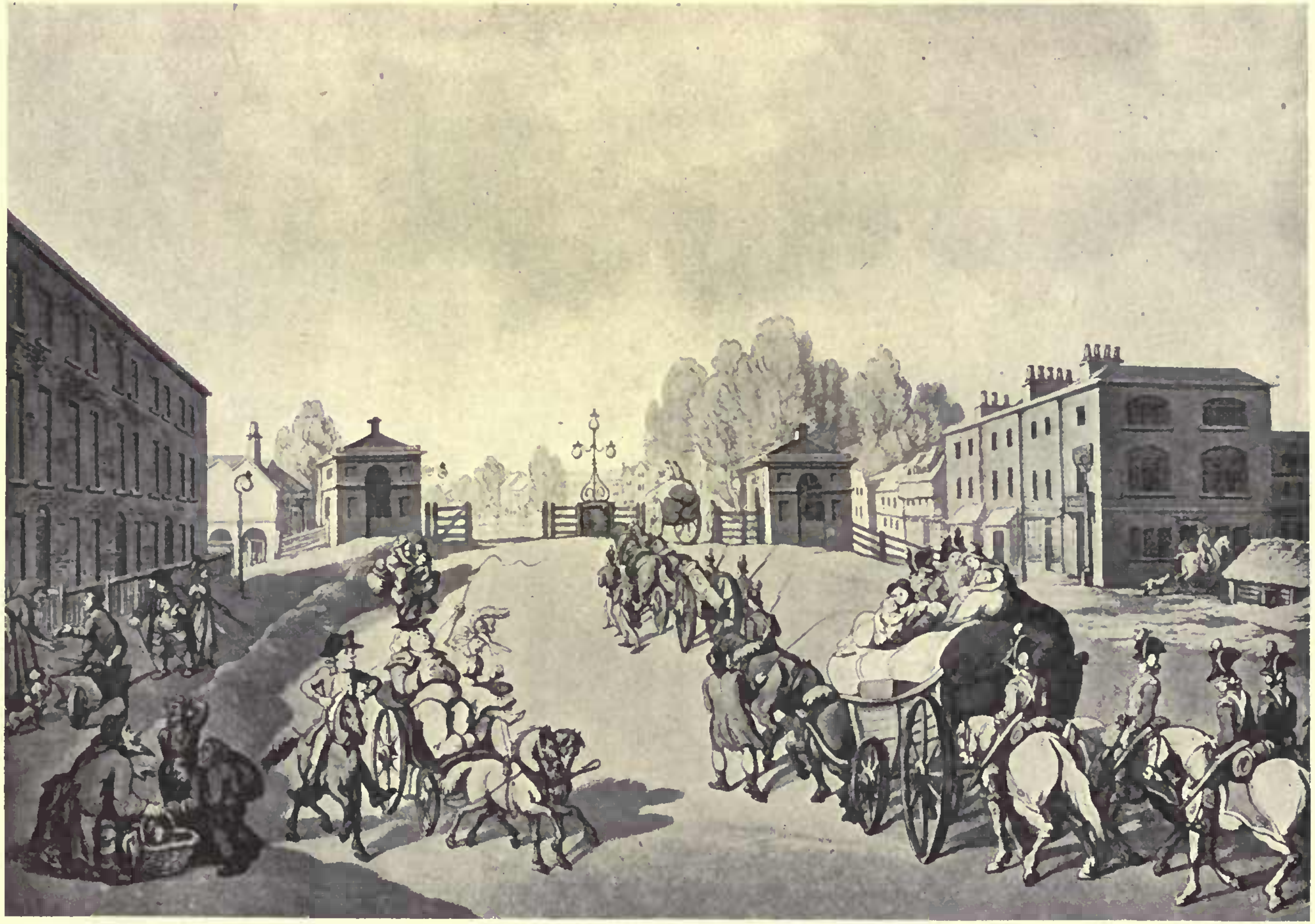
(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)

" SHOPPING IN LUDGATE STREET." 1795. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS MORRIS AFTER WILLIAM MARLOW



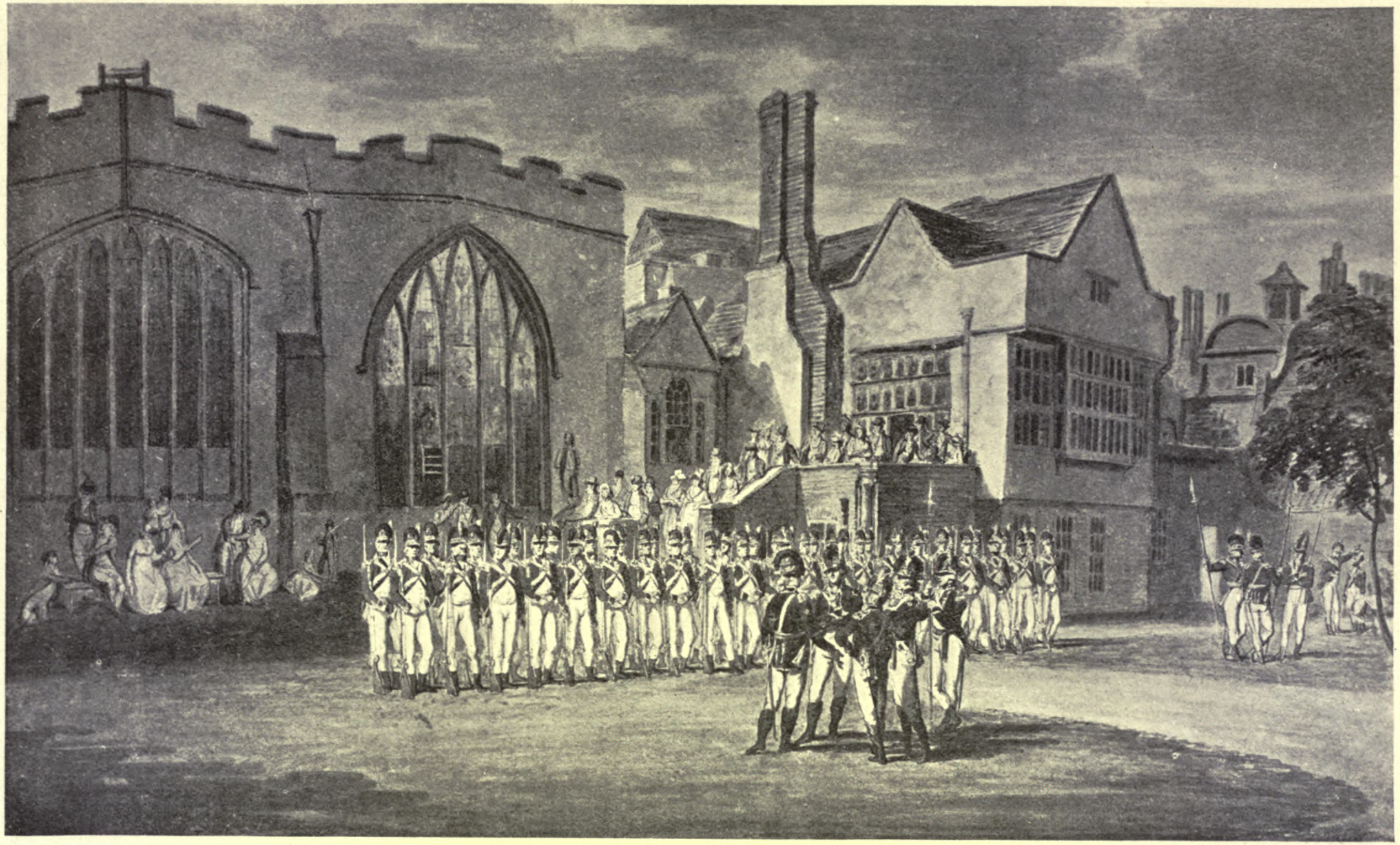
"ENTRANCE OF OXFORD STREET, OR TYBURN TURNPIKE"
1798. ENGRAVED BY SCHUTZ AFTER THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)



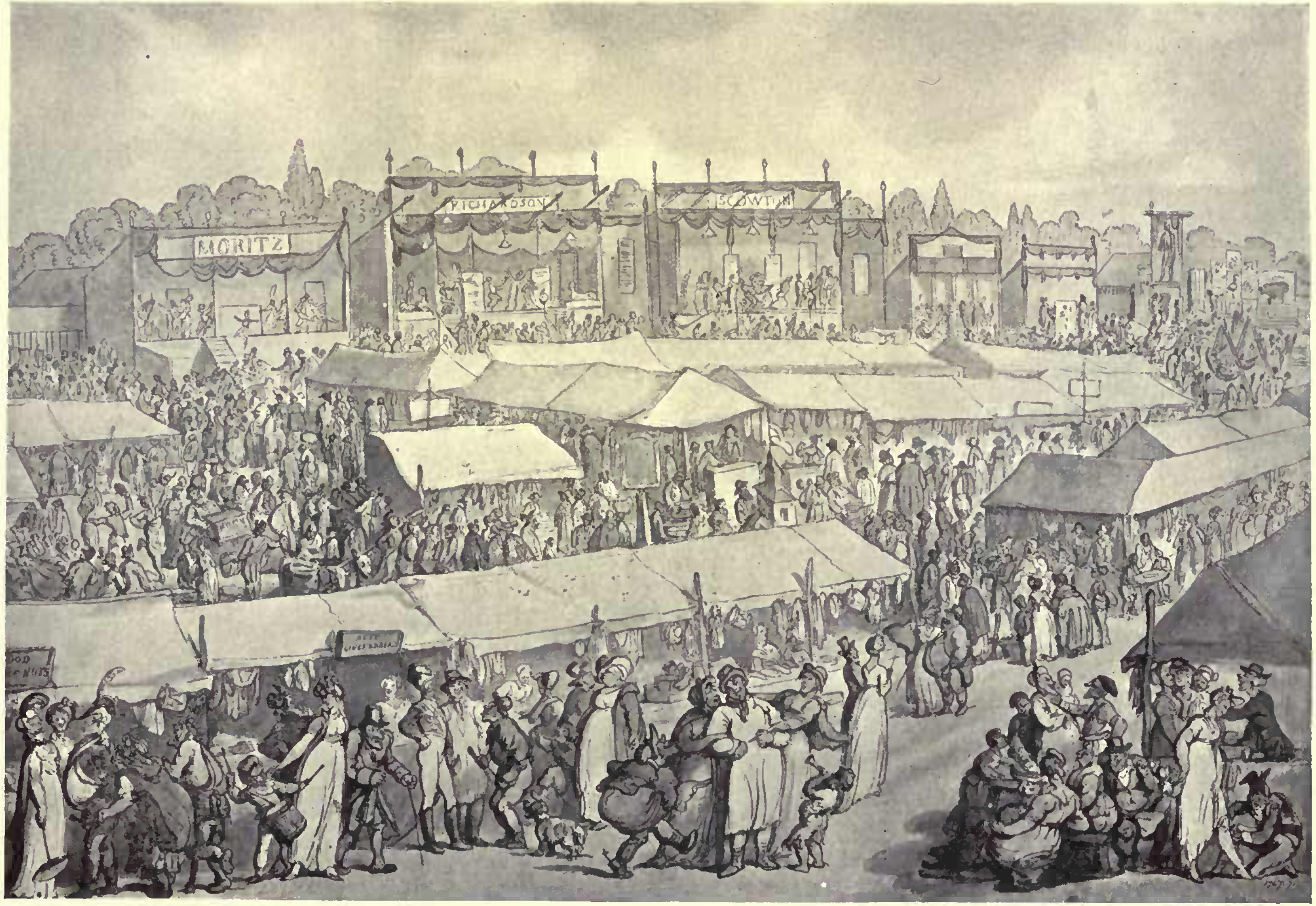
"ENTRANCE OF MILE END, OR WHITECHAPEL TURNPIKE"
1798. ENGRAVED BY SCHUTZ AFTER THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)



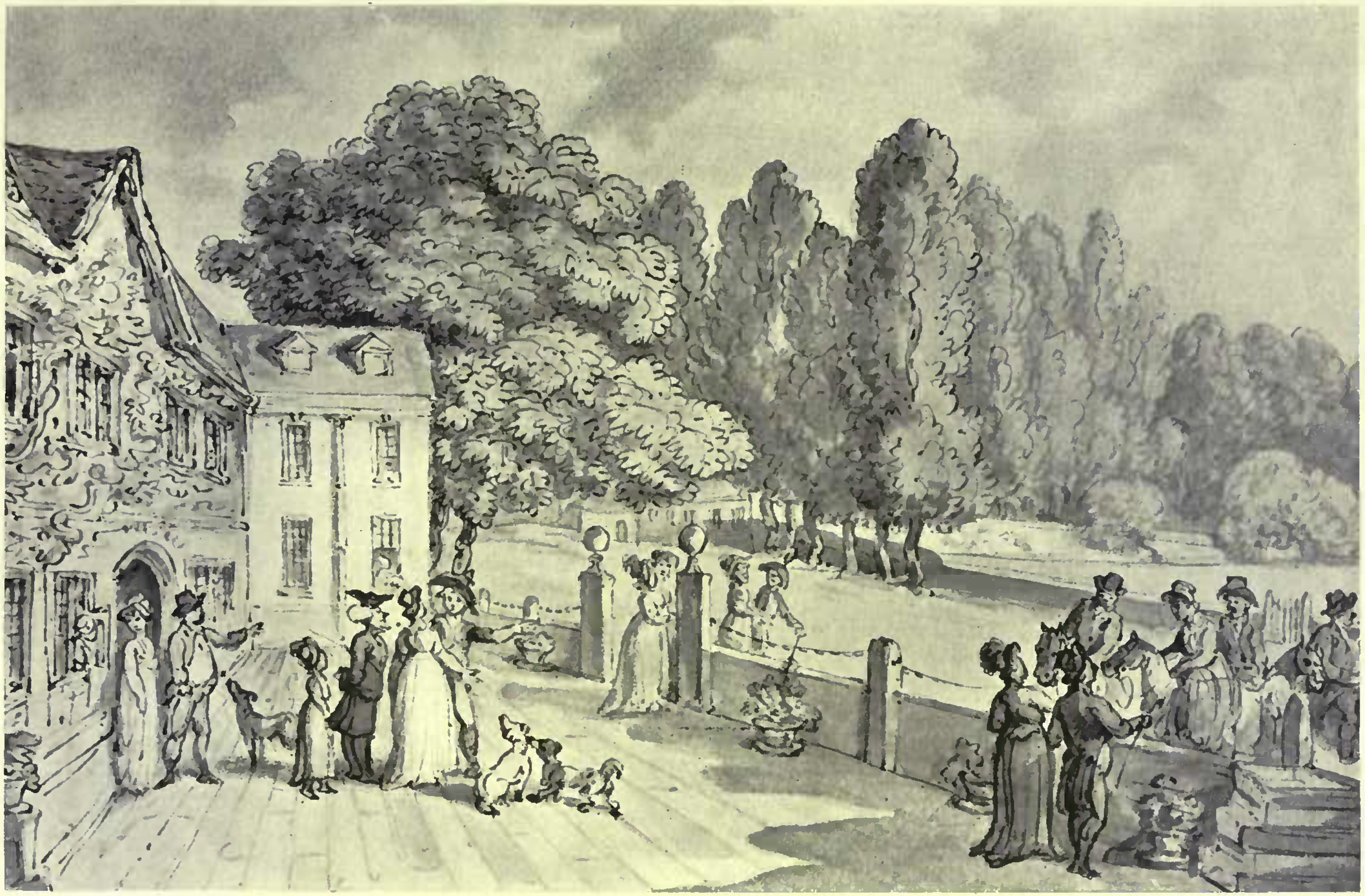
(*From the original in The Guildhall Library, London*)

"CORNHILL MILITARY ASSOCIATION." 1799. WATER-COLOUR BY E. DAYES


MORITZ
RICHARDSON
SCOWTON

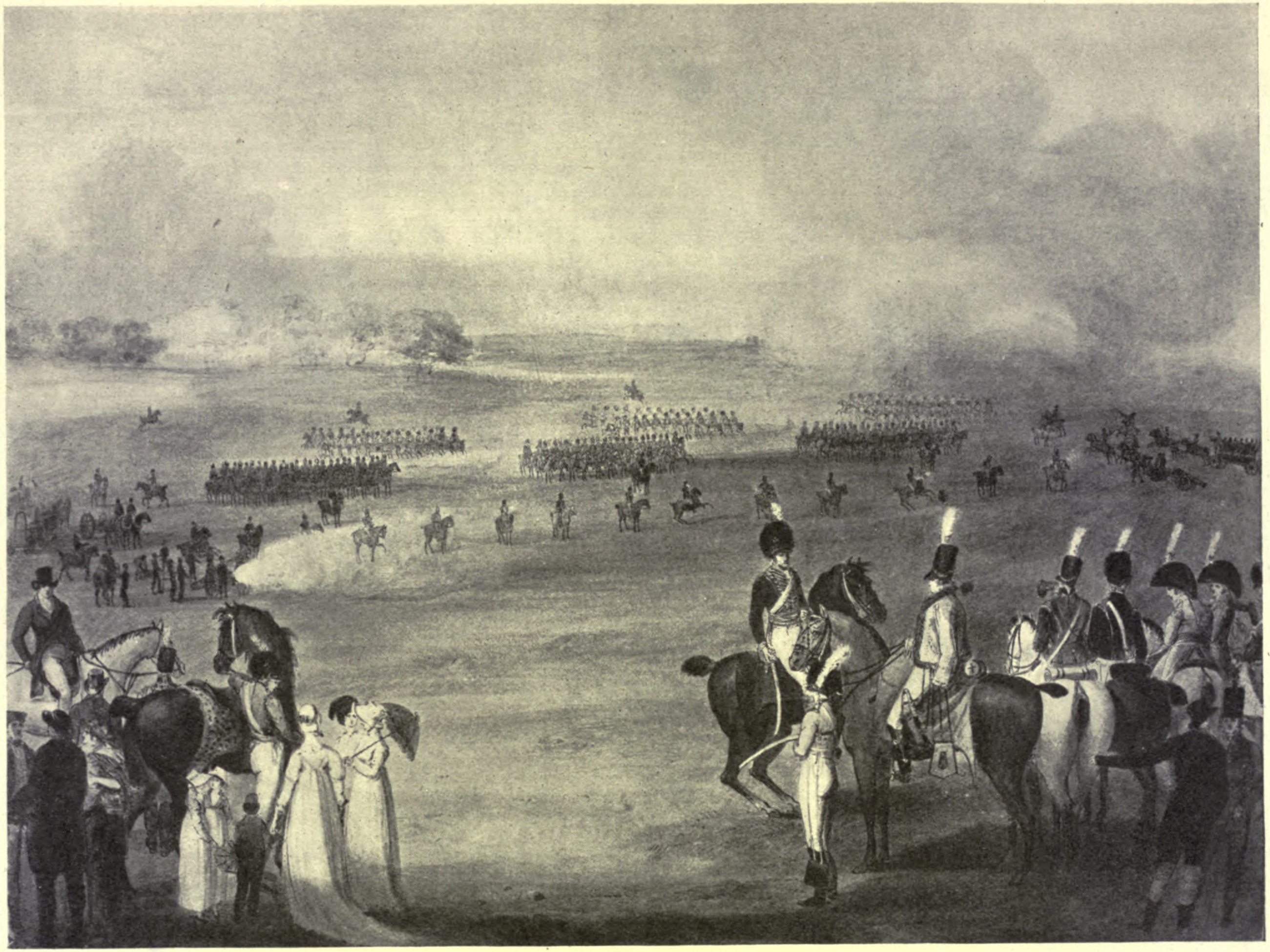
(*From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum*)

" BROOK GREEN FAIR." *c.* 1800. TINTED DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON



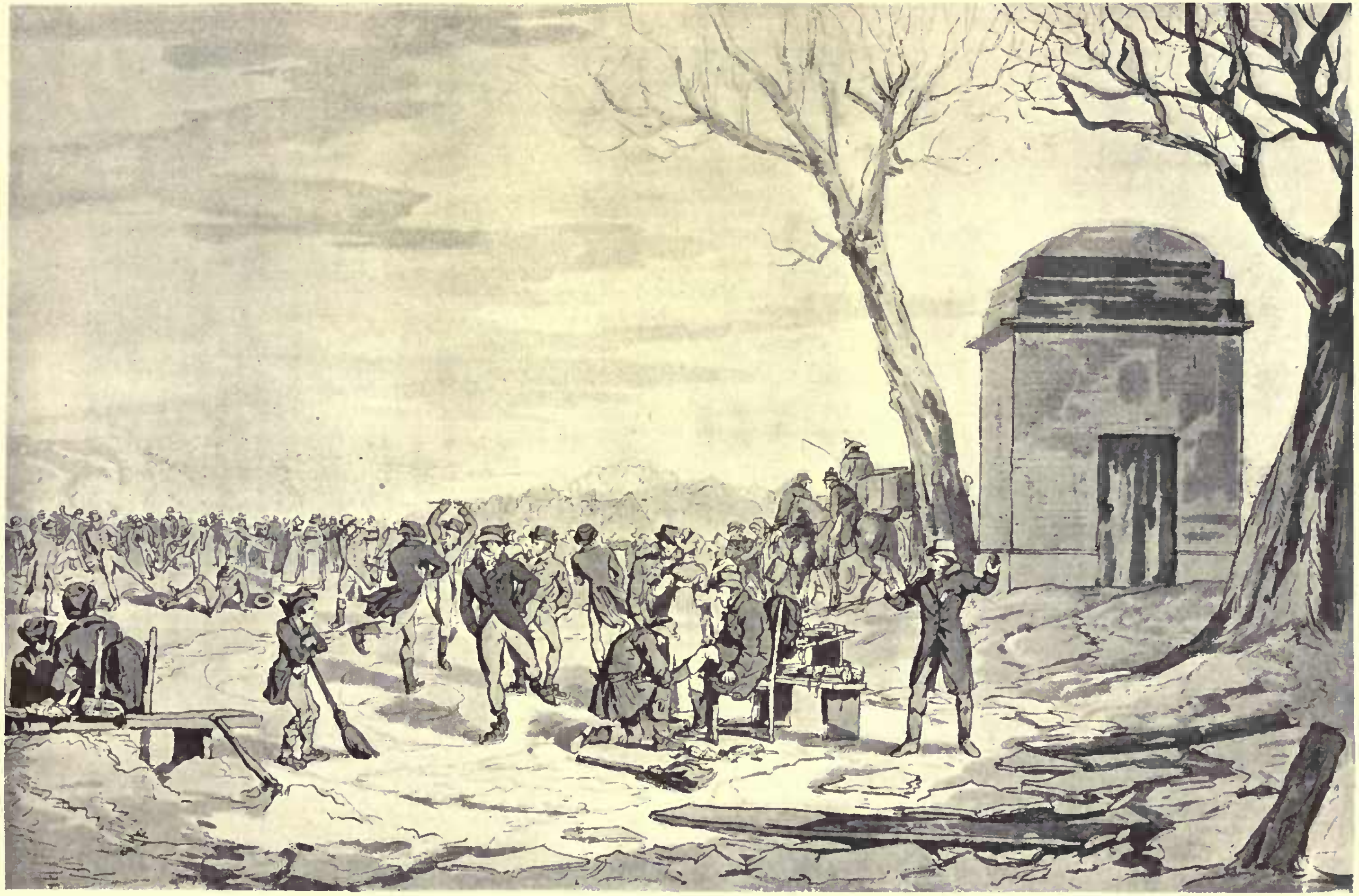
" SOCIETY ON RICHMOND GREEN." *c.* 1800
TINTED DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum)



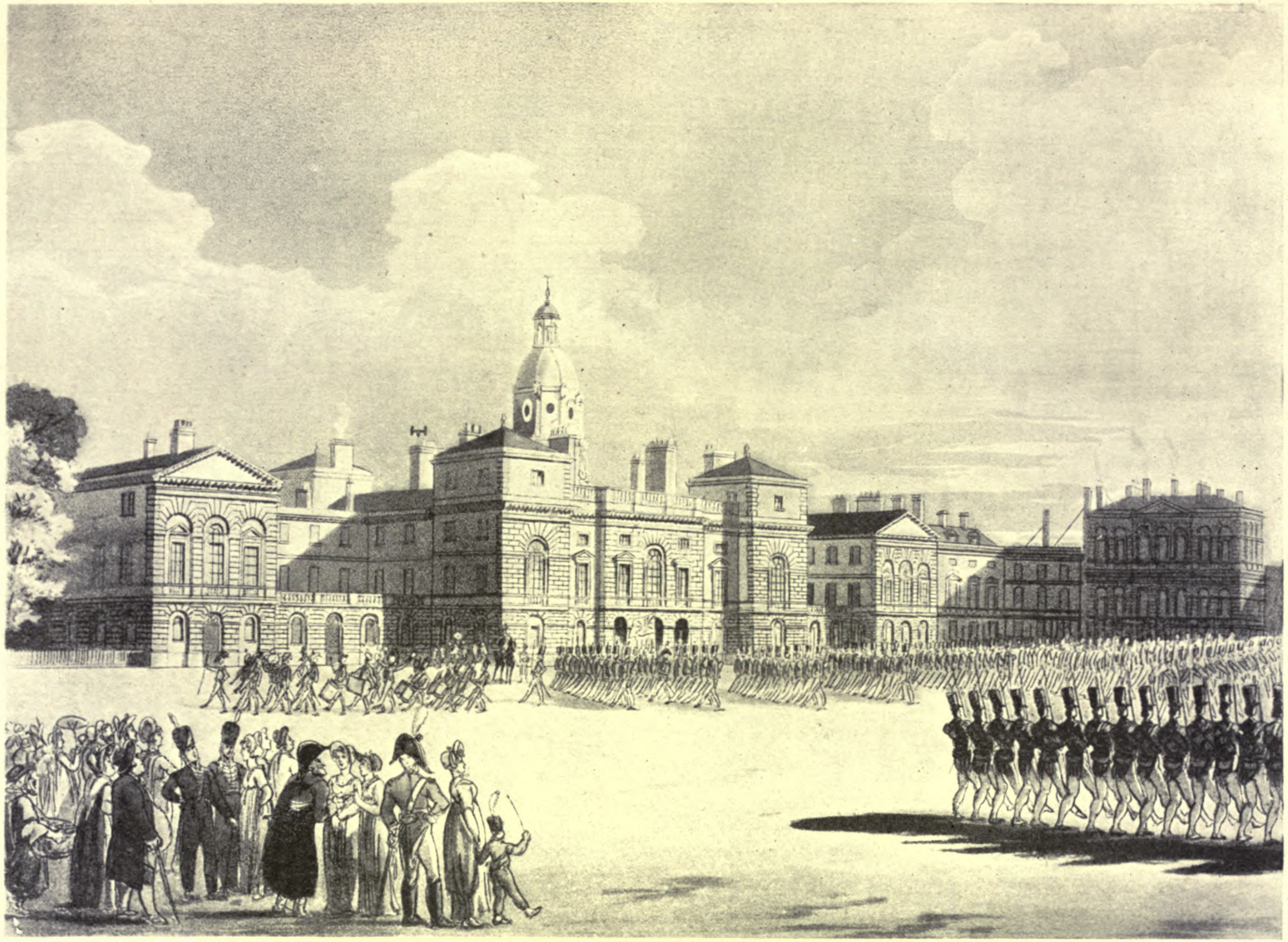
(From the original in The British Museum)

" REVIEW OF LONDON VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK." 1804. DRAWING BY CRANMER



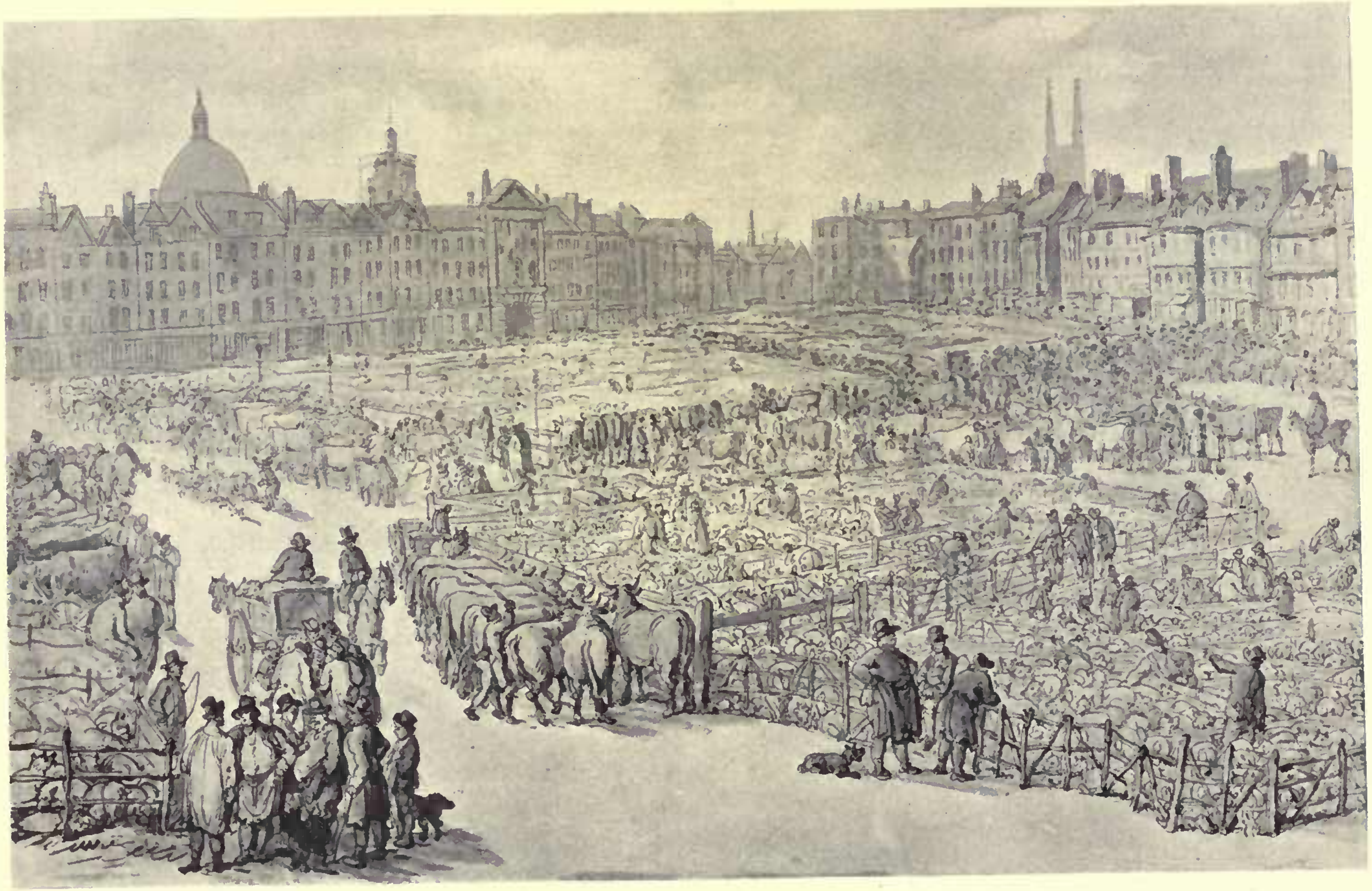
(From a print in The British Museum)

"SKATING IN HYDE PARK." 1807. DRAWN, ETCHED AND AQUATINTED BY J. A. ATKINSON



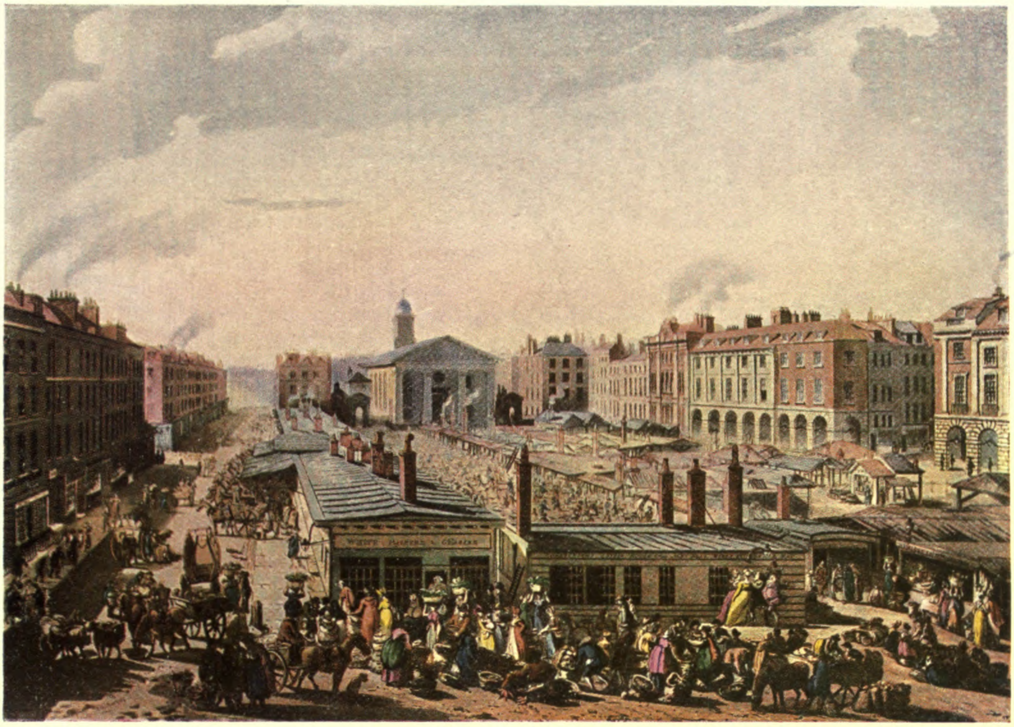
“ ON THE HORSE-GUARDS PARADE.” 1808. AQUATINT
BY J. BLUCK AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON

(From a print in The British Museum)



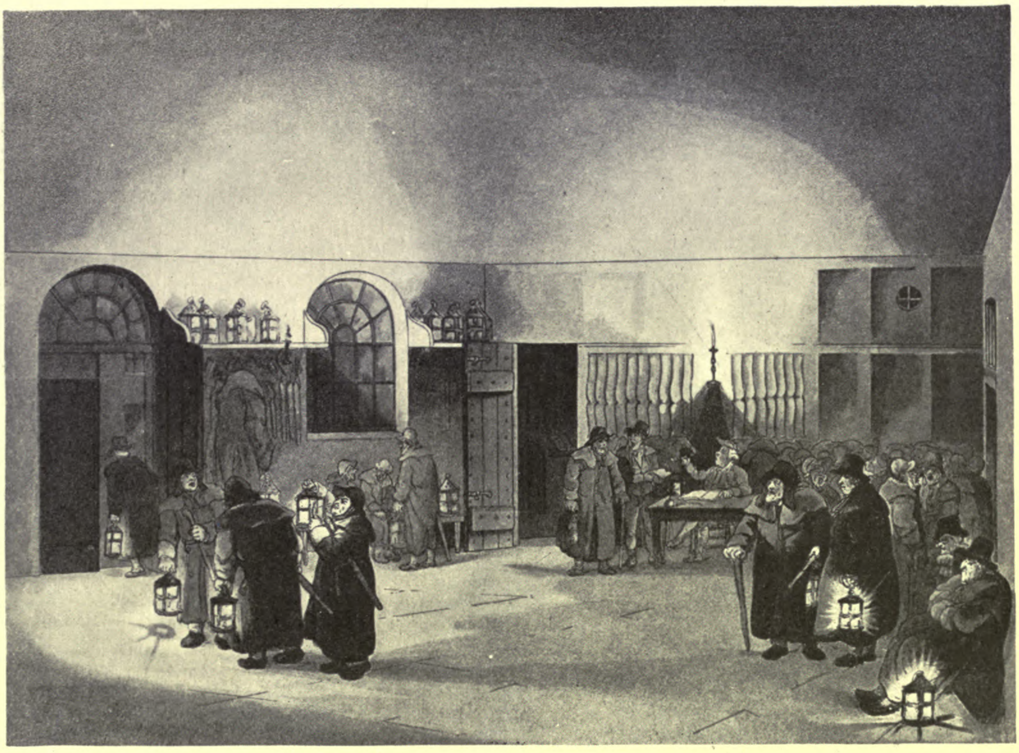
(*From the original in The Guildhall Library, London*)

" SMITHFIELD MARKET." 1810. TINTED DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON



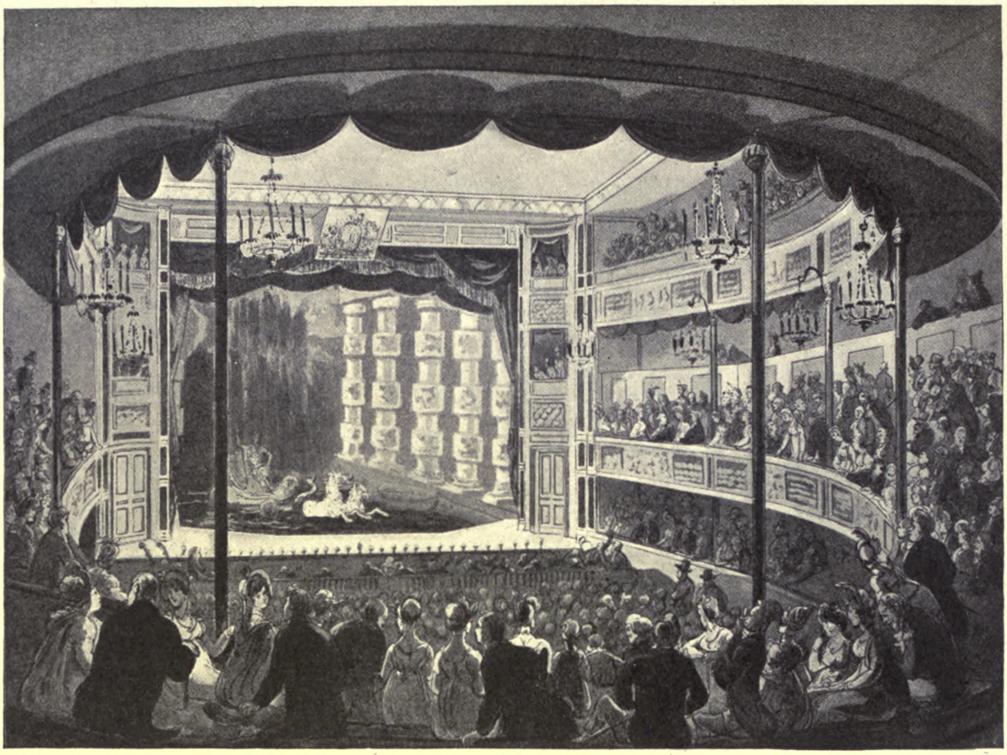
(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)

"COVENT GARDEN MARKET." 1811
COLOURED AQUATINT BY BLUCK
AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON



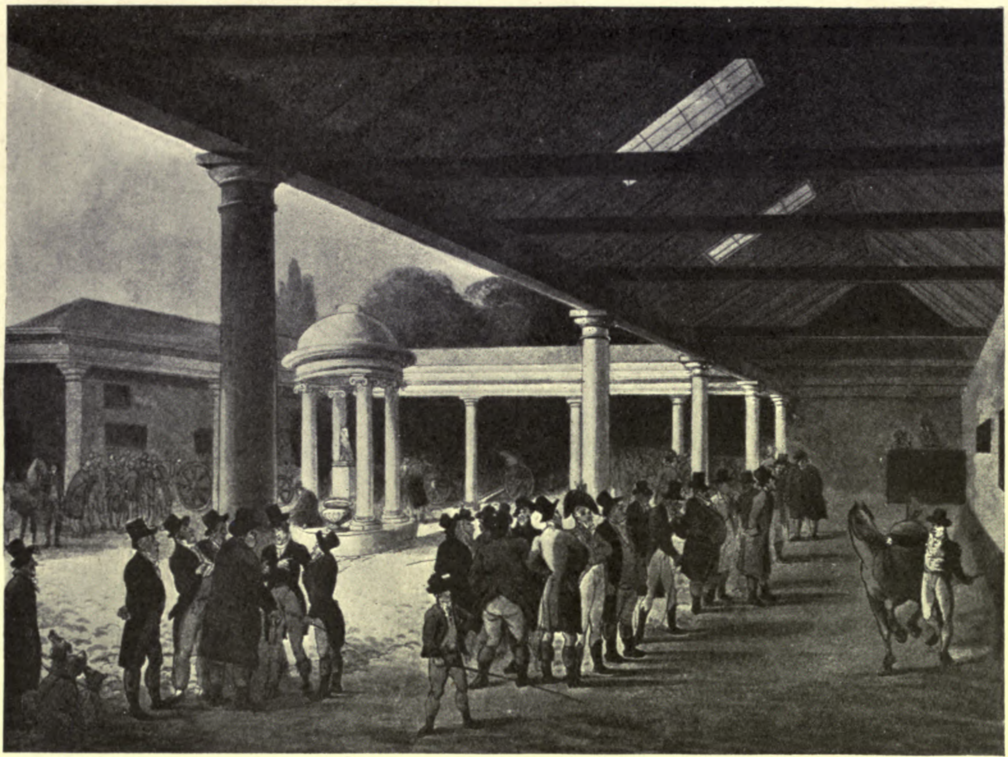
(From a print in the possession of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman)

" WATCH HOUSE, ST. MARY-LE-BONE." 1809. AQUATINT BY J. BLUCK AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON



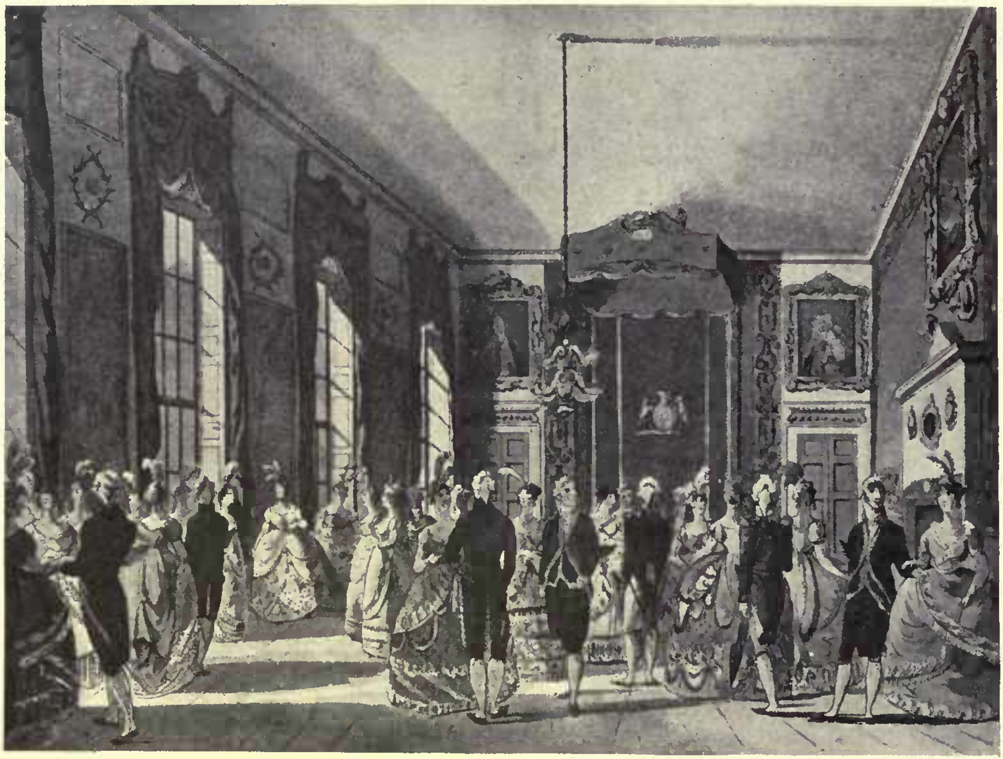
"SADLERS WELLS THEATRE." 1809. AQUATINT
BY J. BLUCK AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman)*



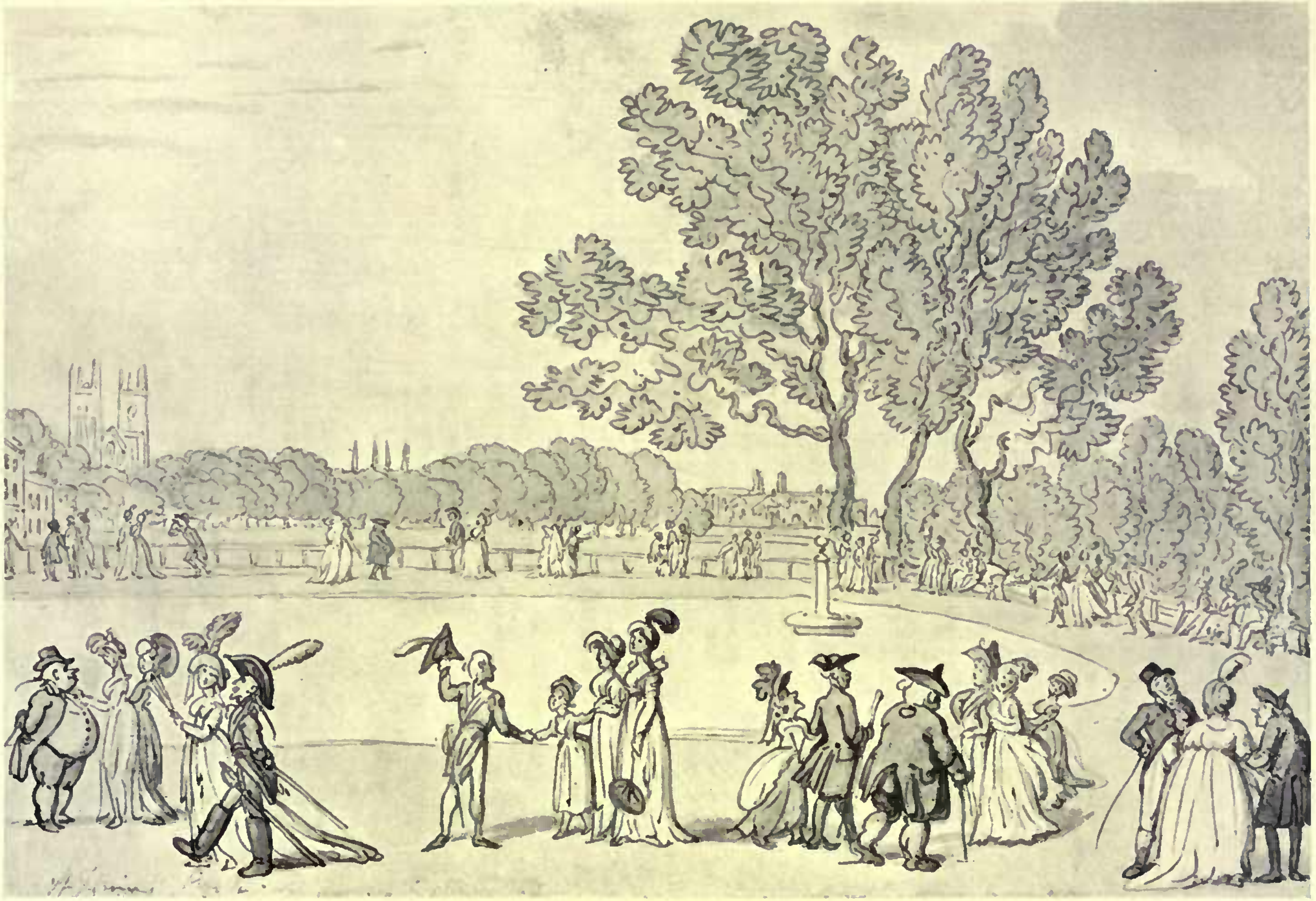
(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman*)

" TATTERSALL'S." 1809. AQUATINT BY SUTHERLAND AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON



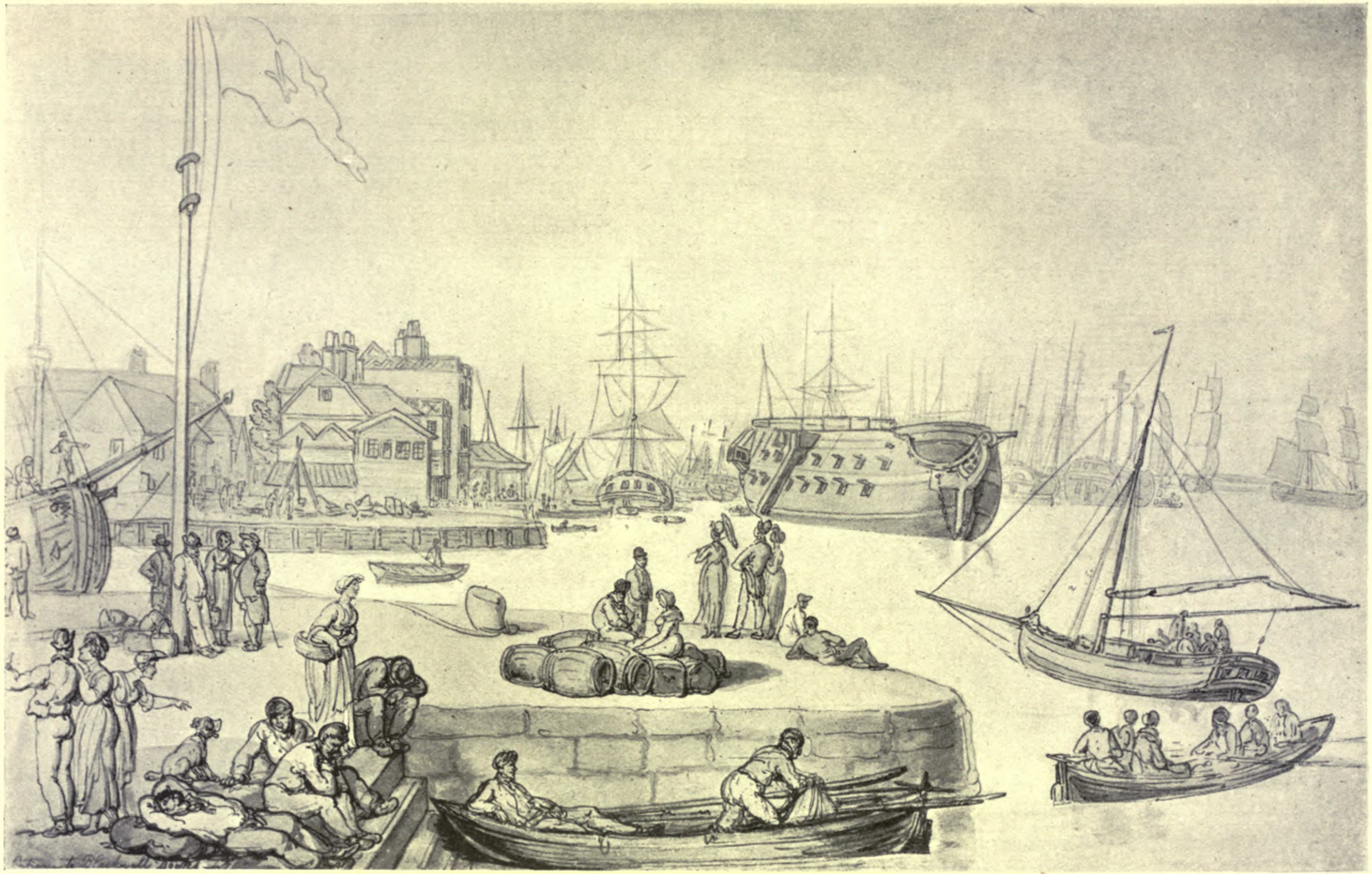
"A DRAWING-ROOM, ST. JAMES'S PALACE." 1809. AQUATINT BY J. BLUCK AFTER PUGIN AND ROWLANDSON

(From a print in the possession of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman)



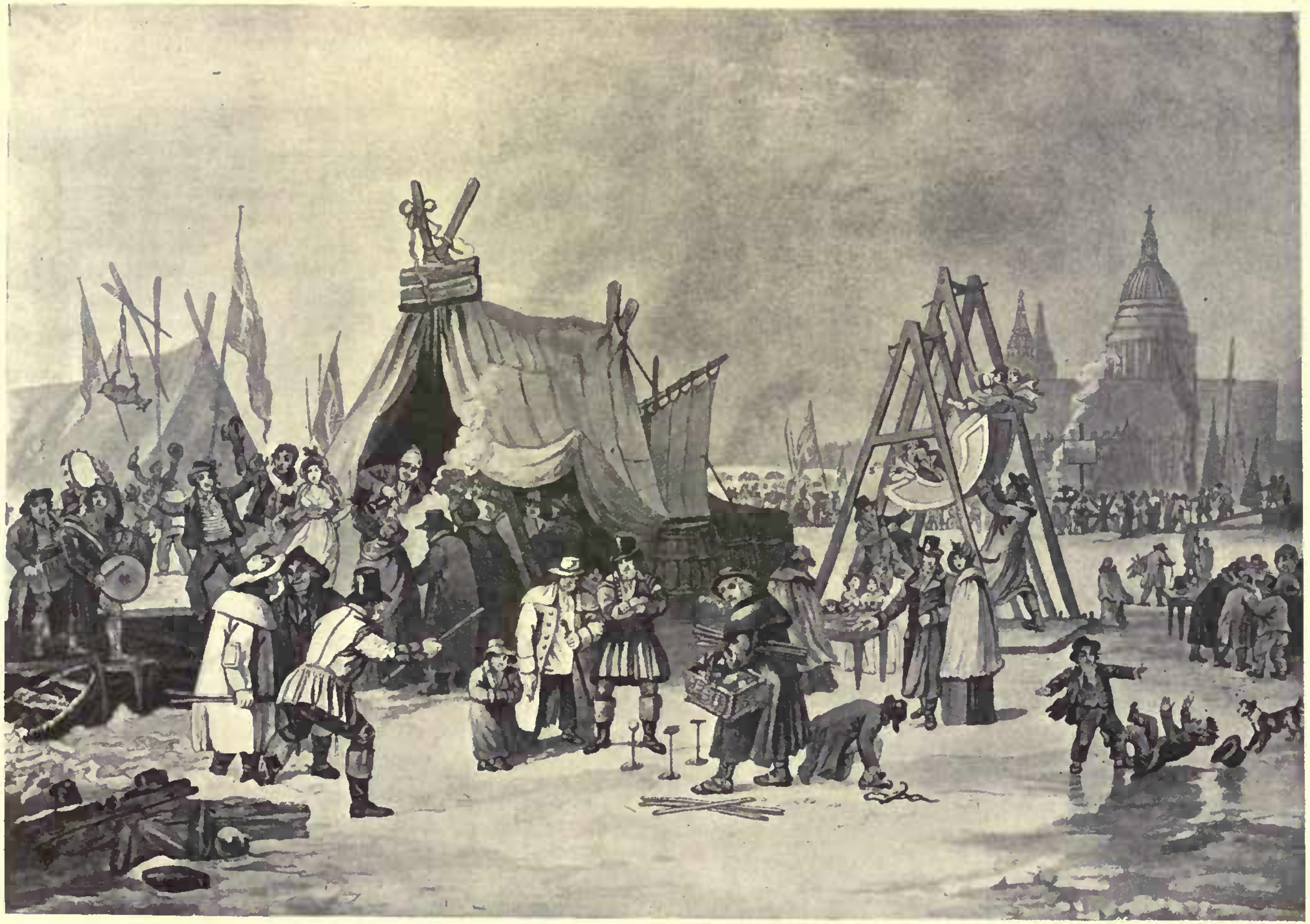
“ PROMENADE IN THE GREEN PARK.” *c.* 1808
TINTED DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(From the original in The British Museum)



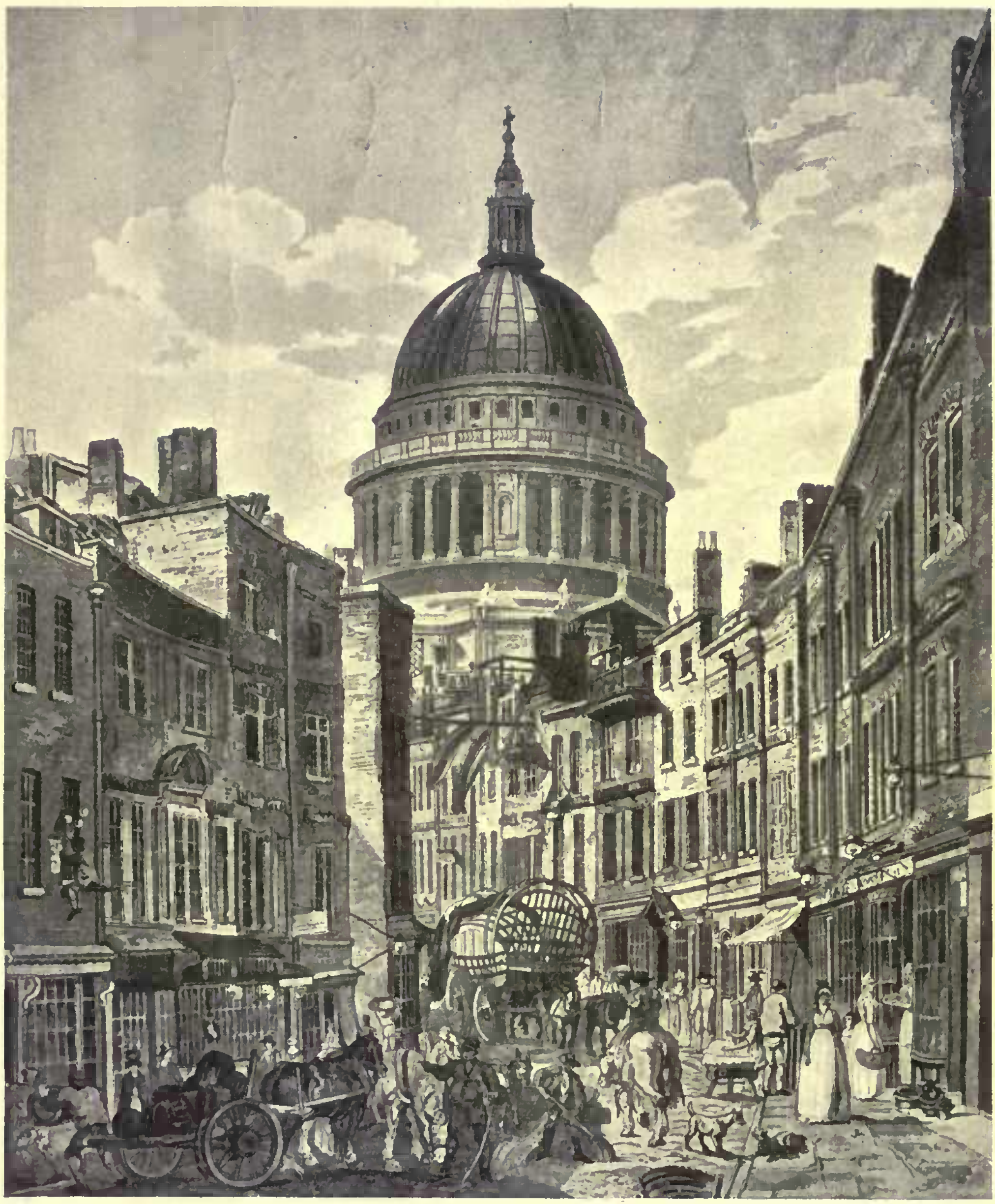
" THE QUAY, BLACKWALL DOCKS." 1810
TINTED DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(*After the original in The British Museum*)



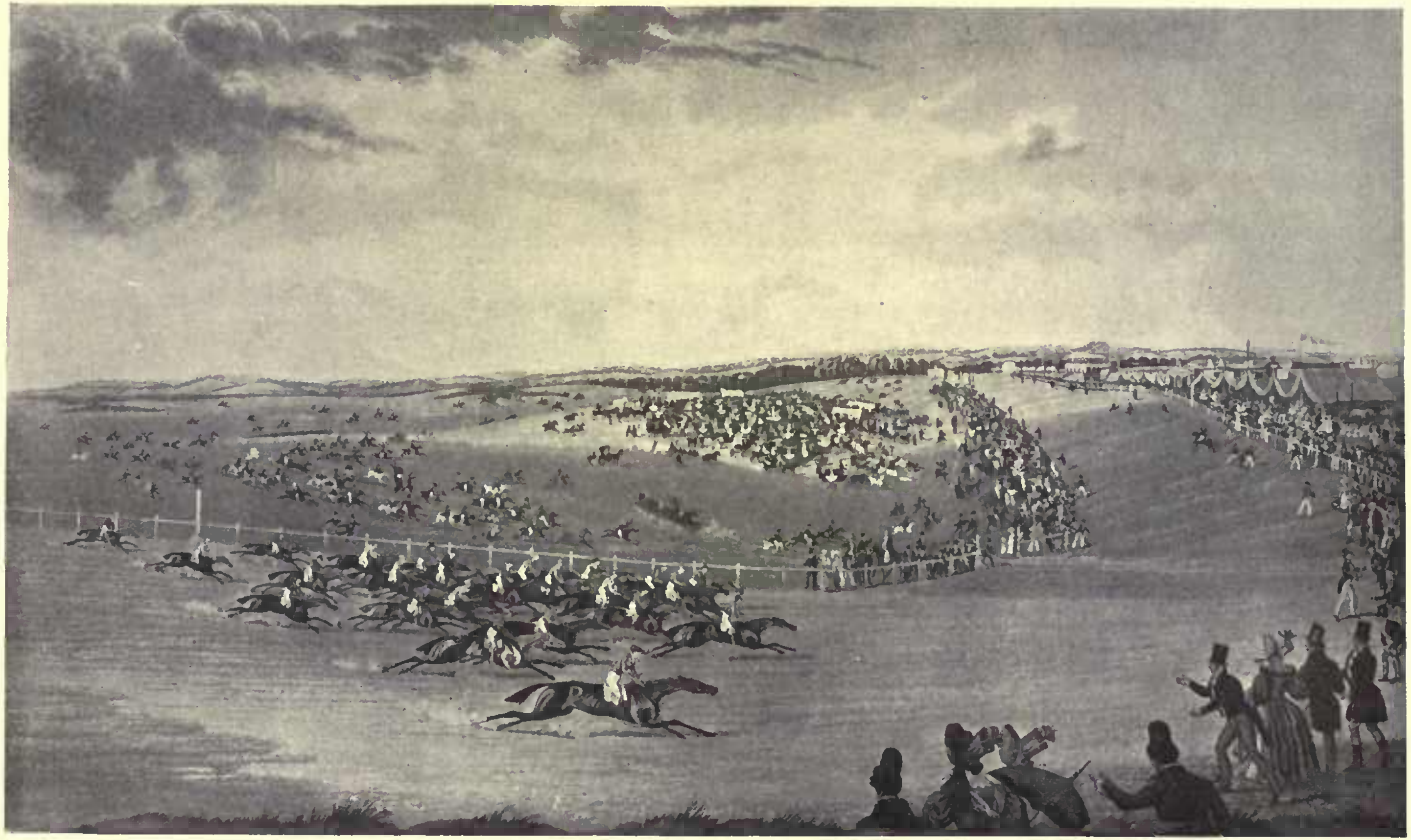
“ THE FAIR ON THE FROZEN THAMES.” 1814. ETCHING BY LUKE CLENNELL, AQUATINTED BY REEVE

(*From a print in The British Museum*)



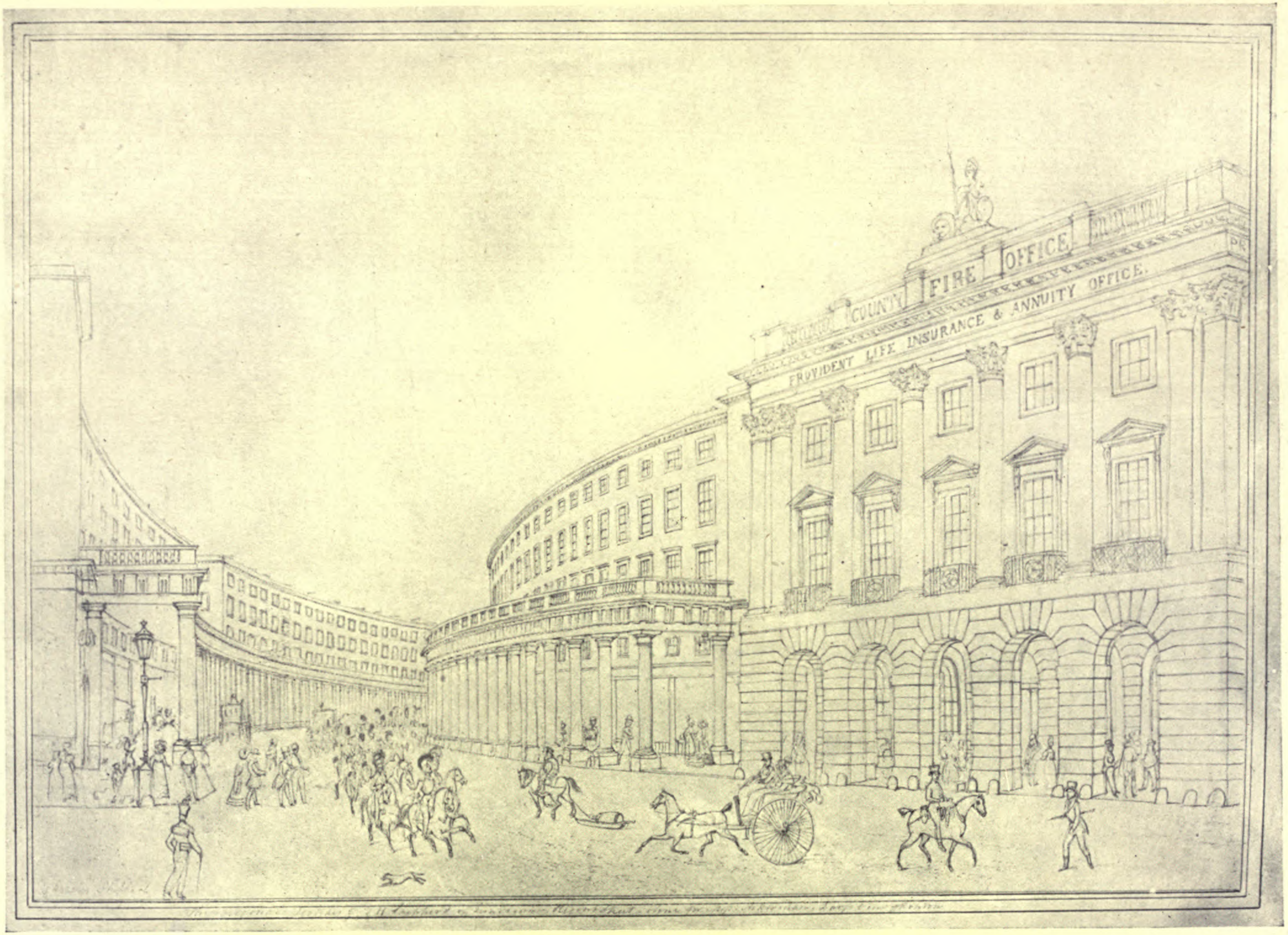
(From a print in The Guildhall Library, London)

" IN ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND." 1800. ENGRAVED BY JOHN BAILY AFTER THOMAS GIRTIN



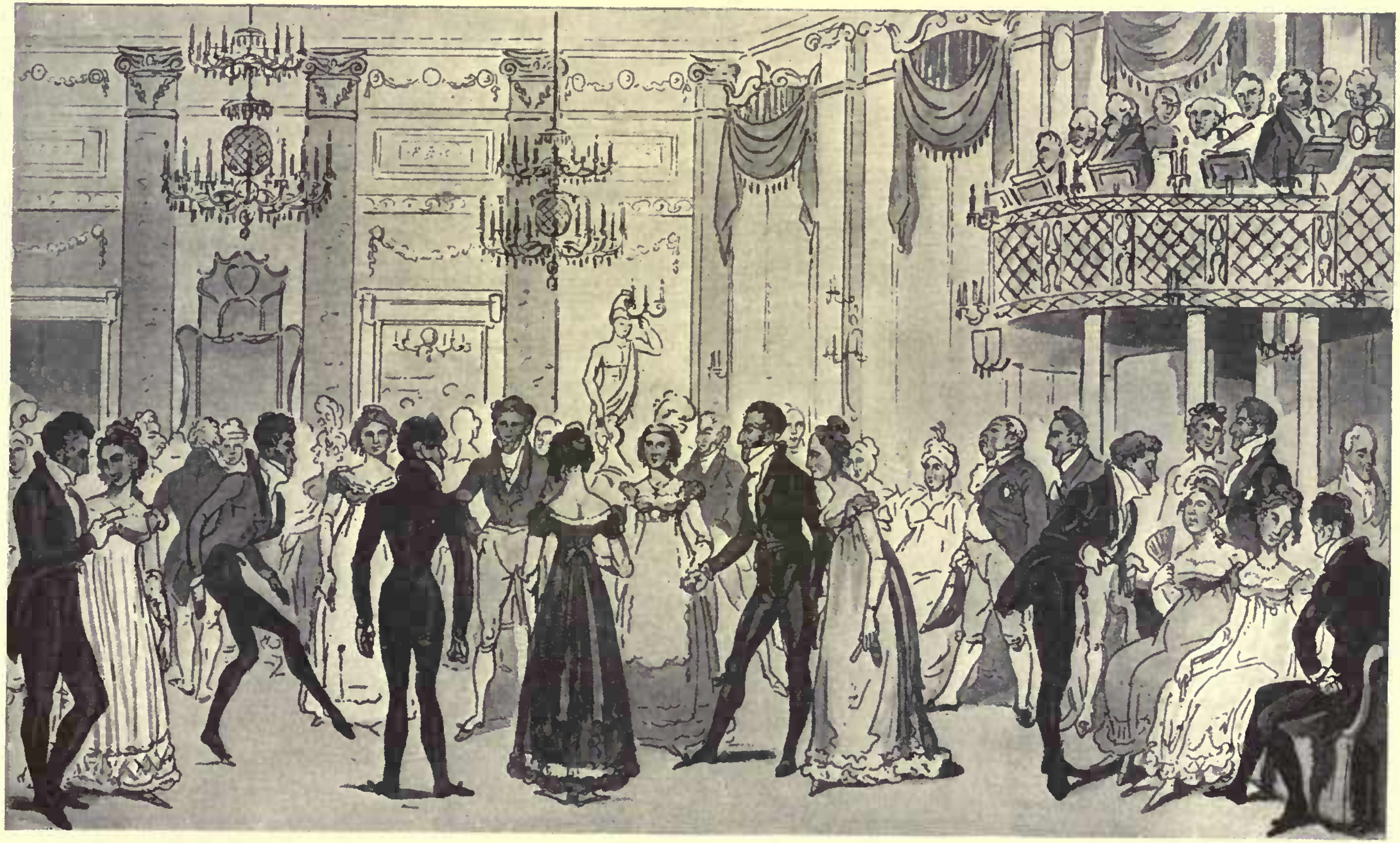
"EPSOM RACES—'HERE THEY COME.'" 1820. ENGRAVED BY SMART AND HUNT AFTER JAMES POLLARD

(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton*)

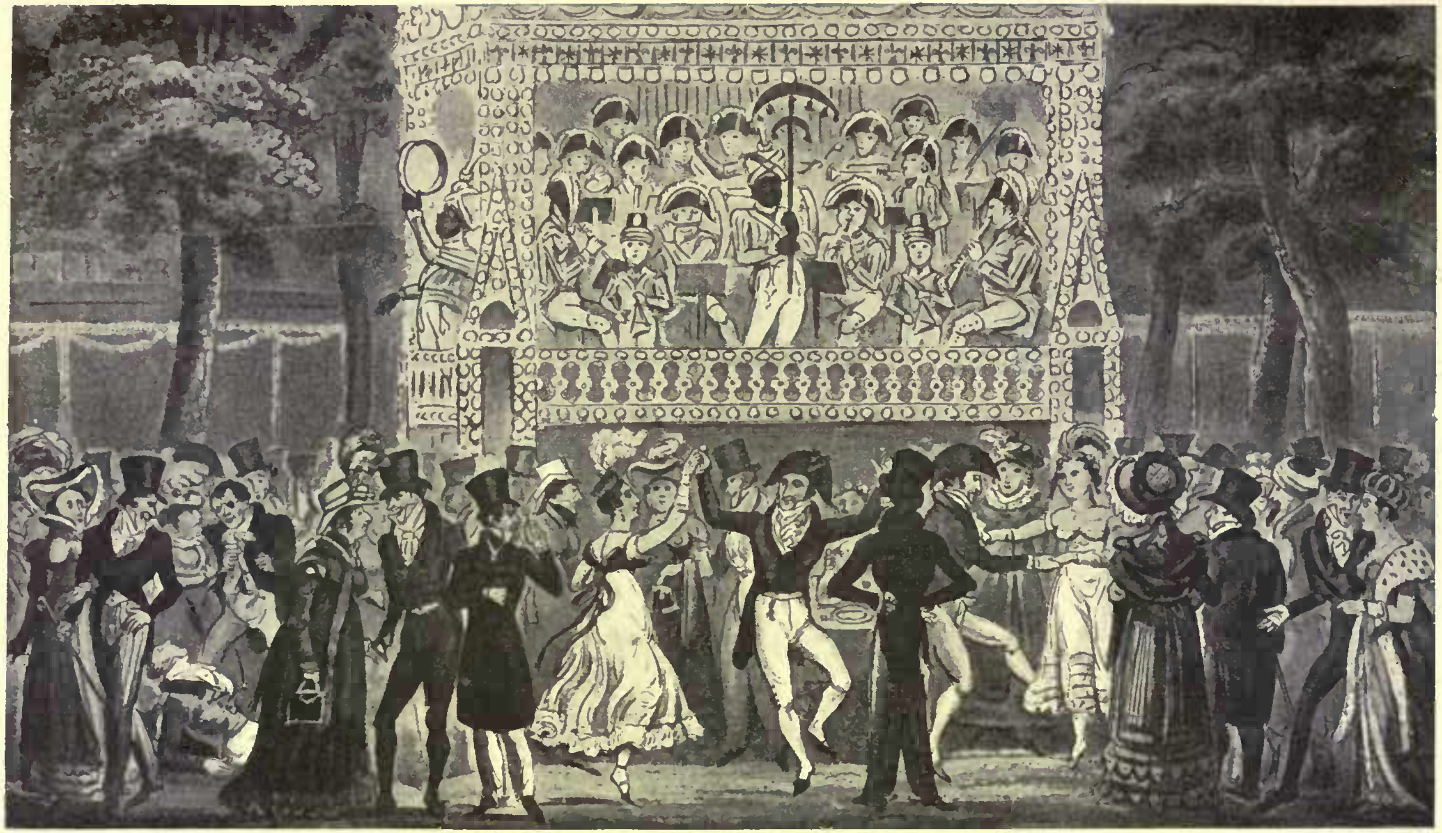

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE
PROVIDENT LIFE INSURANCE & ANNUITY OFFICE.

(*From the original in The British Museum*)

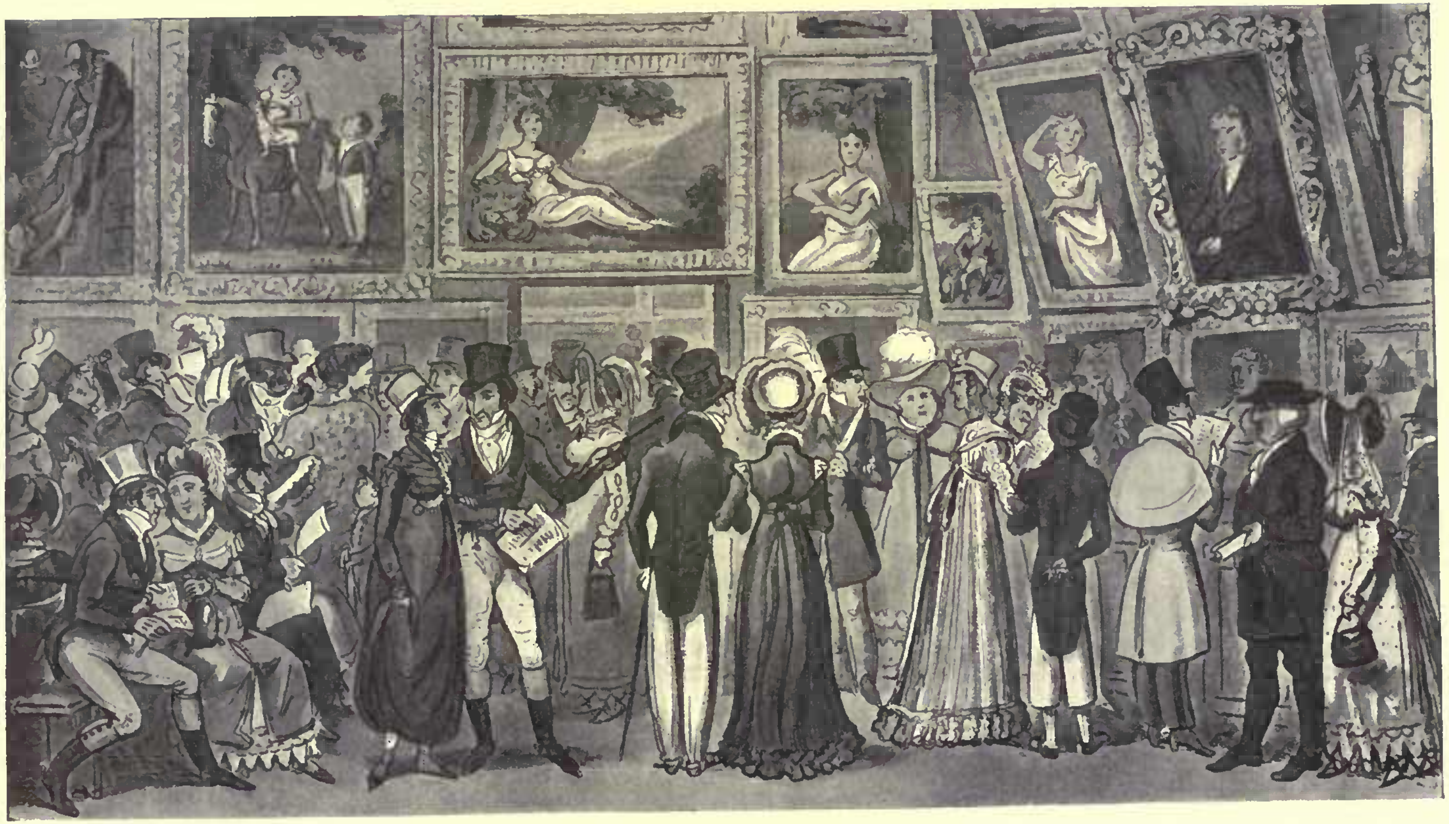
"THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET." 1822
PENCIL DRAWING BY T. HOSMER SHEPHERD



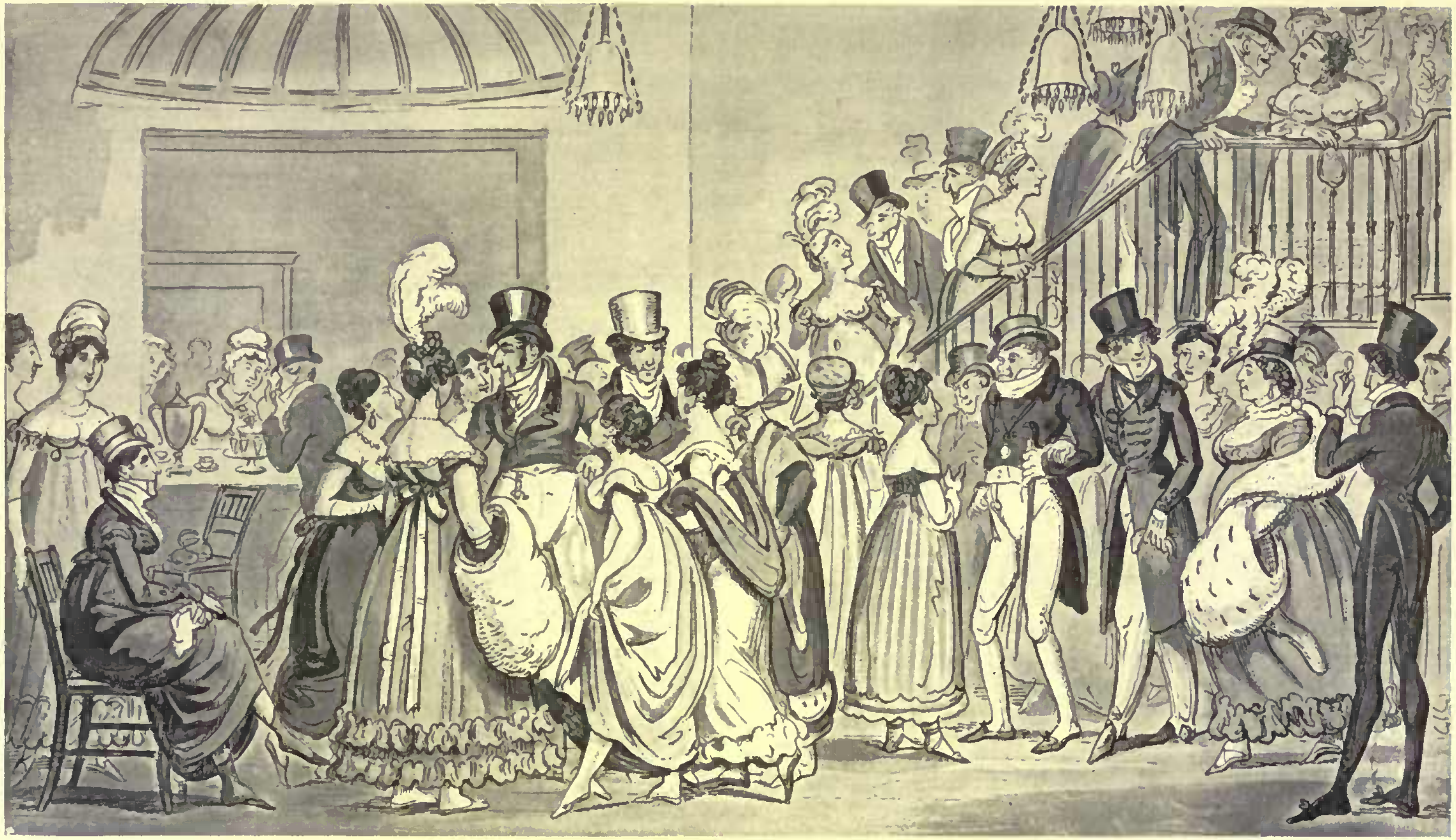
" AT ALMACK'S." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON "



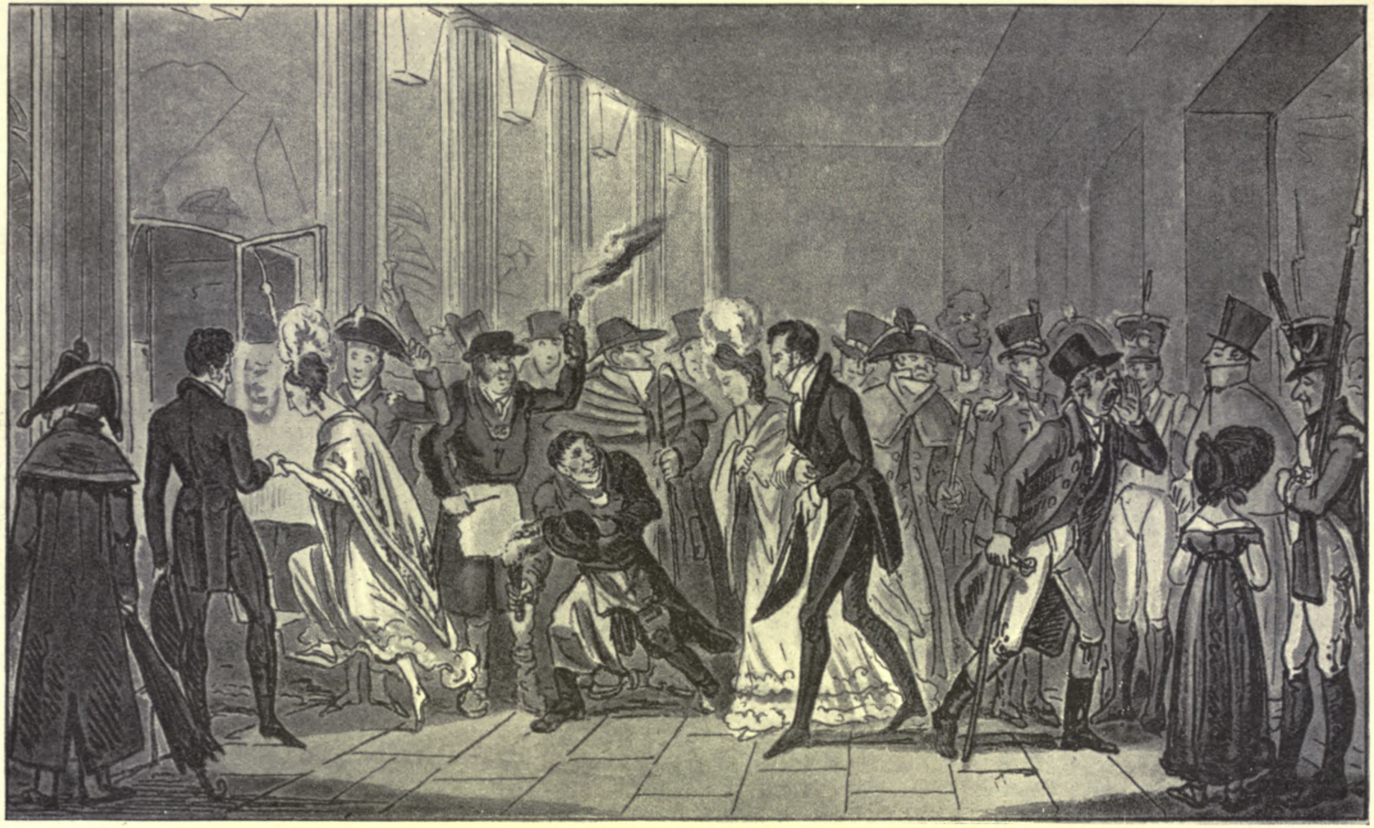
" AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON ."



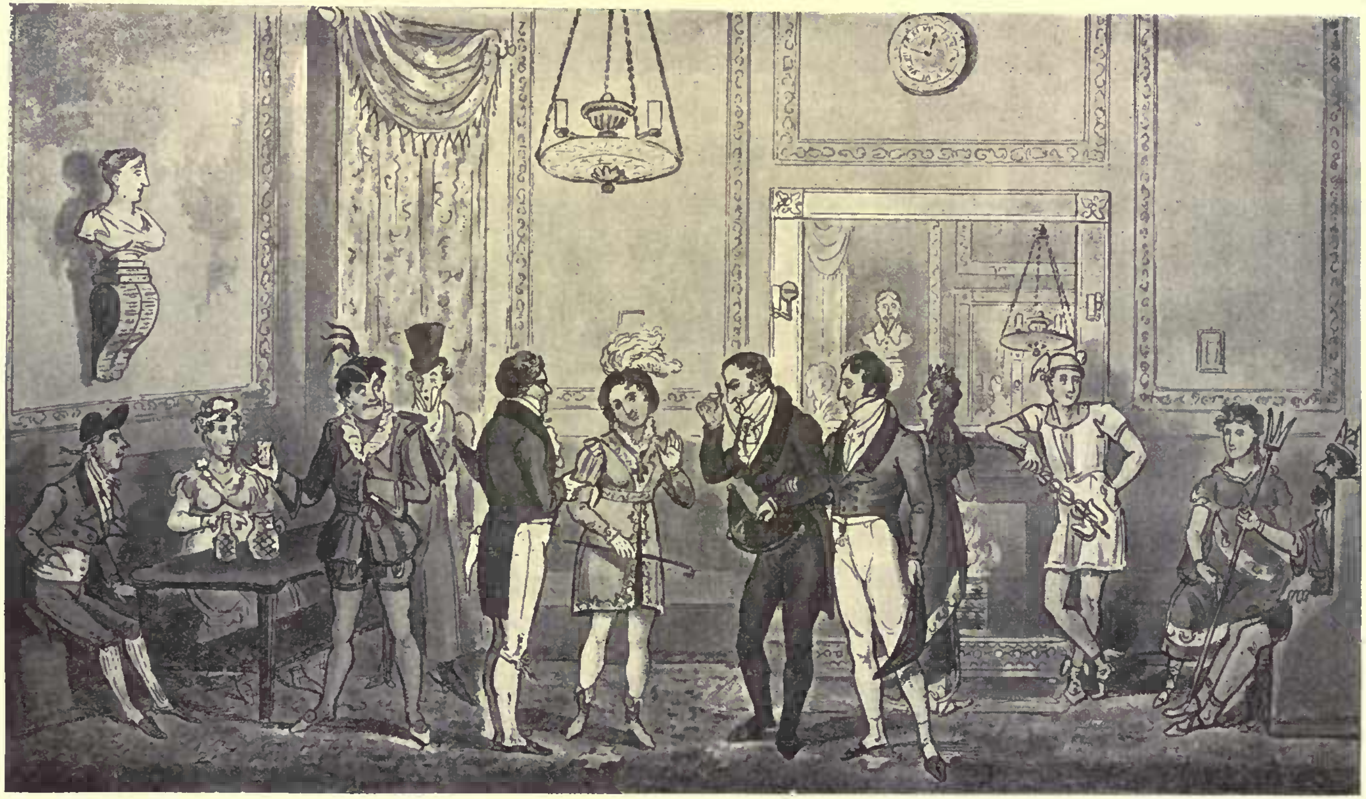
" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON "



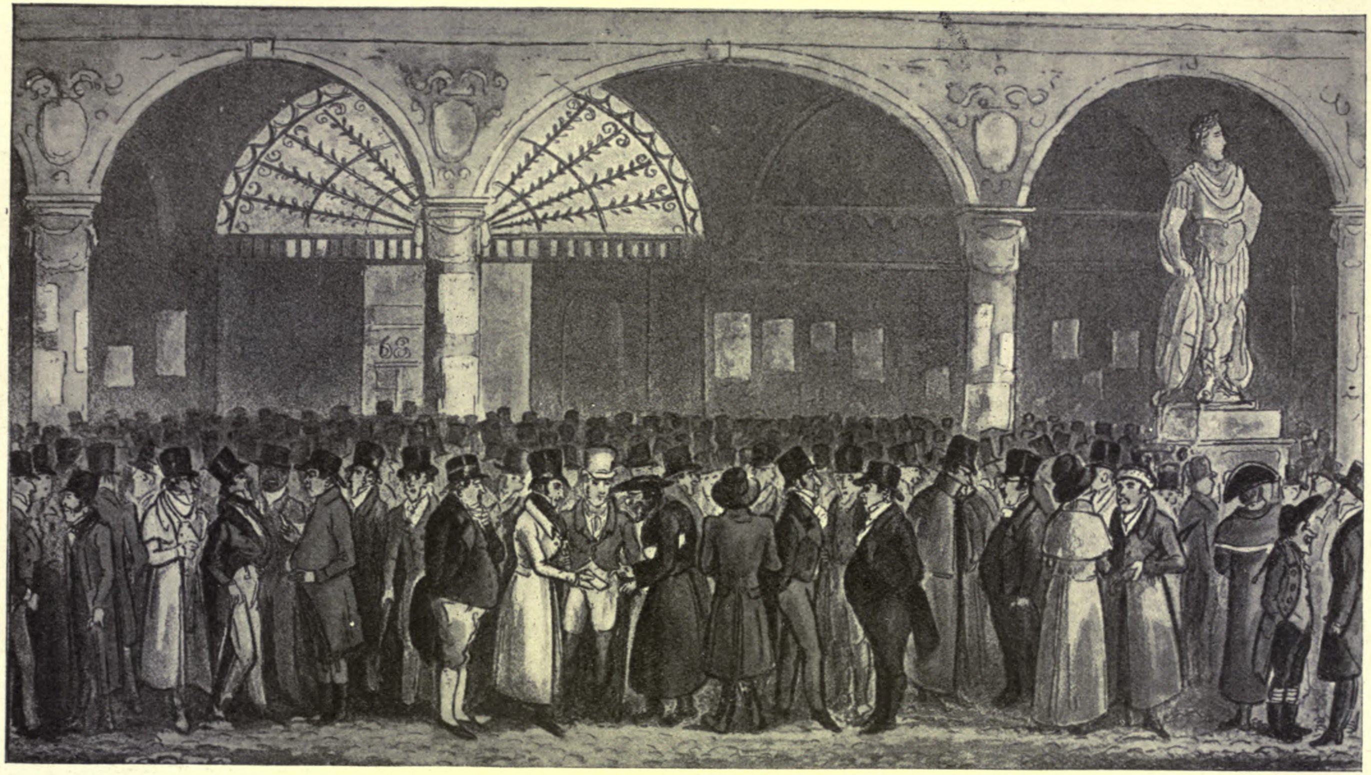
" IN THE SALOON AT COVENT GARDEN." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON."



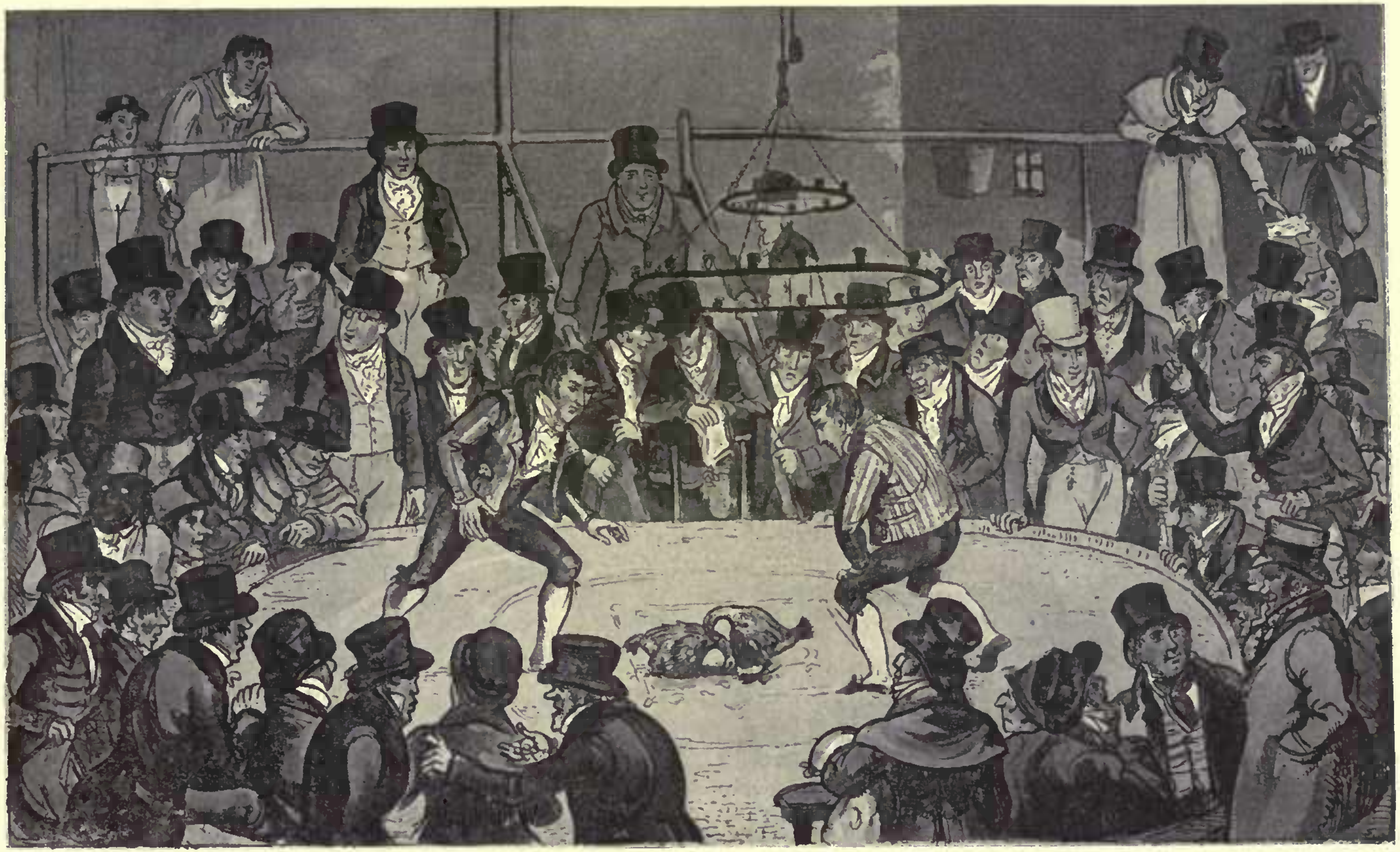
“ AFTER THE OPERA.” 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN’S “ LIFE IN LONDON ”



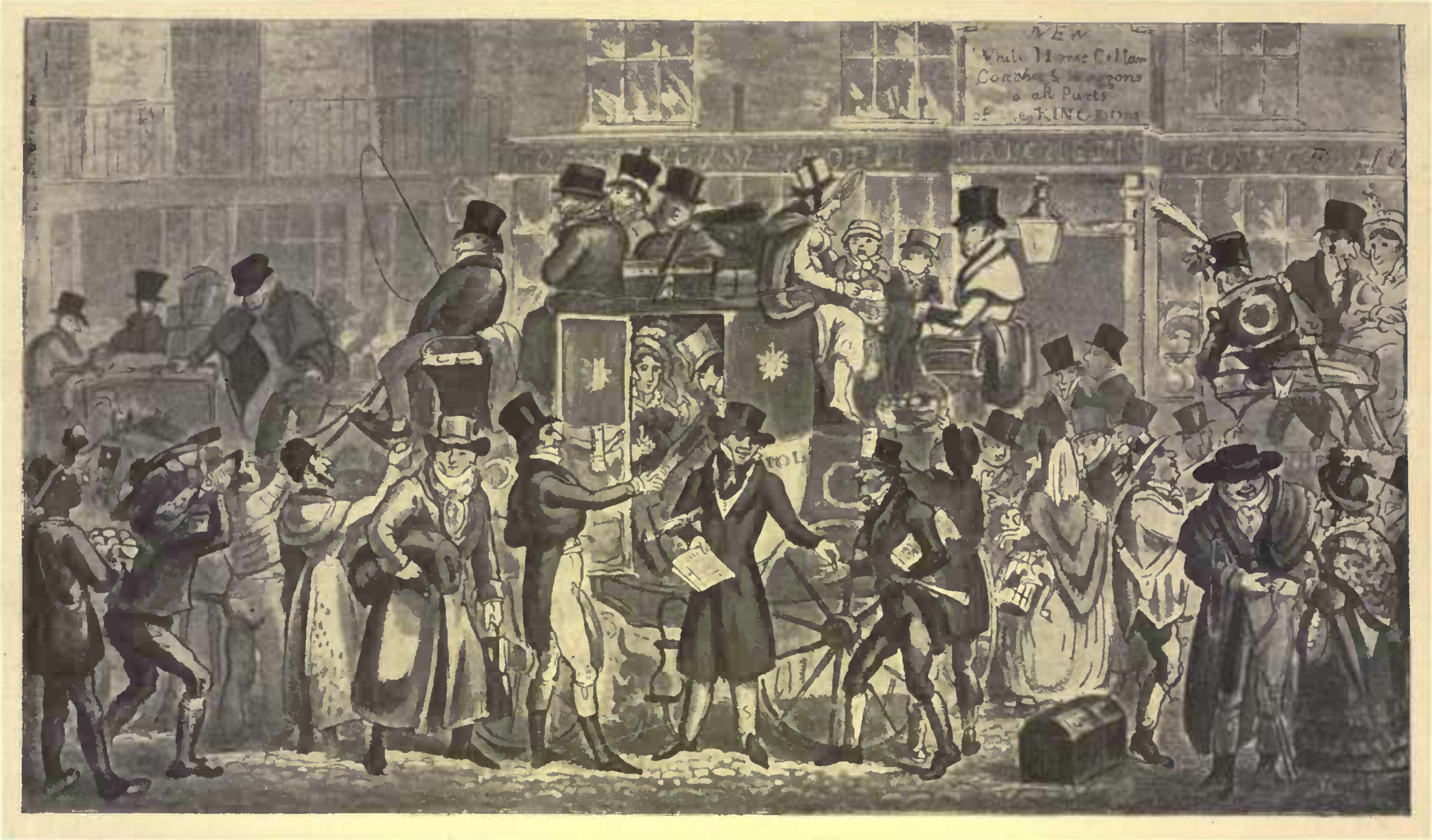
" THE GREEN ROOM AT DRURY LANE THEATRE." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON "



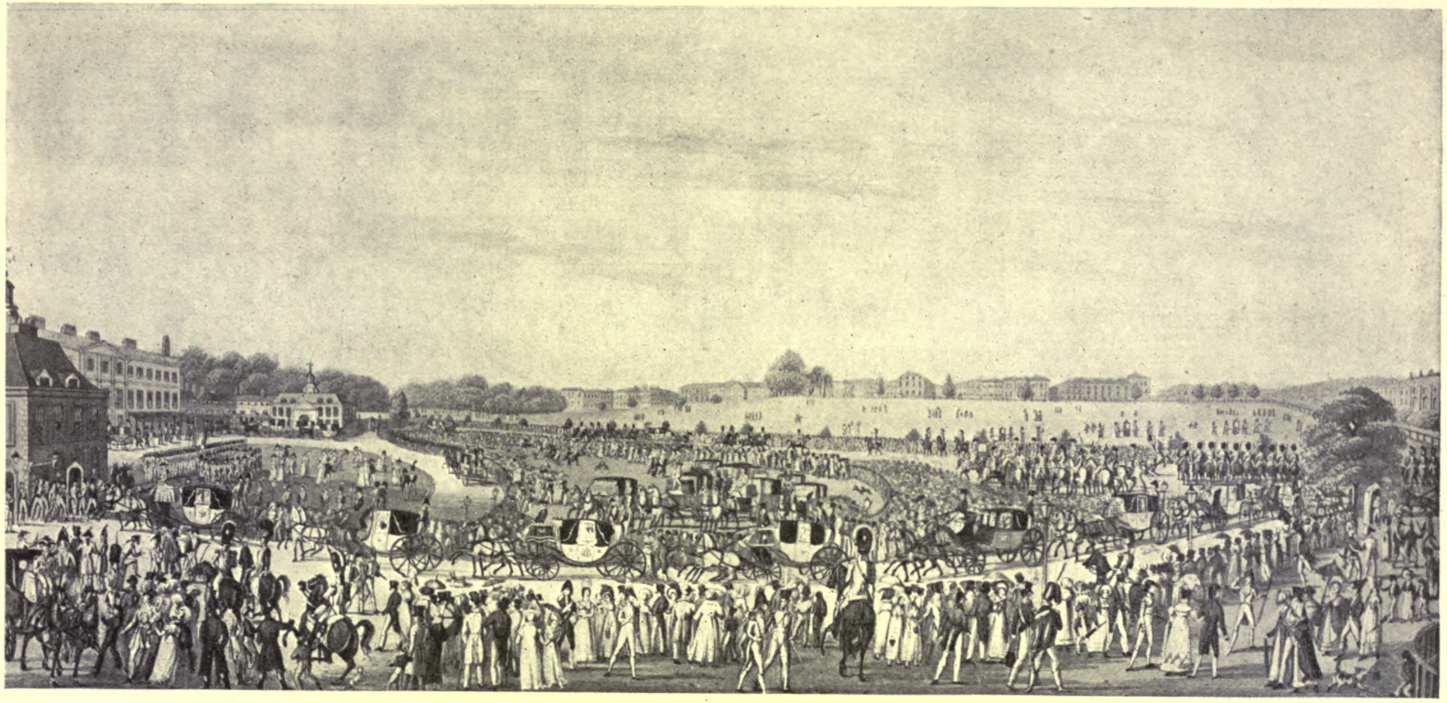
" INSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON "



“ AT THE ROYAL COCKPIT.” 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN’S “ LIFE IN LONDON ”

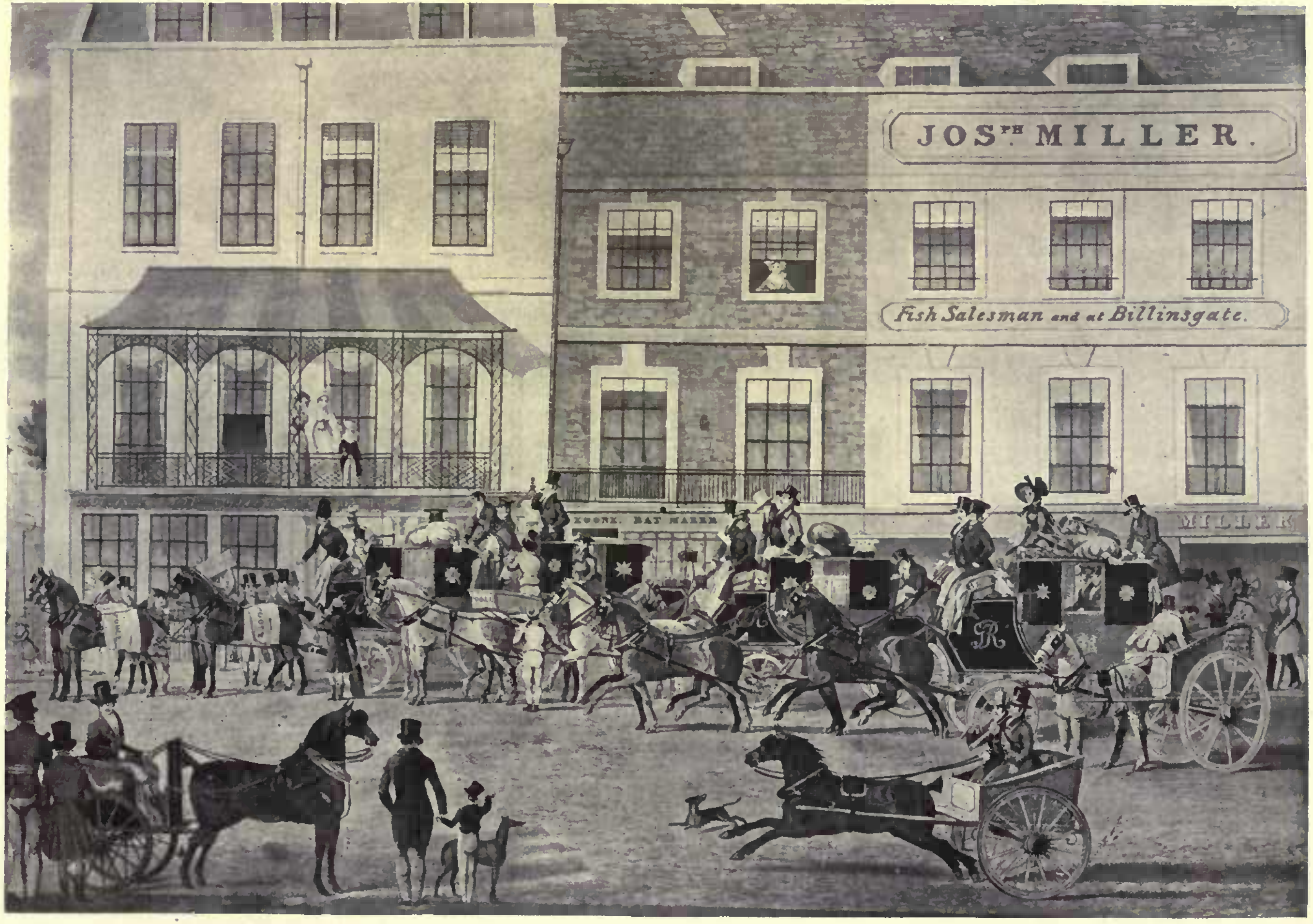

NEW
White Horse Cellar
Coaches & Waggons
to all Parts
of the KINGDOM

" OUTSIDE ' WHITE HORSE CELLAR,' PICCADILLY." 1821. ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK FOR PIERCE EGAN'S " LIFE IN LONDON "



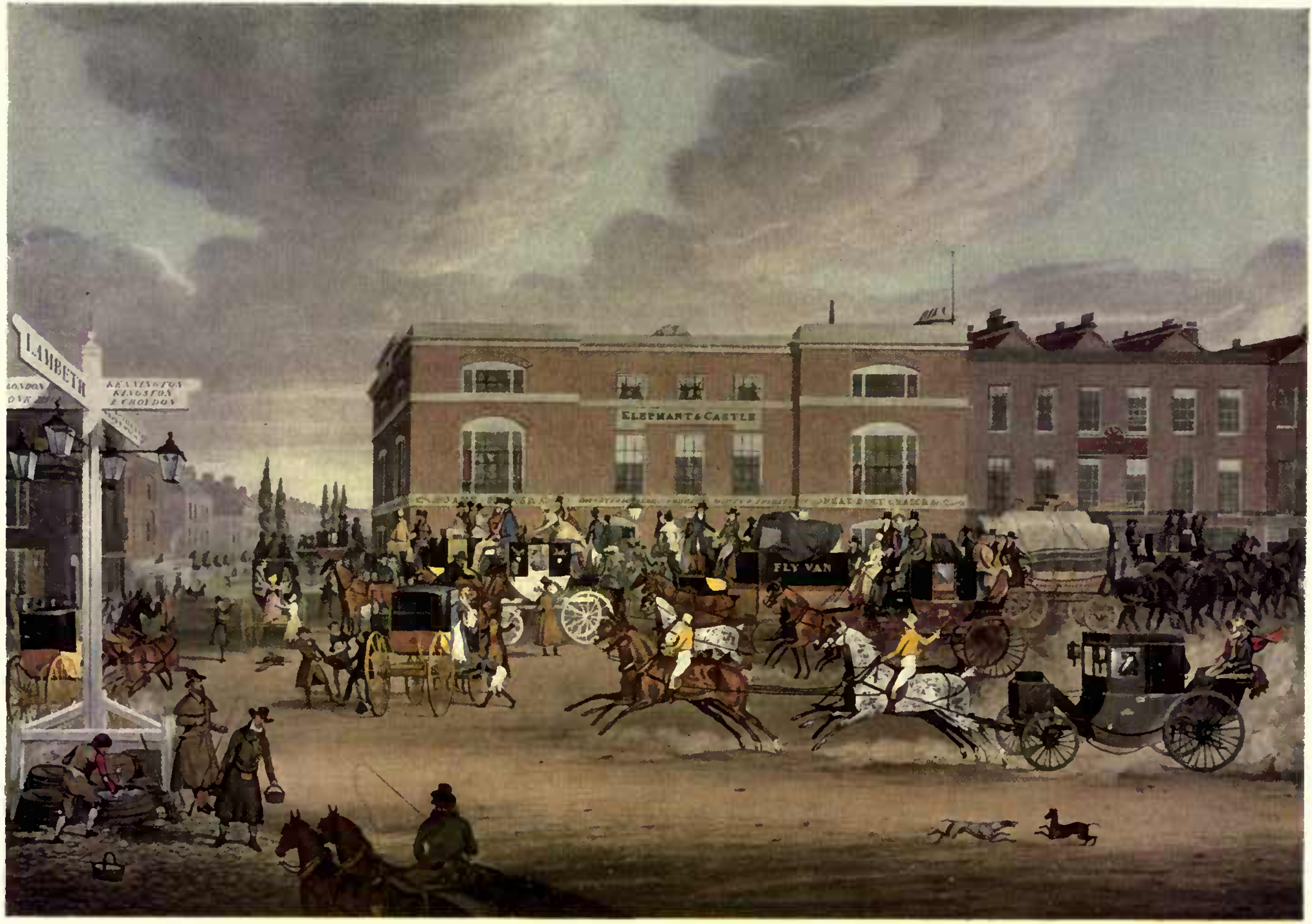
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" DRAWING-ROOM DAY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE." 1822. AQUATINT


JOSPH MILLER.
Fish Salesman and at Billinsgate.
MILLER

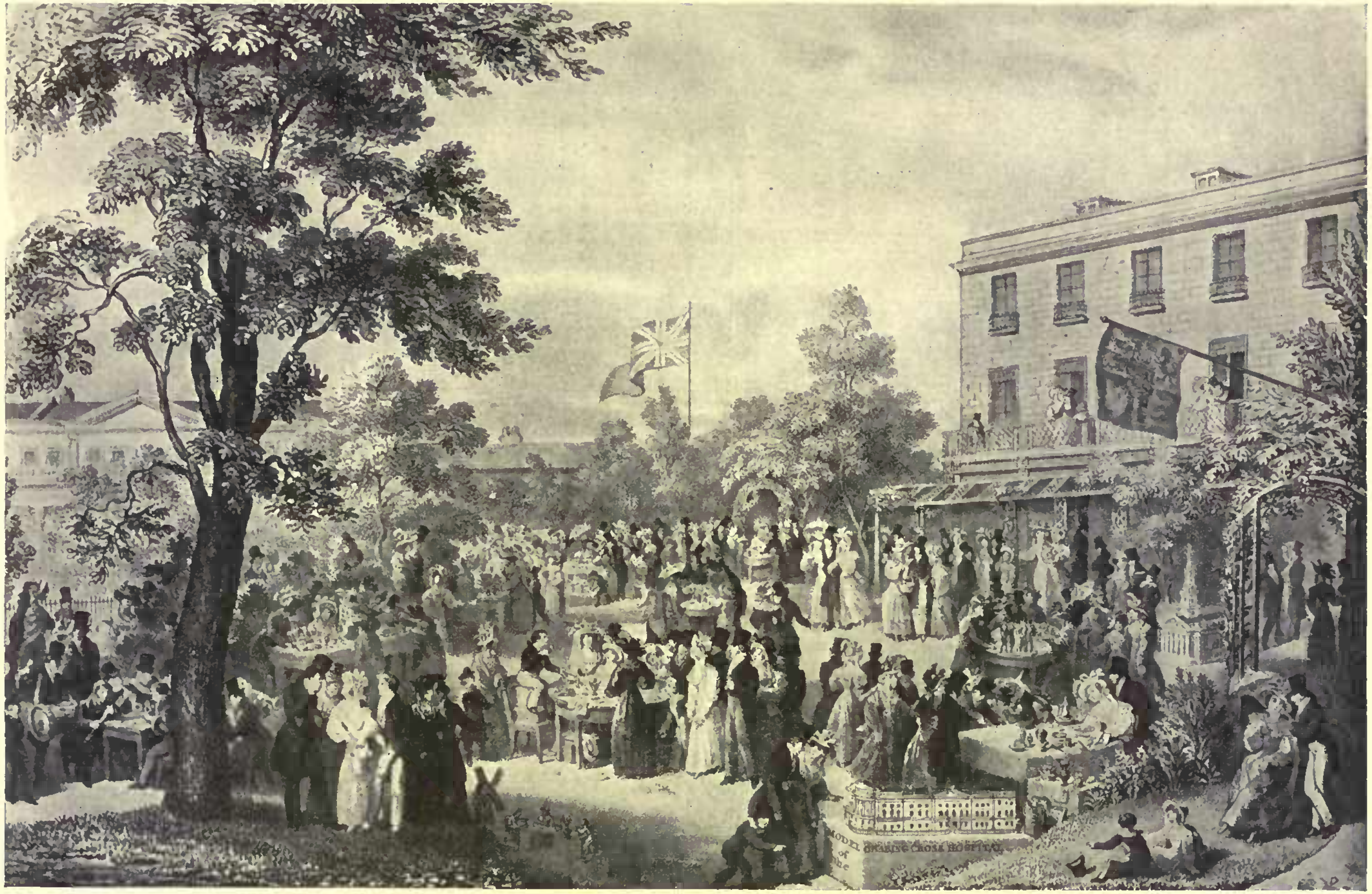
(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton*)

"WEST COUNTRY MAILS AT THE GLOUCESTER COFFEE HOUSE, PICCADILLY"
1828. COLOURED AQUATINT BY C. ROSENBERG AFTER JAMES POLLARD


LAMBETH
KENNINGTON
KINGSTON
& CROYDON
ELEPHANT & CASTLE
FLY VAN

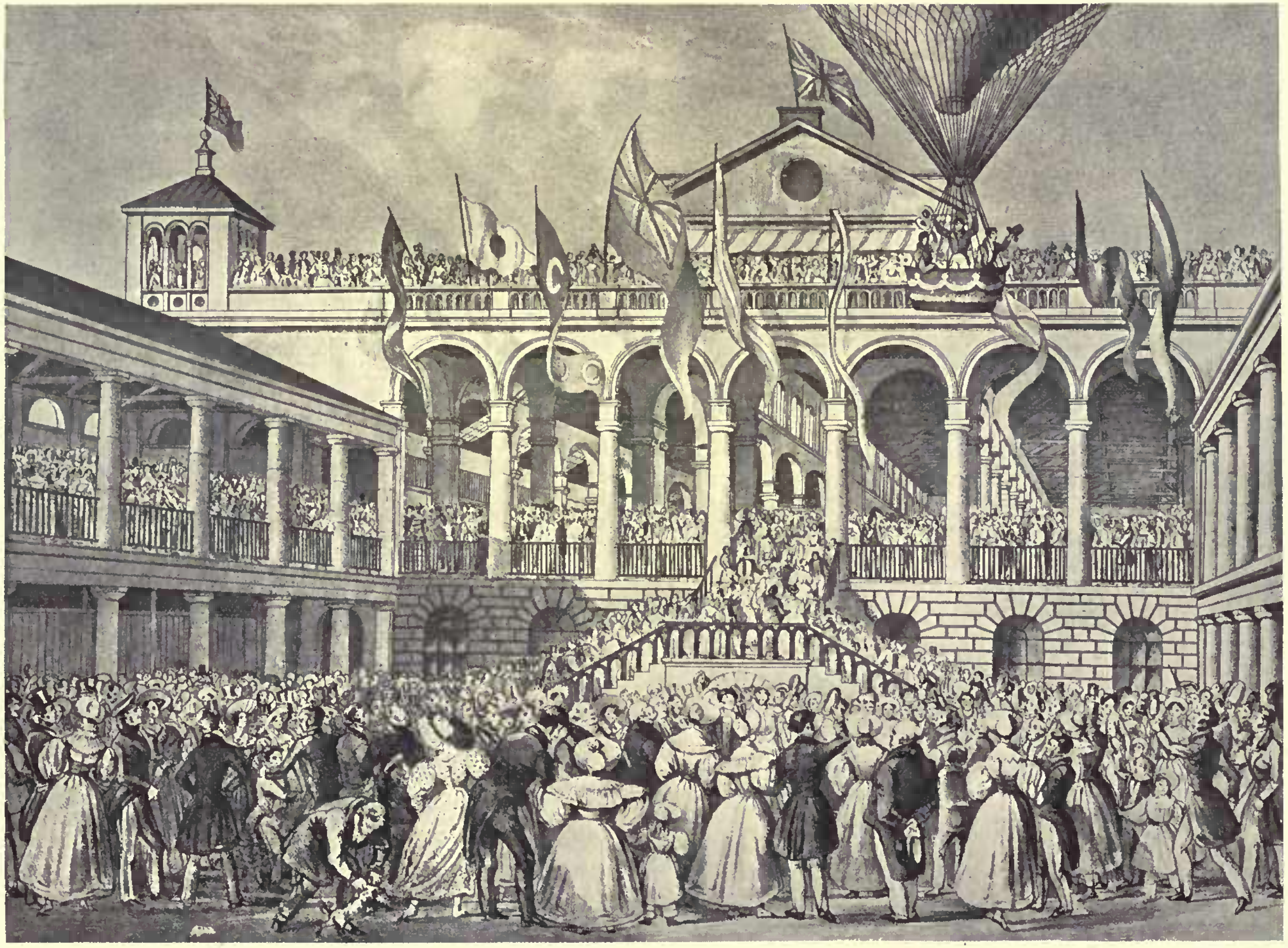
(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton*)

"THE 'ELEPHANT AND CASTLE' ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD." 1826
COLOURED AQUATINT BY THEODORE FIELDING AFTER JAMES POLLARD


MODEL
of
the
CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

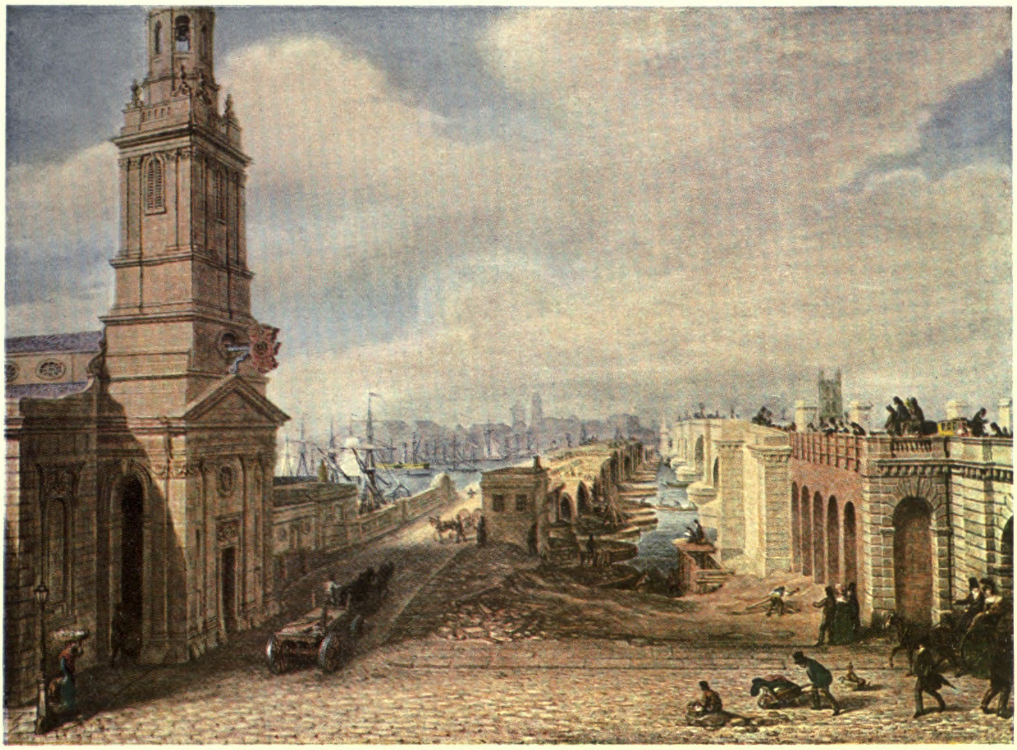
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" FANCY FAIR AT GOVERNOR PENN'S HOUSE IN SPRING GARDENS." 1830. LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE SCHARF



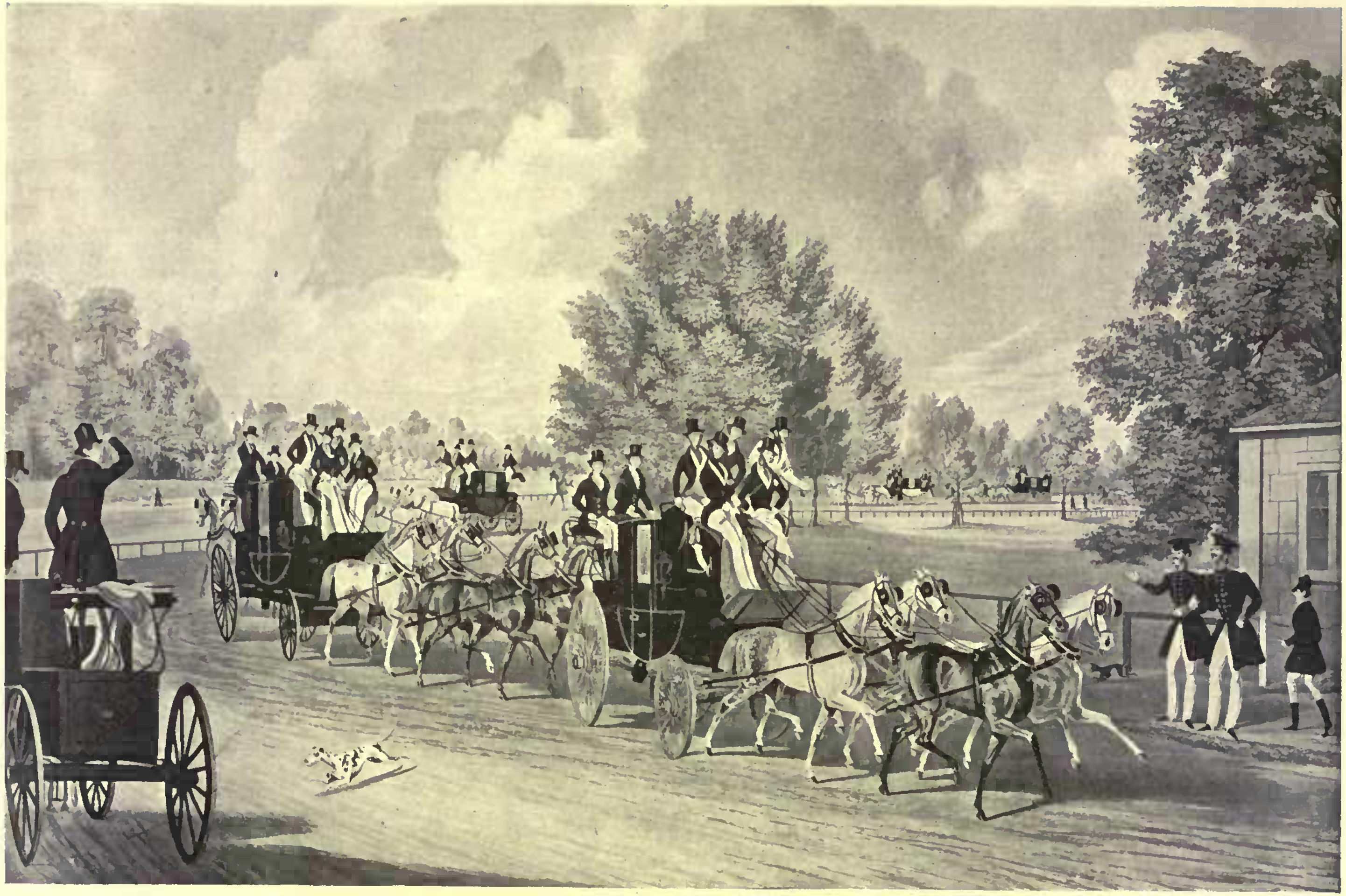
(*From a print in The British Museum*)

" OPENING OF NEW HUNGERFORD MARKET, JULY 2ND, 1833." LITHOGRAPH BY R. W. BILLINGS



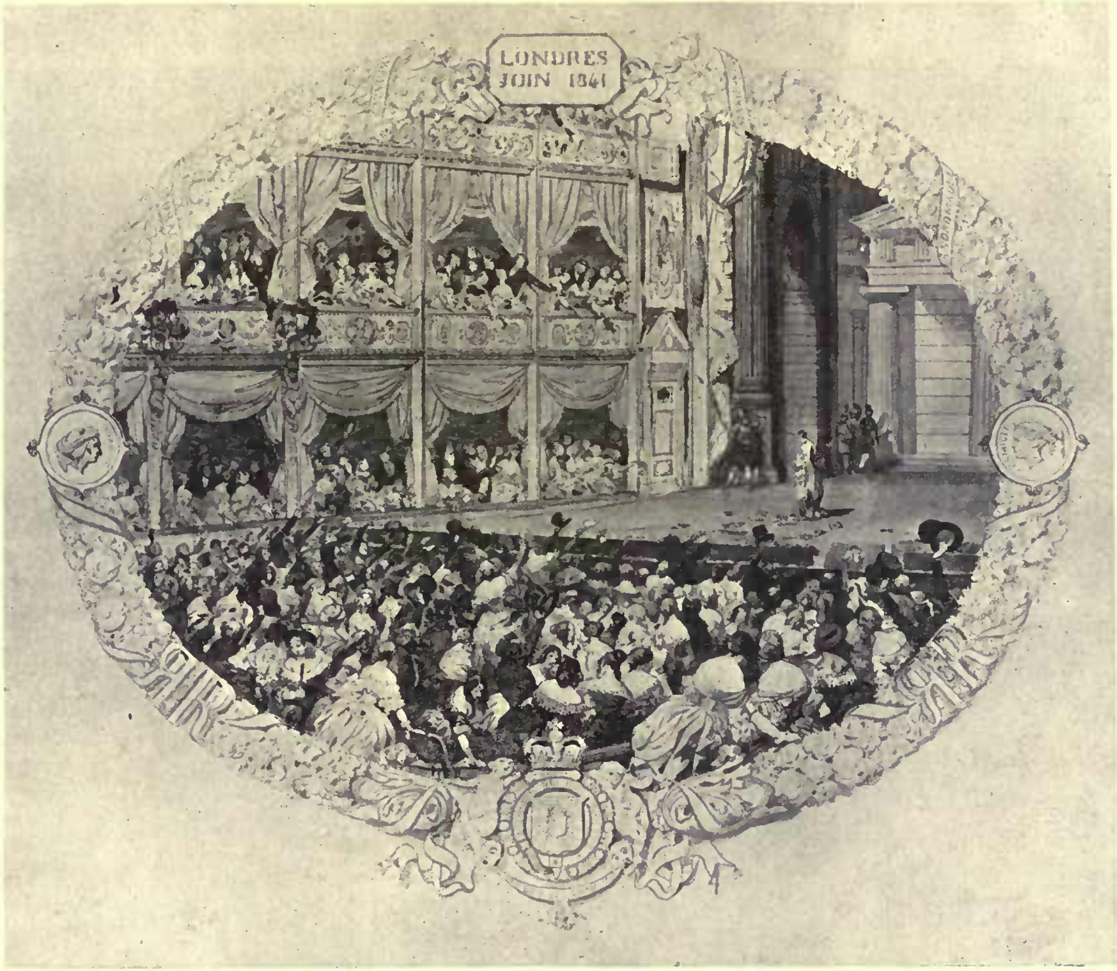
(From the original in The Guildhall Library, London)

"LONDON BRIDGES OLD AND NEW." 1831
WATER-COLOUR BY GEORGE SCHARF



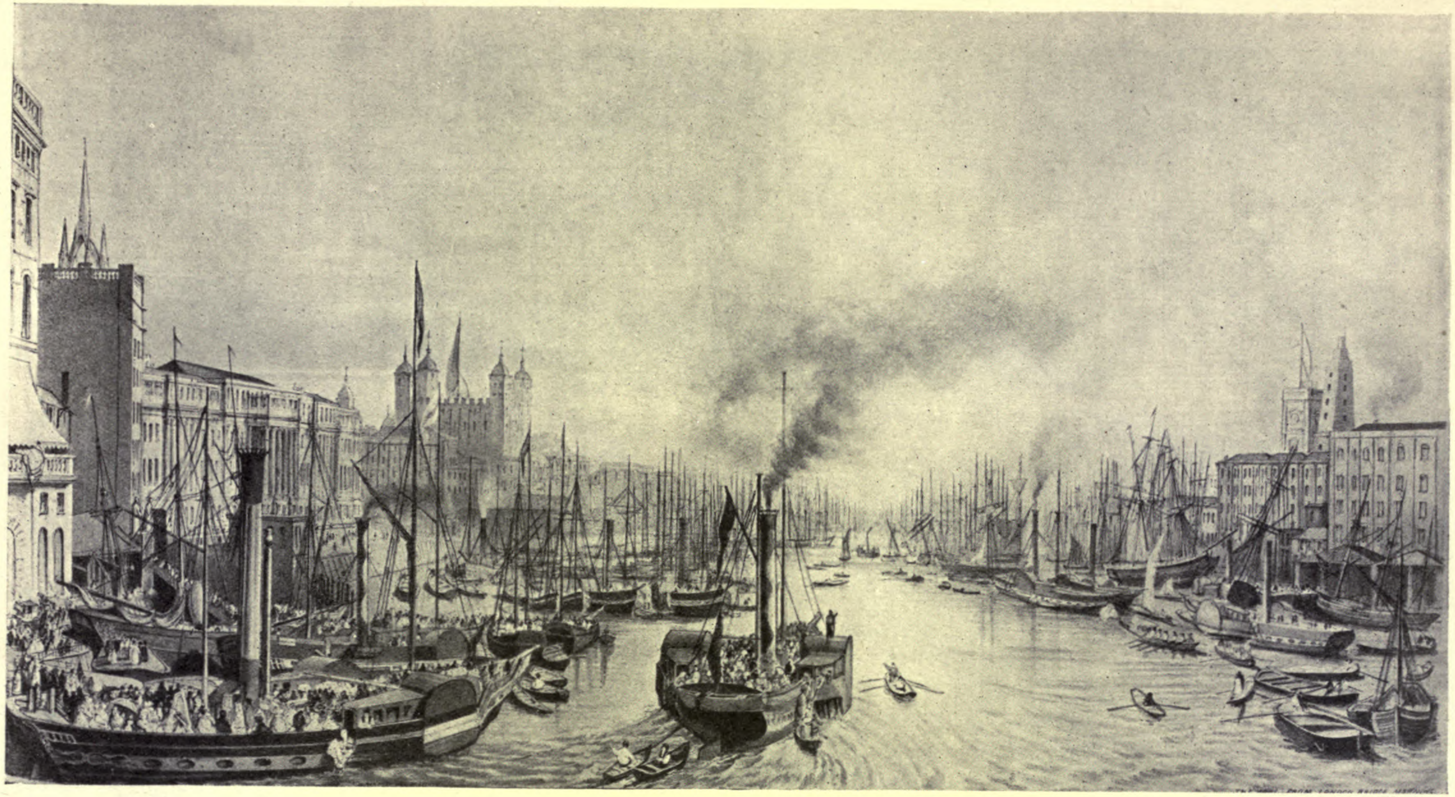
(From a print in *The British Museum*)

" THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK." 1838. COLOURED AQUATINT BY J. HARRIS AFTER JAMES POLLARD



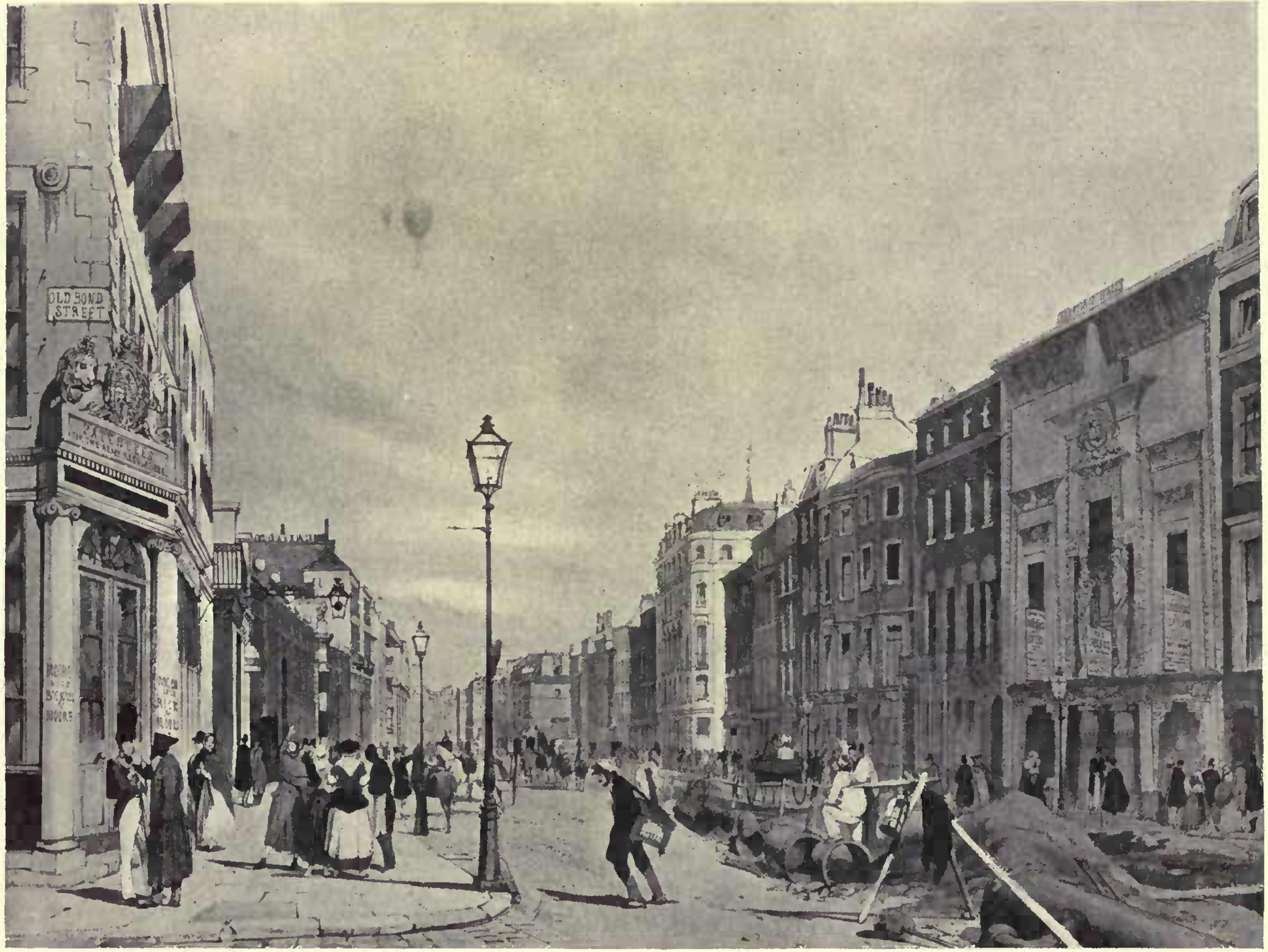
"RACHEL AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON." 1841. WATER-COLOUR BY EUGÈNE LOUIS LAMI

(From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum)



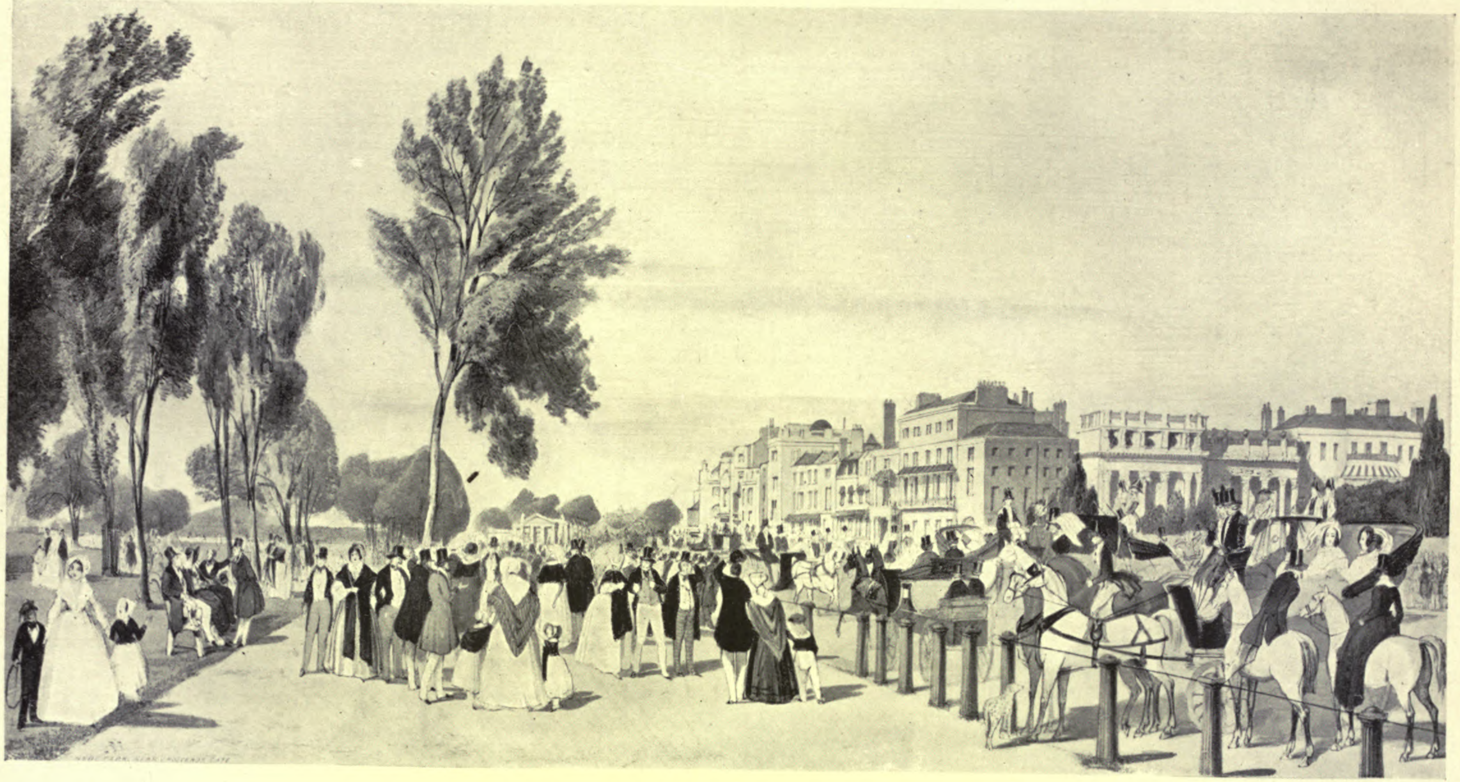
"THE POOL: STEAMER TRIPS." 1841. LITHOGRAPH BY W. PARROTT

(*From a print in The British Museum*)


OLD BOND STREET

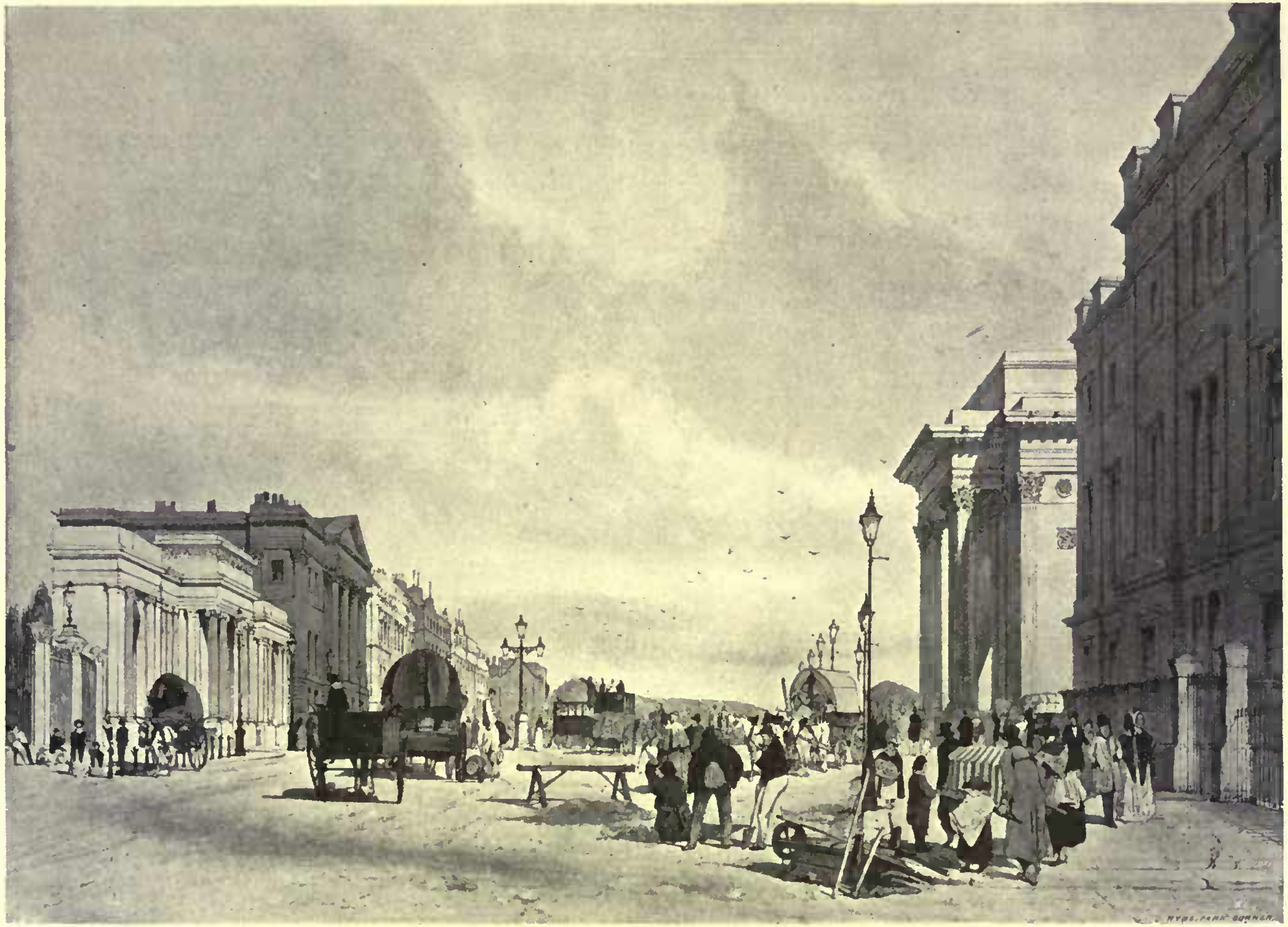
"BALLOONS OVER PICCADILLY." 1842. COLOURED LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS

(From a print in the possession of Mr. H. C Dickins)



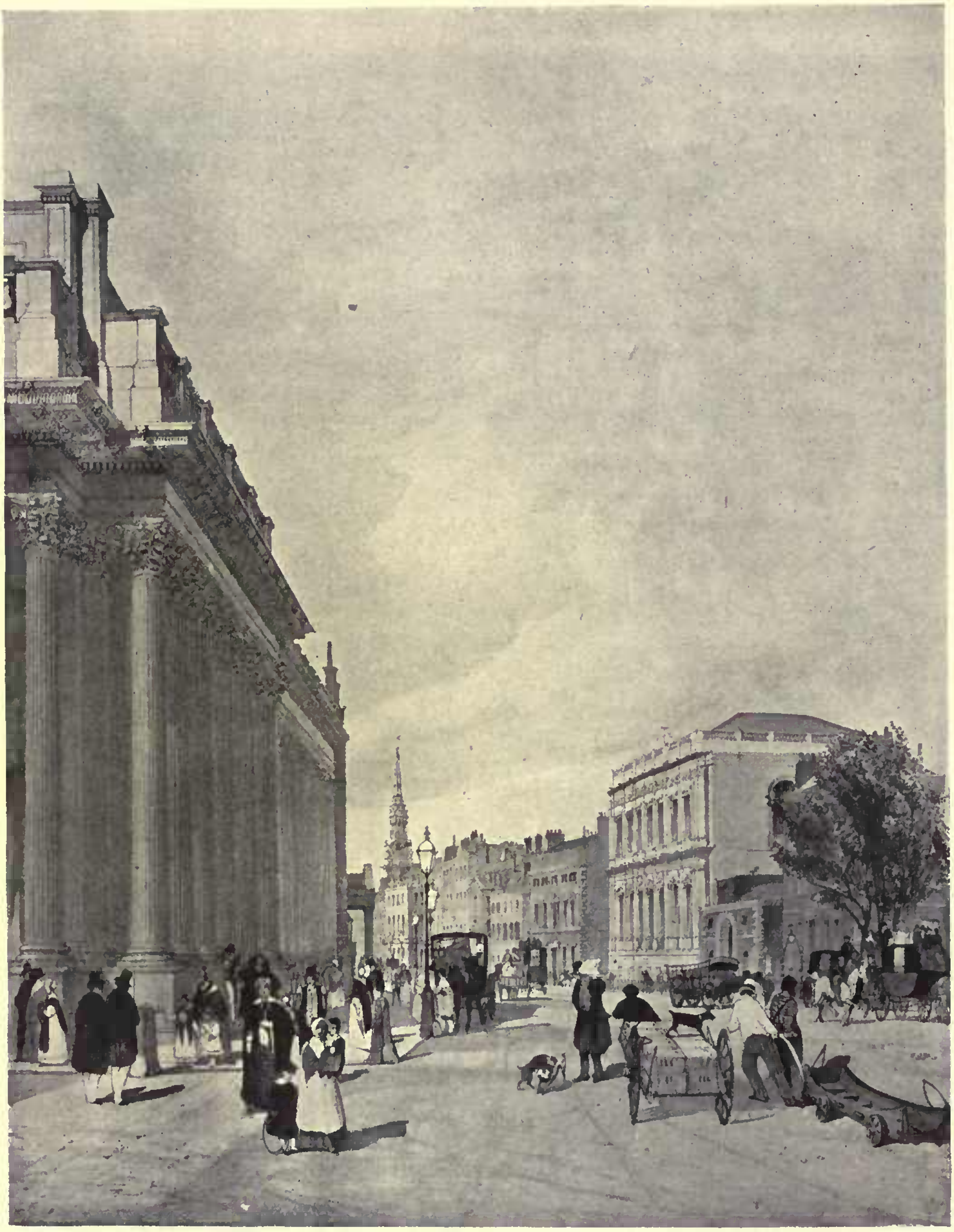
(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, The Leicester Galleries*)

"SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK." 1842. COLOURED LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS


HYDE PARK CORNER.

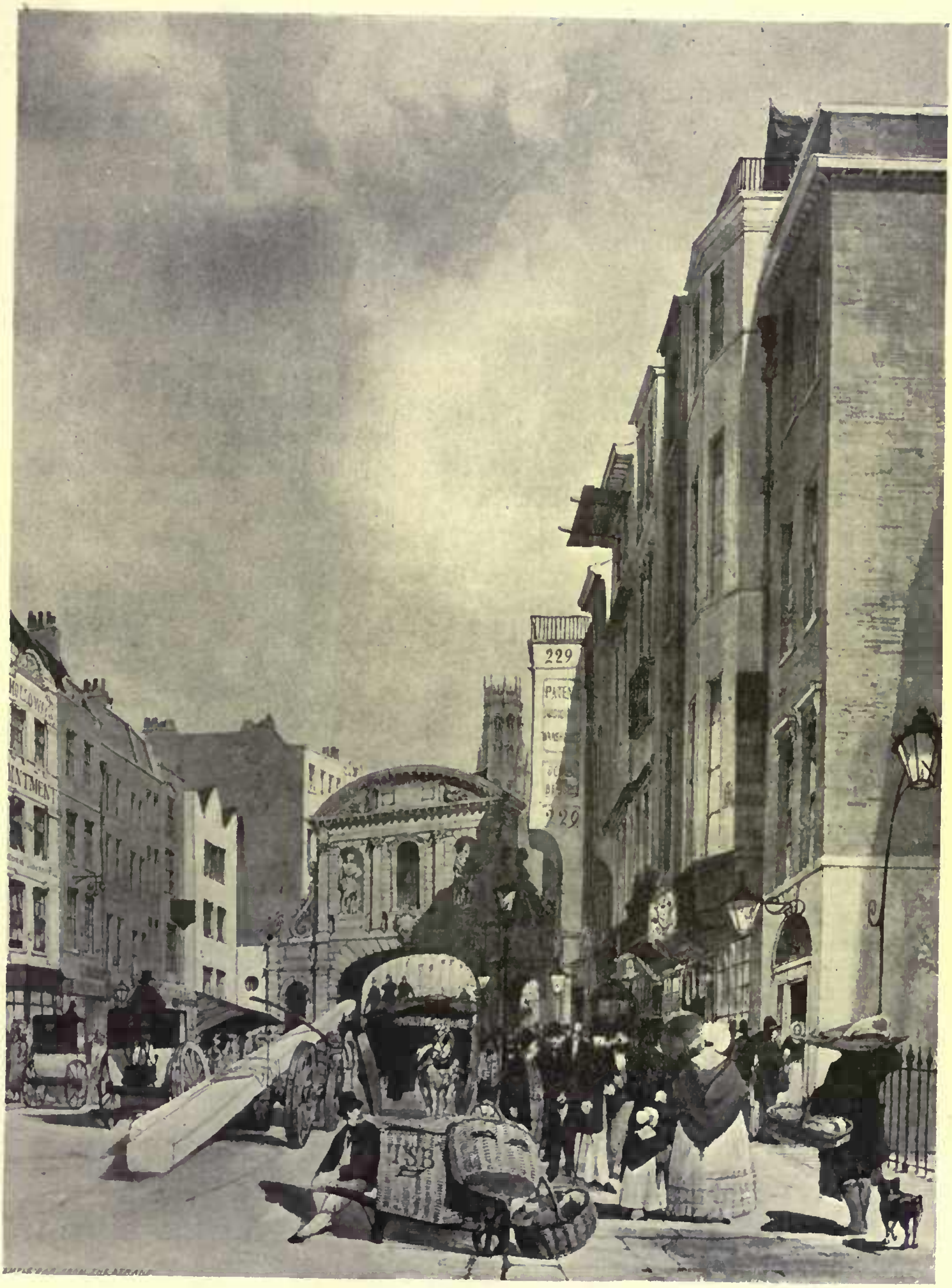
(From a print in the possession of Mr. H. C. Dickins)

" AT HYDE PARK CORNER." 1842. LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS



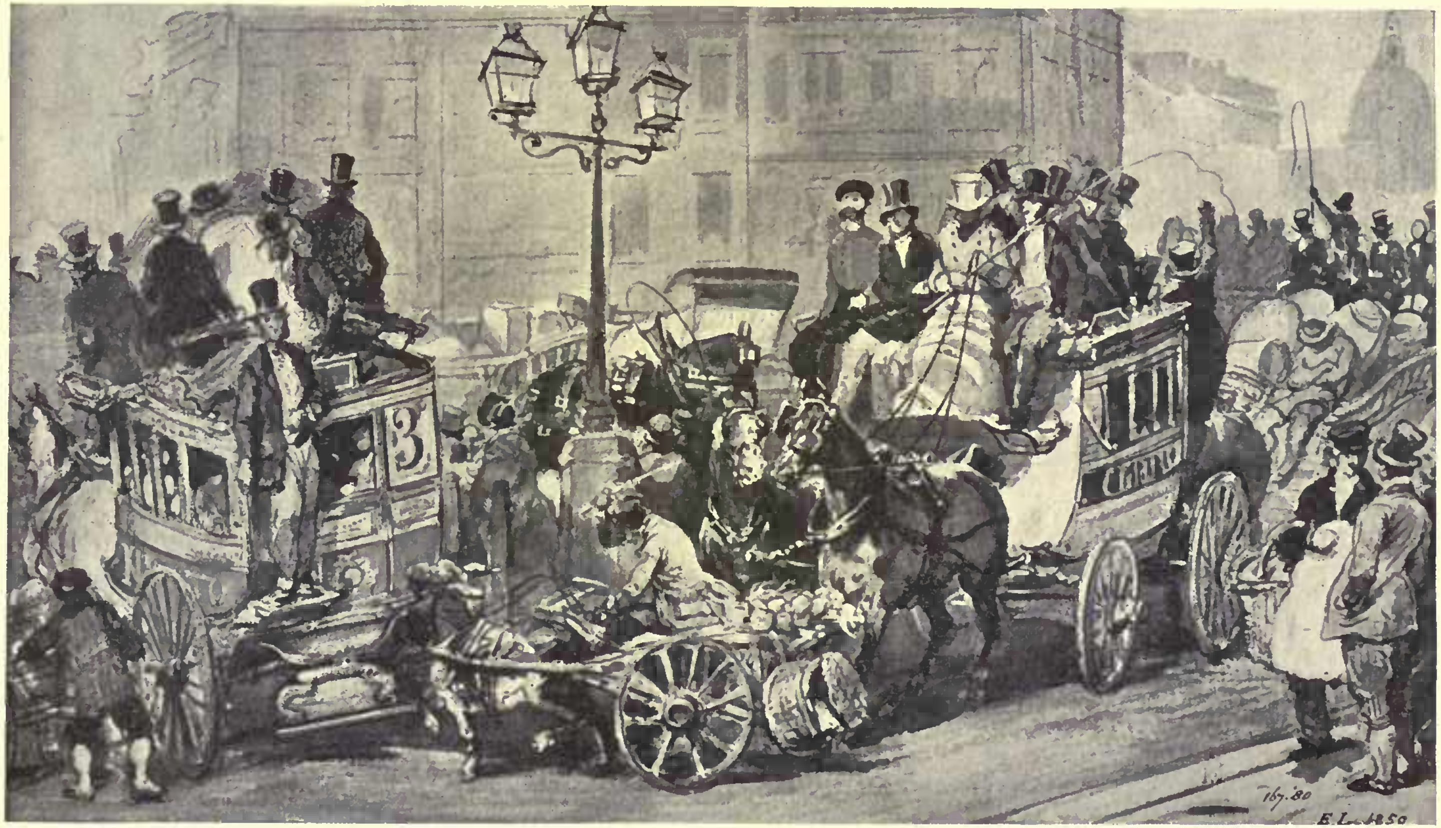
" IN WHITEHALL." 1842. LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS

(From a print in the possession of Mr. H. C. Dickins)


229
229
EMPLE BAR FROM THE STRAND

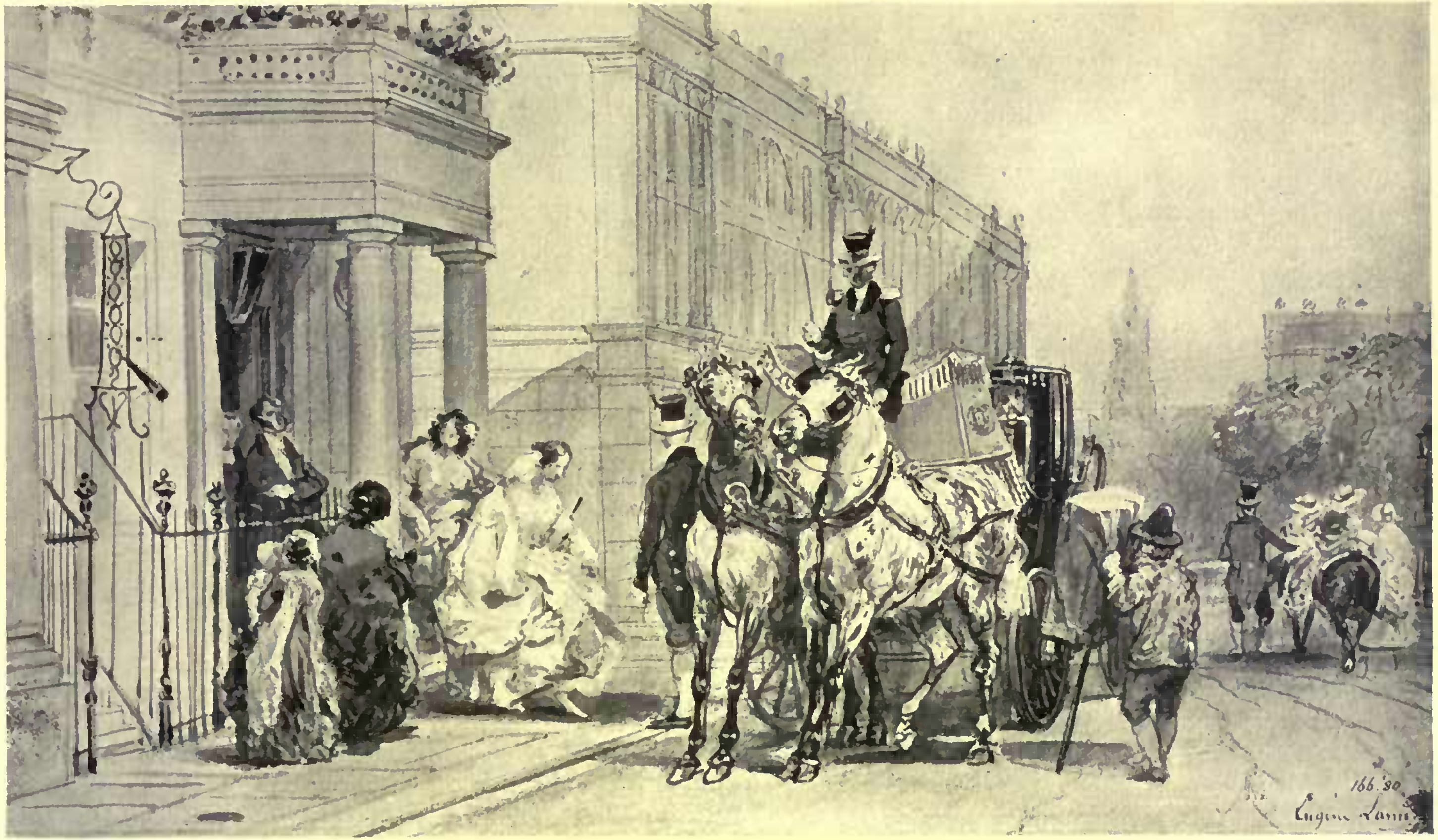
(*From a print in the possession of Mr. H. C. Dickins*)

" TRAFFIC AT TEMPLE BAR." 1842
LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS



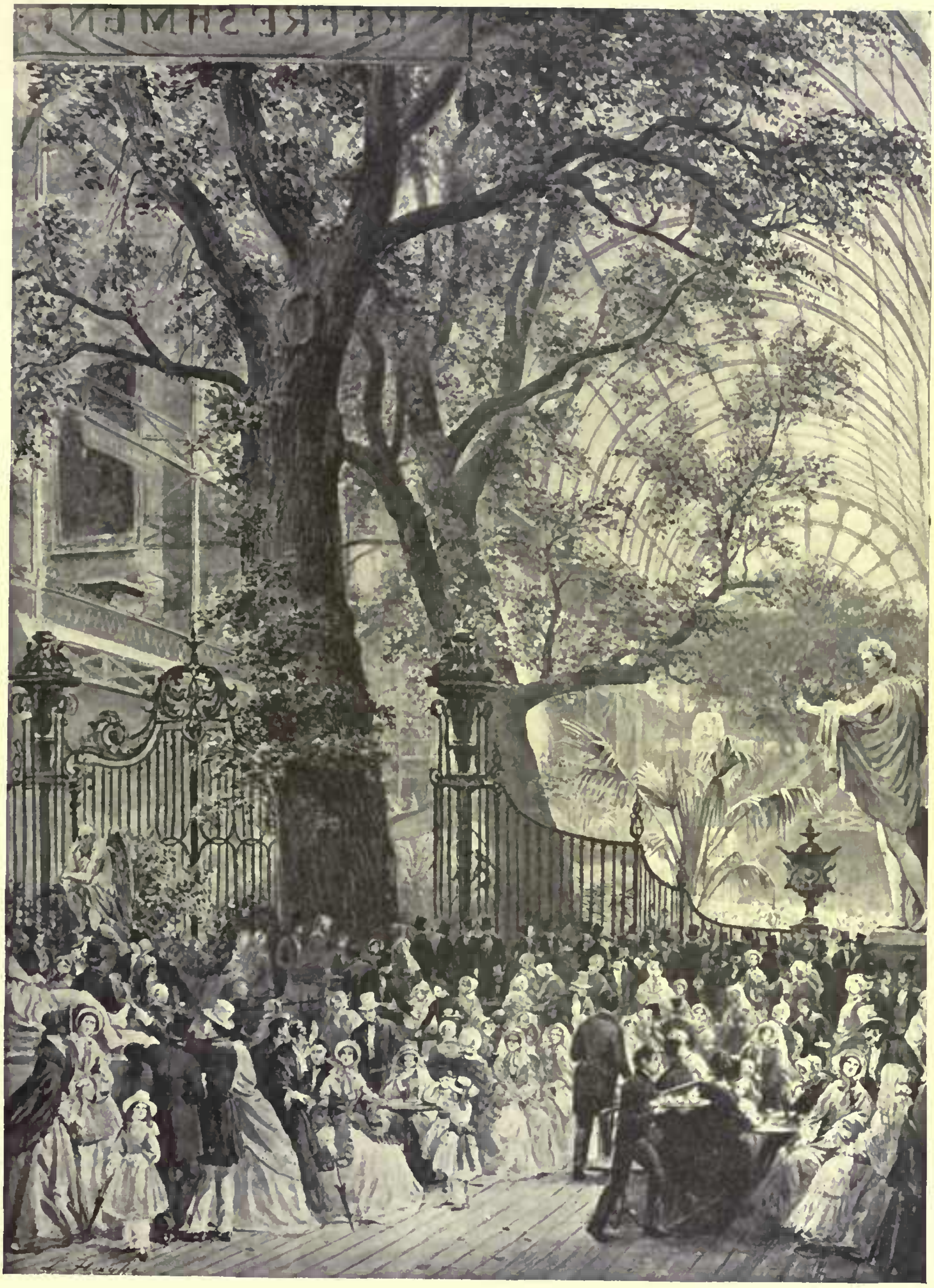
"TRAFFIC AT CHARING CROSS." 1850
WATER-COLOUR BY EUGÈNE LOUIS LAMI

(From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum)



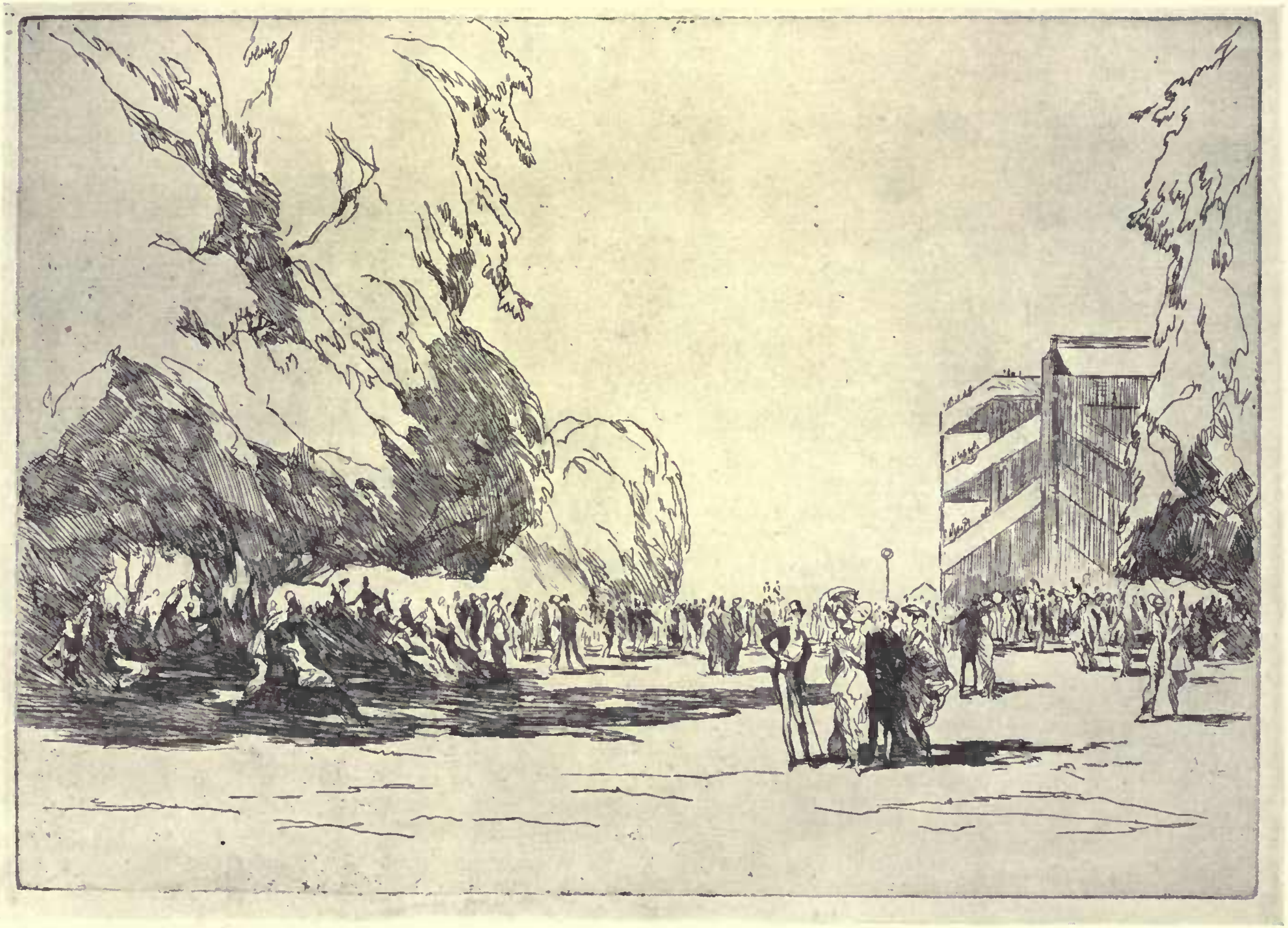
(From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum)

" IN EATON SQUARE." 1850. WATER-COLOUR BY EUGÈNE LOUIS LAMI

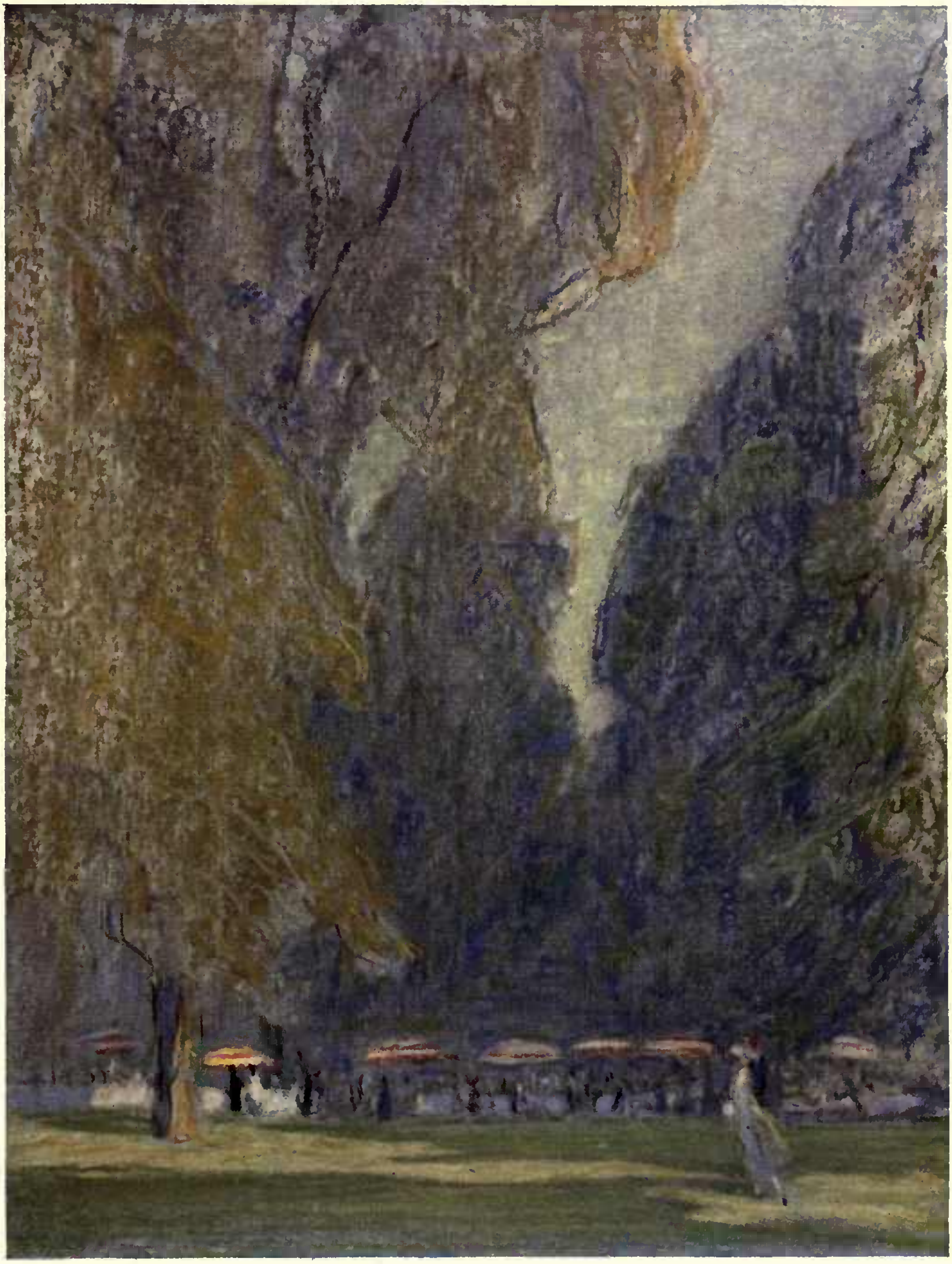


(From the original in The Victoria and Albert Museum)

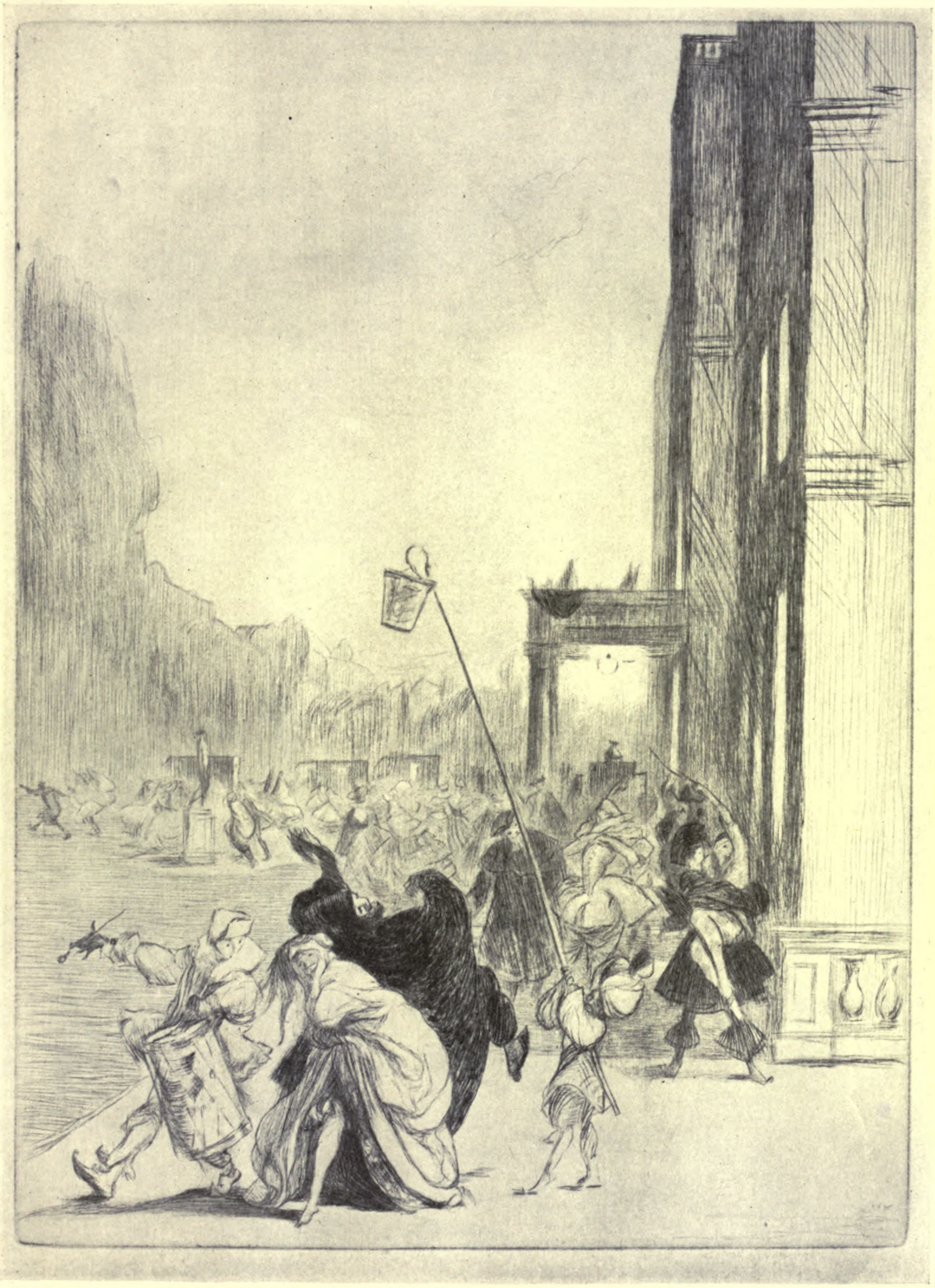
" AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851 "
WATER-COLOUR BY LOUIS HAGHE



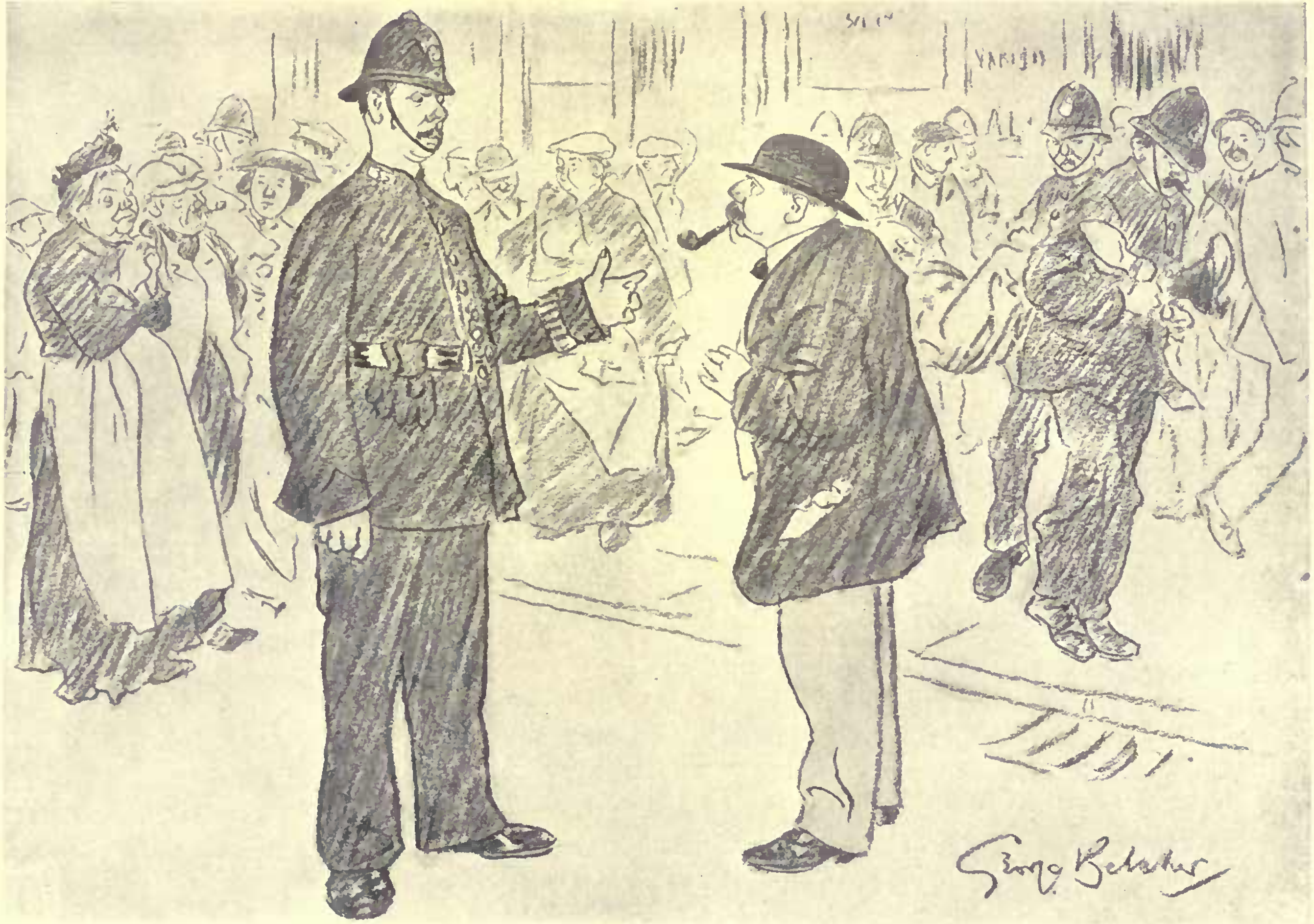
" ASCOT—THE PADDOCK, 1914." ETCHING BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.



"TEA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS." 1914. PASTEL
DRAWING BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.



"AFTER THE FANCY DRESS BALL." DRY POINT BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.



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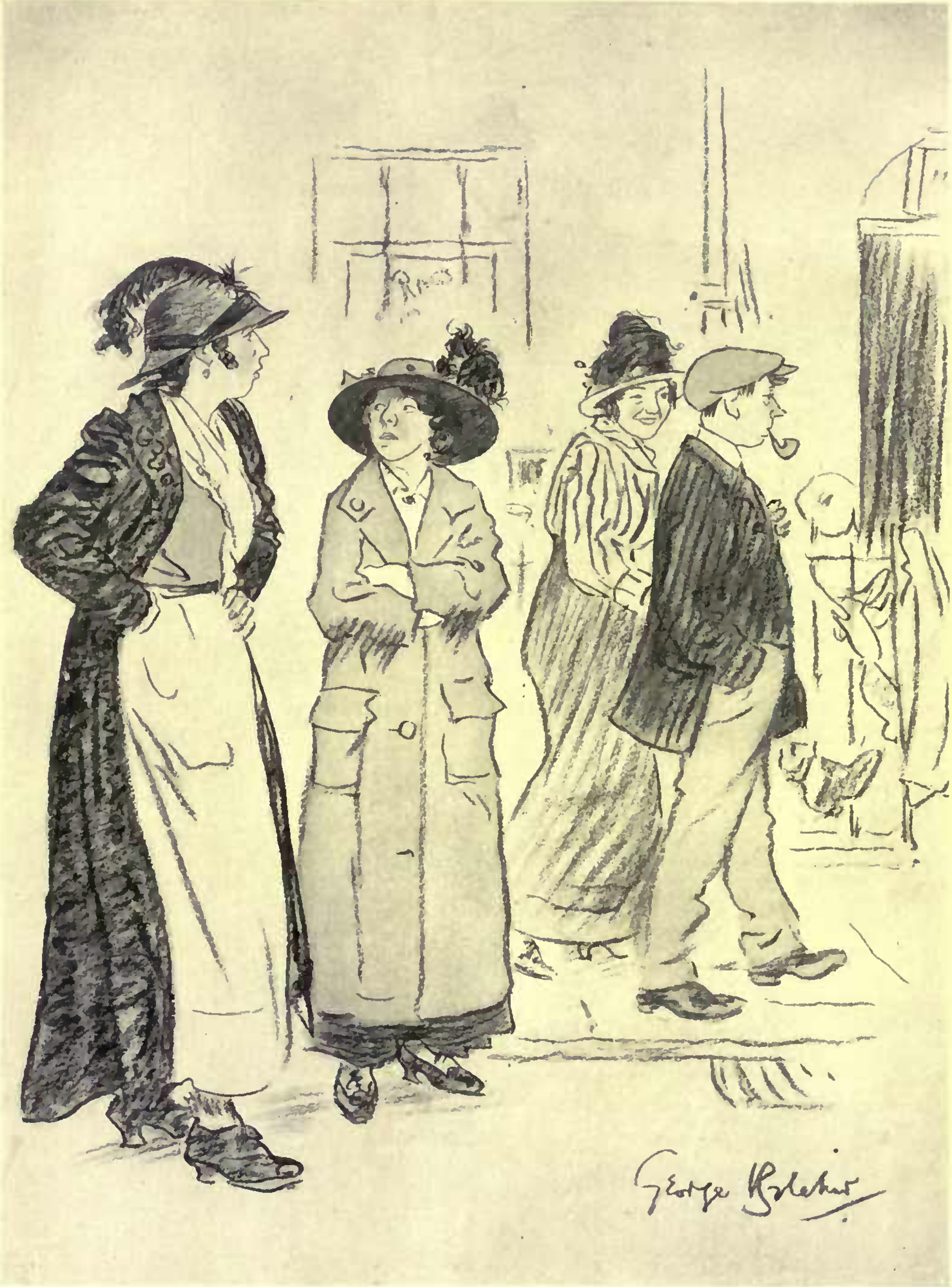
" POLICE AND THE PEOPLE." CHALK DRAWING BY GEORGE BELCHER


George Belcher

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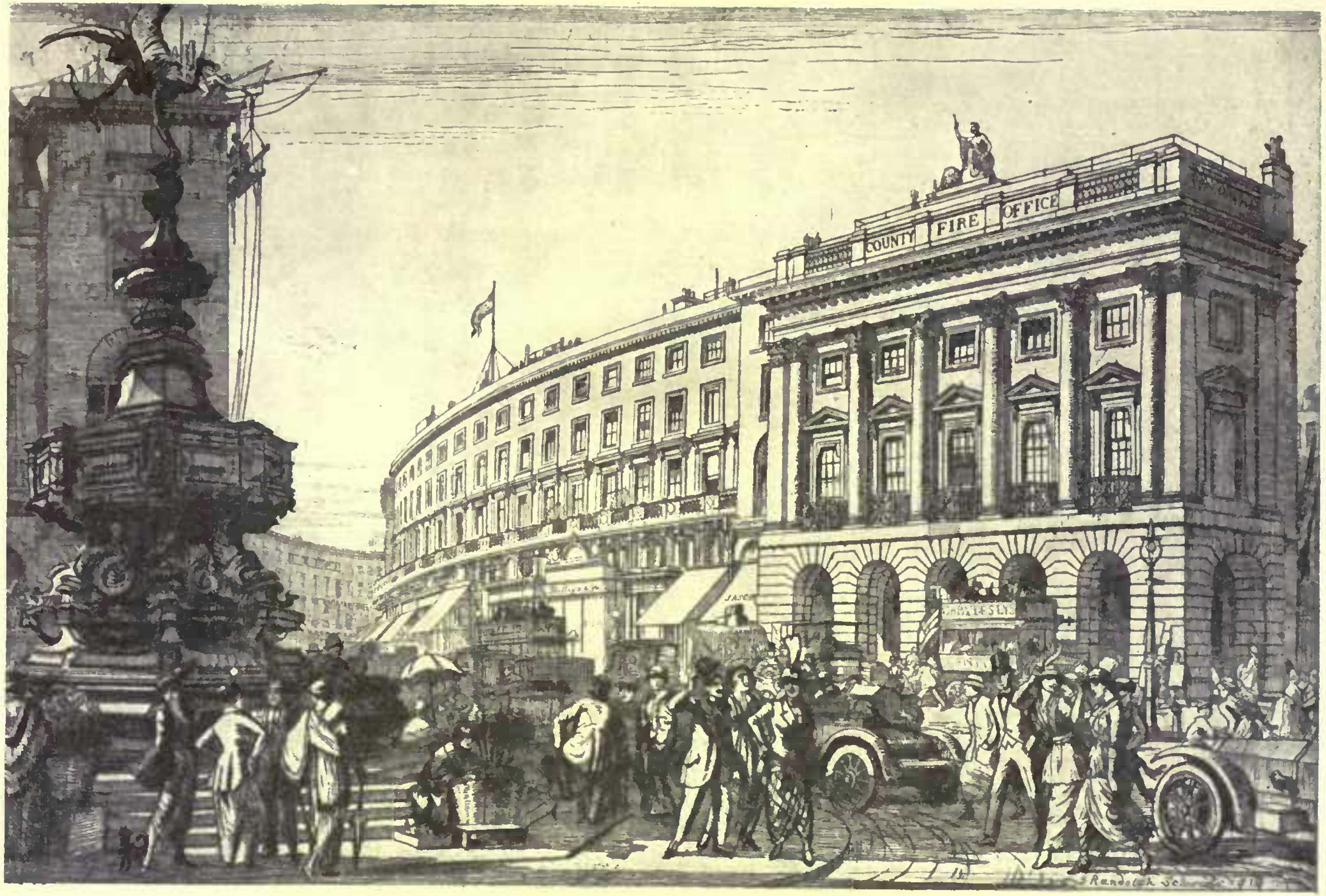
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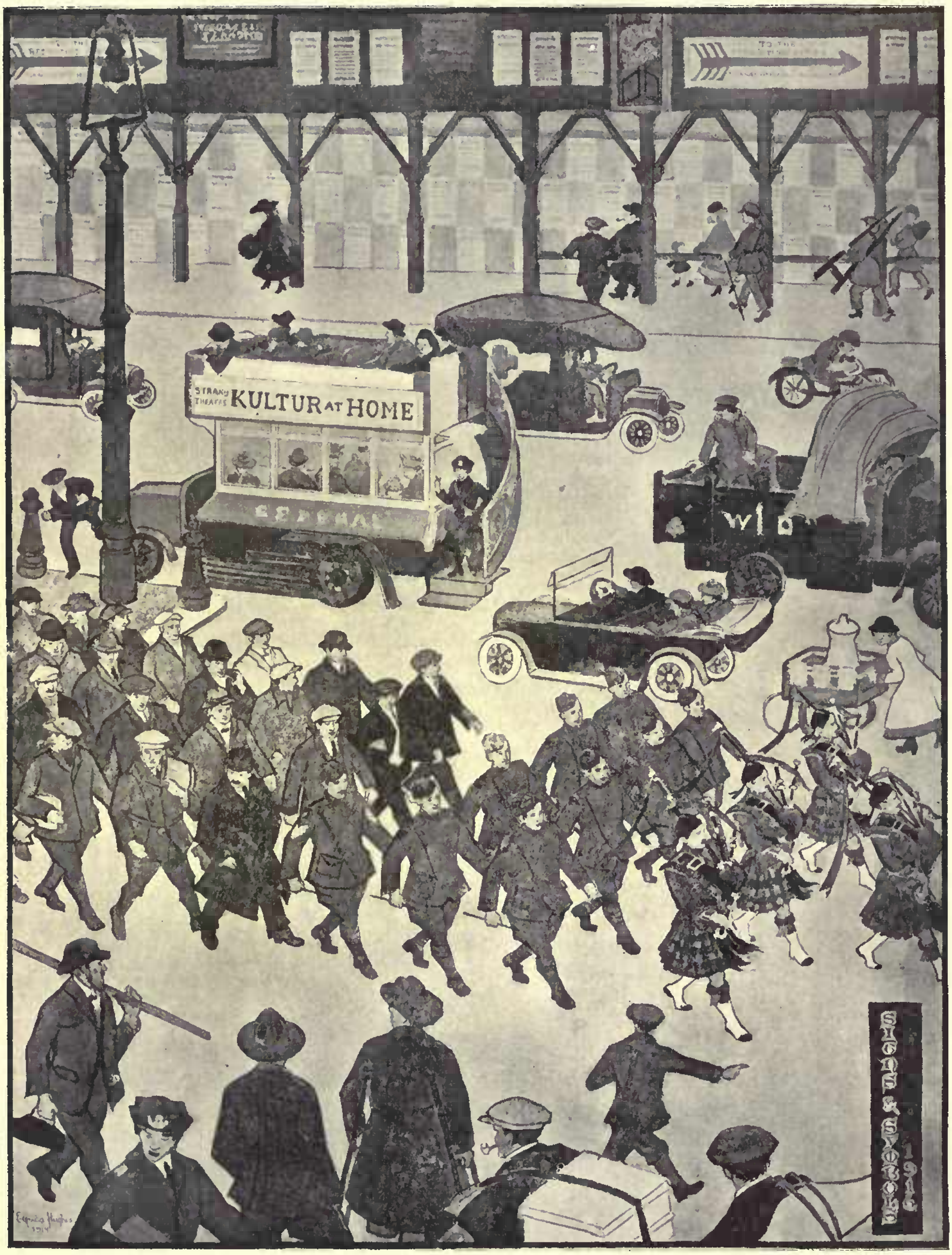
" THE TRAFFIC AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS." 1914. ETCHING BY RANDOLPH SCHWABE


STRAND THEATRE
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Elfrida Hughes 1916

"IN PICCADILLY." 1916. WATER-COLOUR BY ELFRIDA HUGHES

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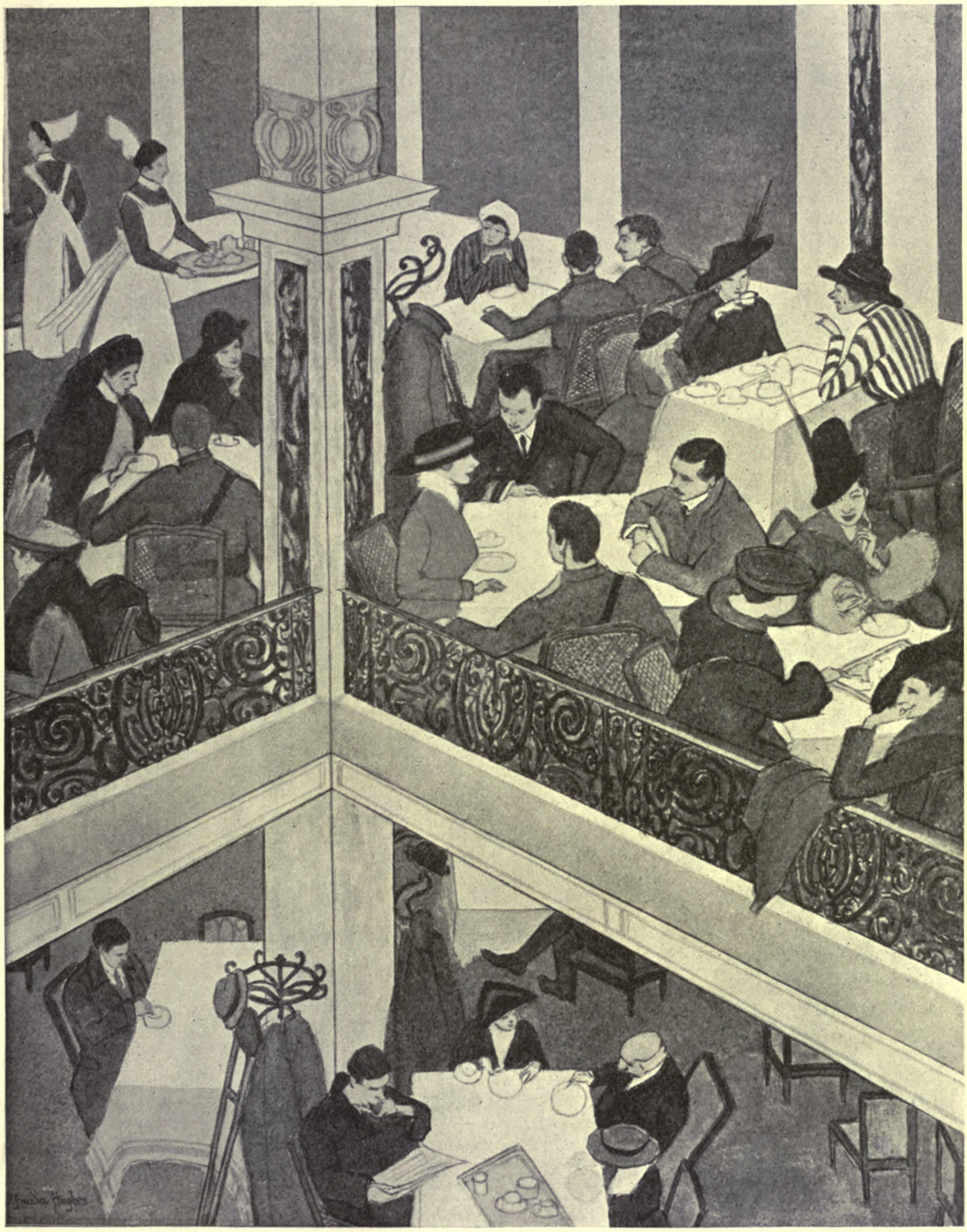
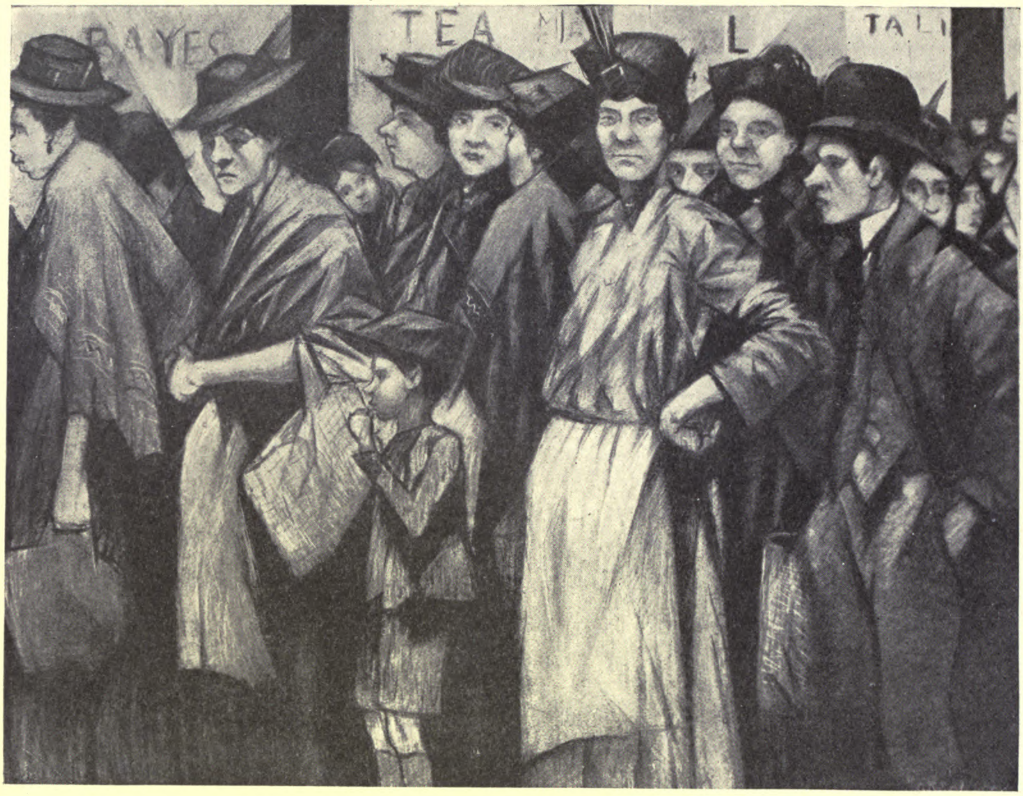


" THE CORNER HOUSE." 1917. WATER-COLOUR BY ELFRIDA HUGHES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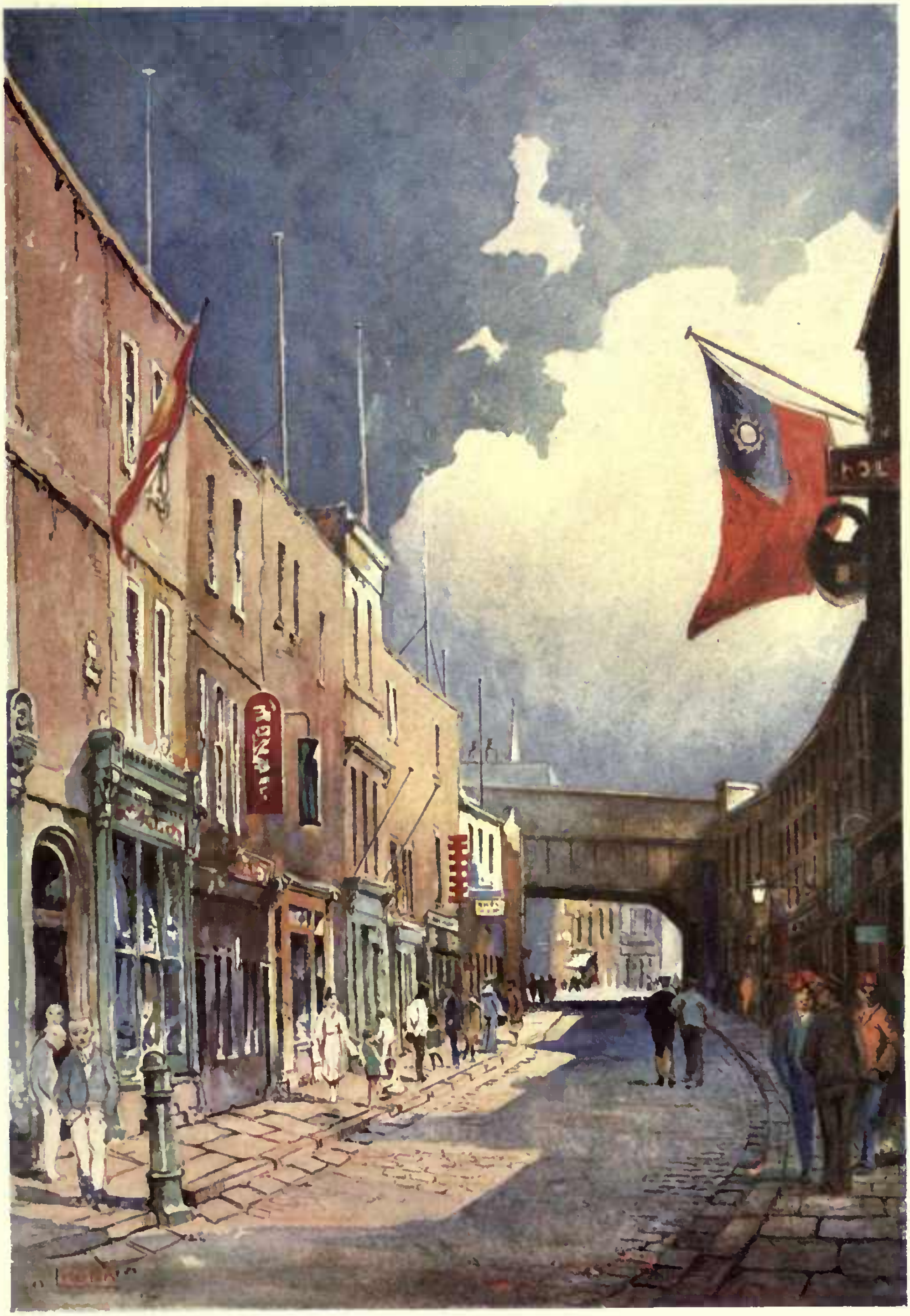
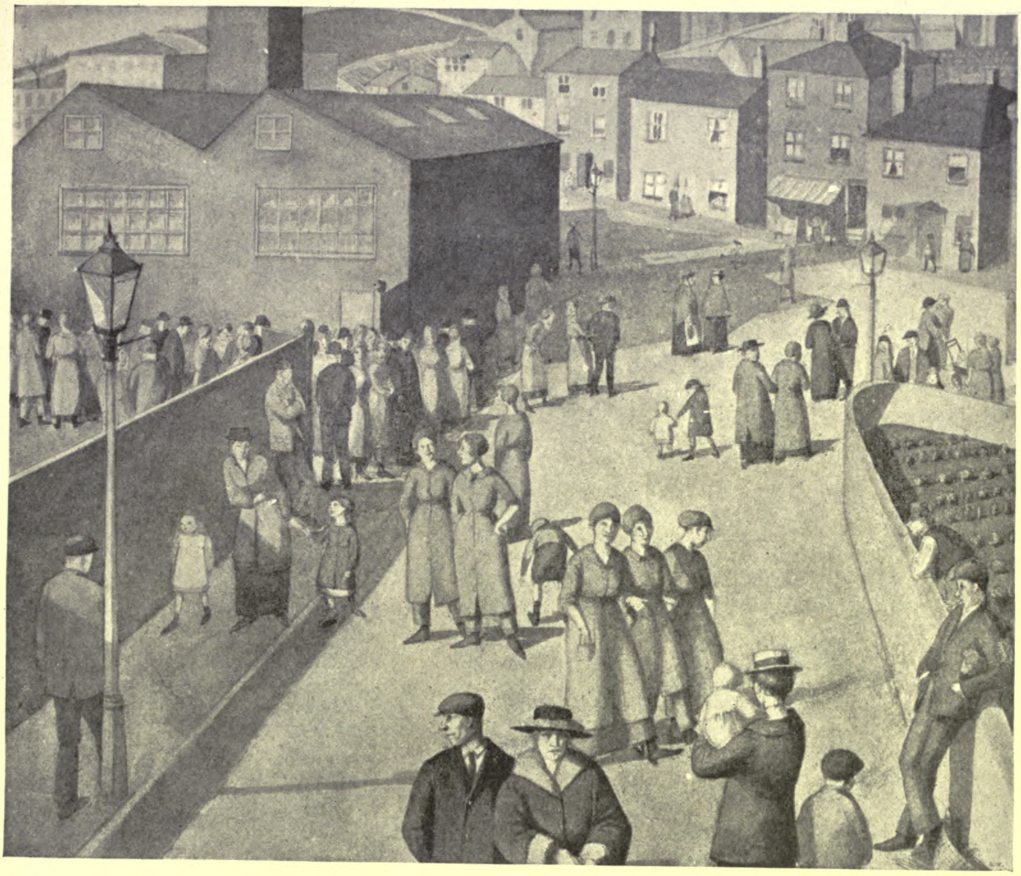
“ THE QUEUE.” 1918. DRAWING BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



"CHINATOWN." 1920. WATER-COLOUR BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E.



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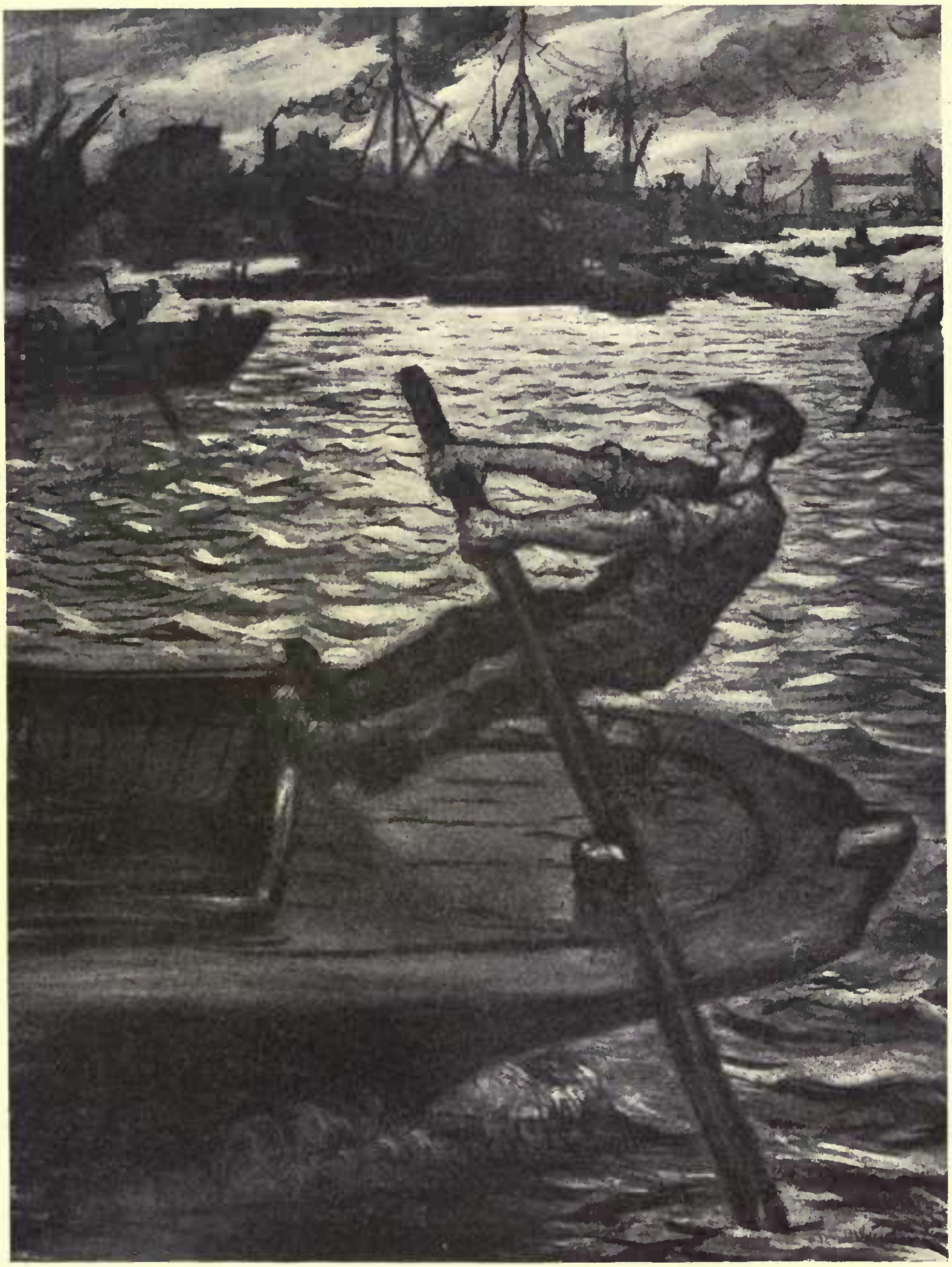
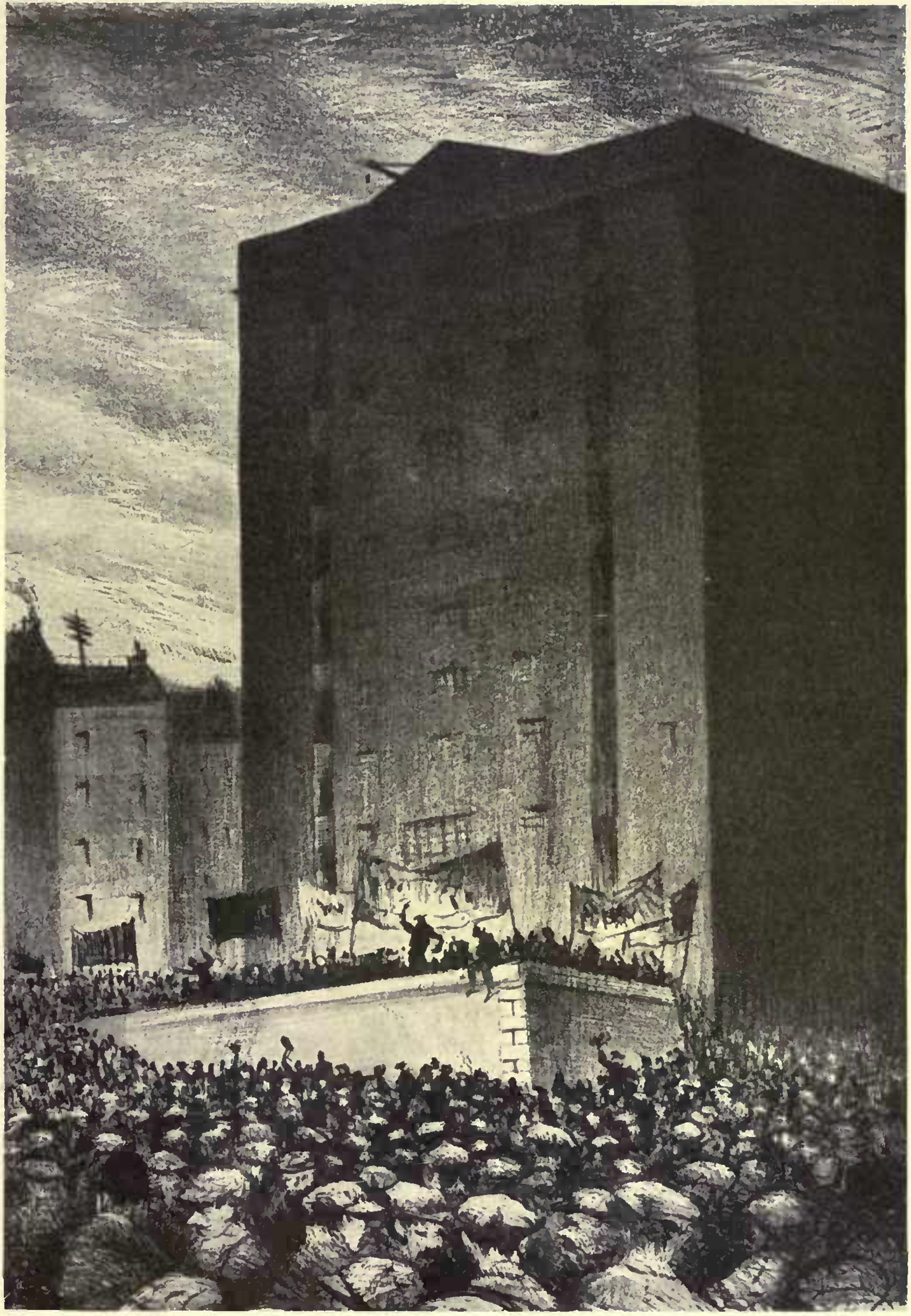
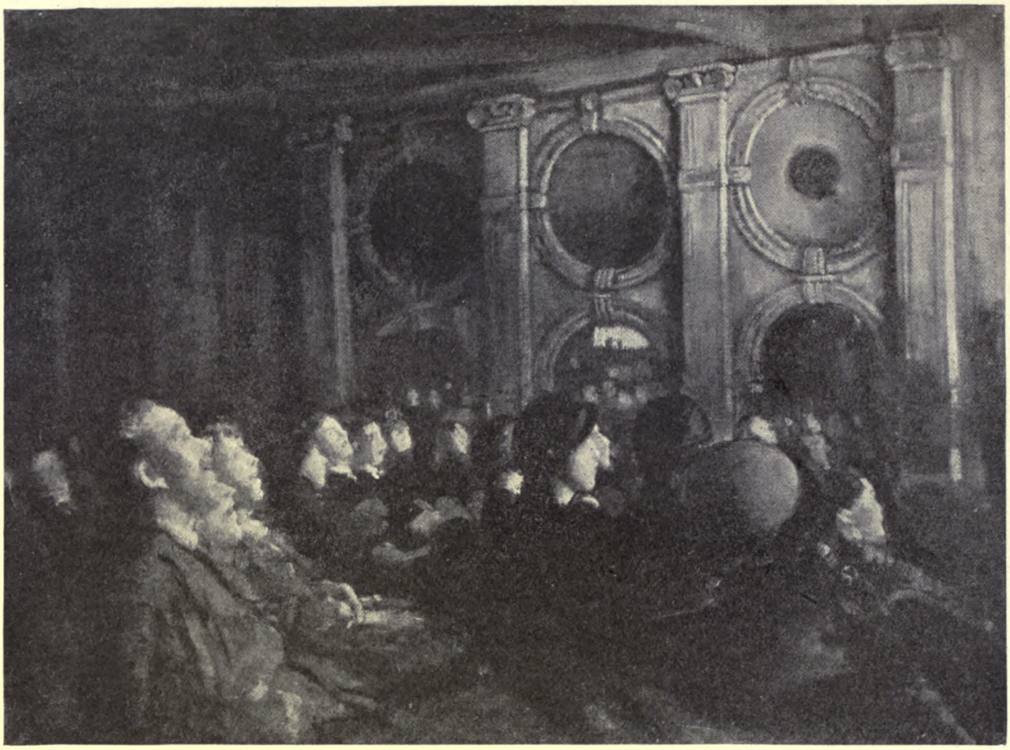
"LEAVING THE MUNITION WORKS." 1918
WATER-COLOUR BY WINIFRED JANE KNIGHTS



" THE BARGEE." CHALK DRAWING BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



"THE RAILWAY STRIKE—MEETING ON TOWER HILL." 1919. LITHOGRAPH BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



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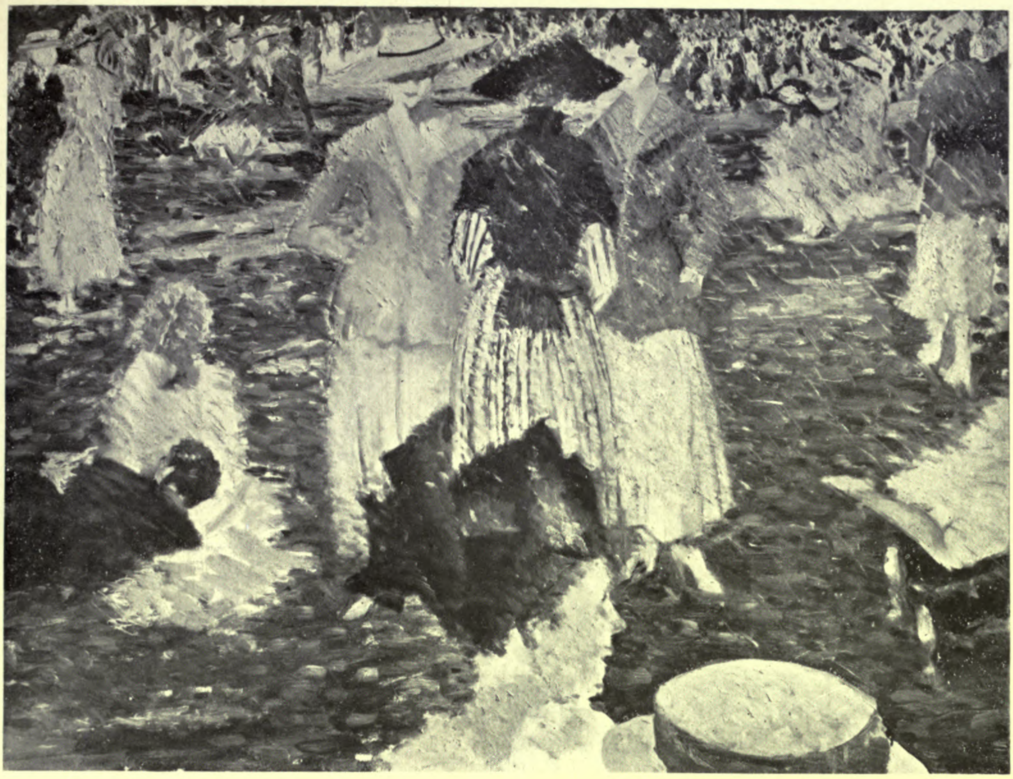
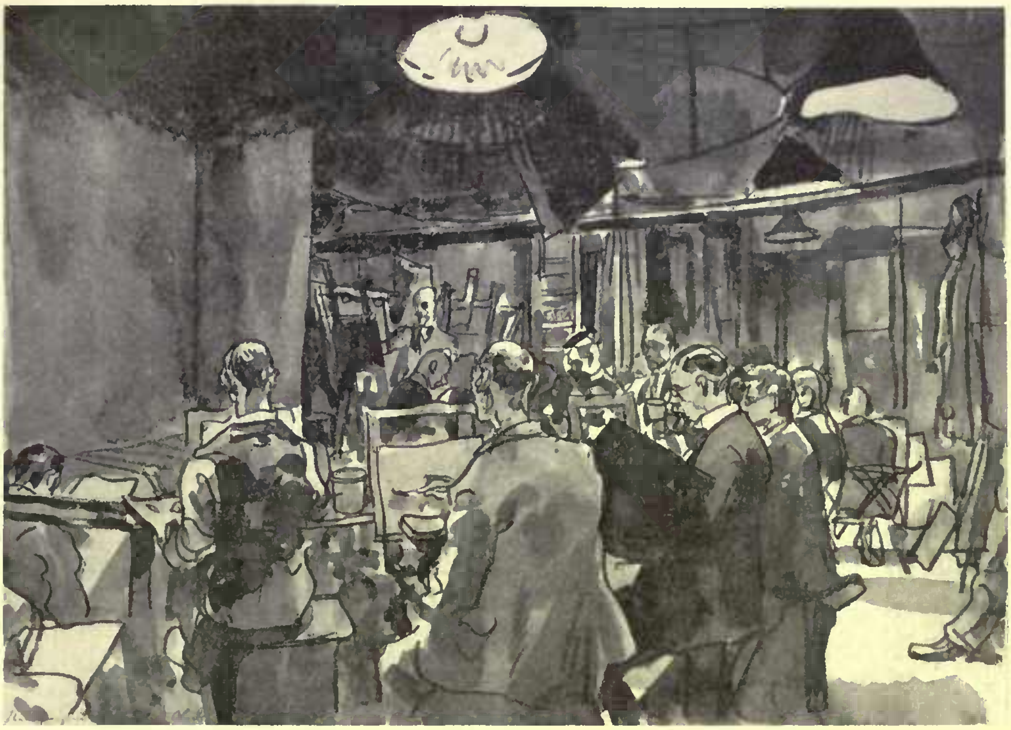


" SUNDAY ON CLAPHAM COMMON." 1919
OIL PAINTING BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



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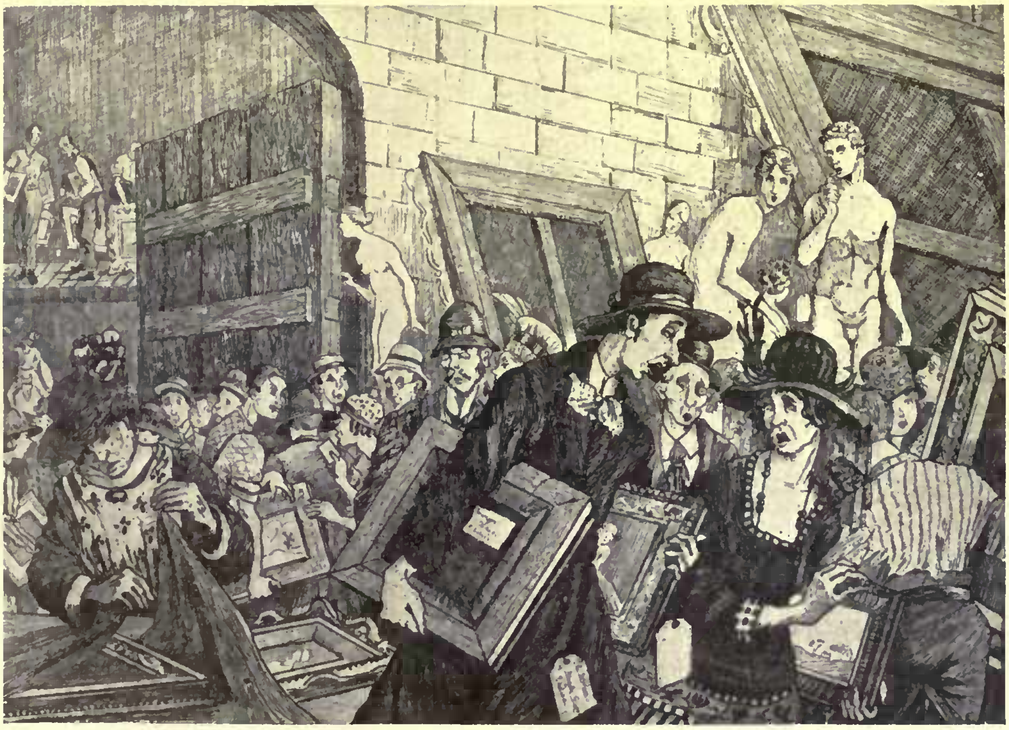
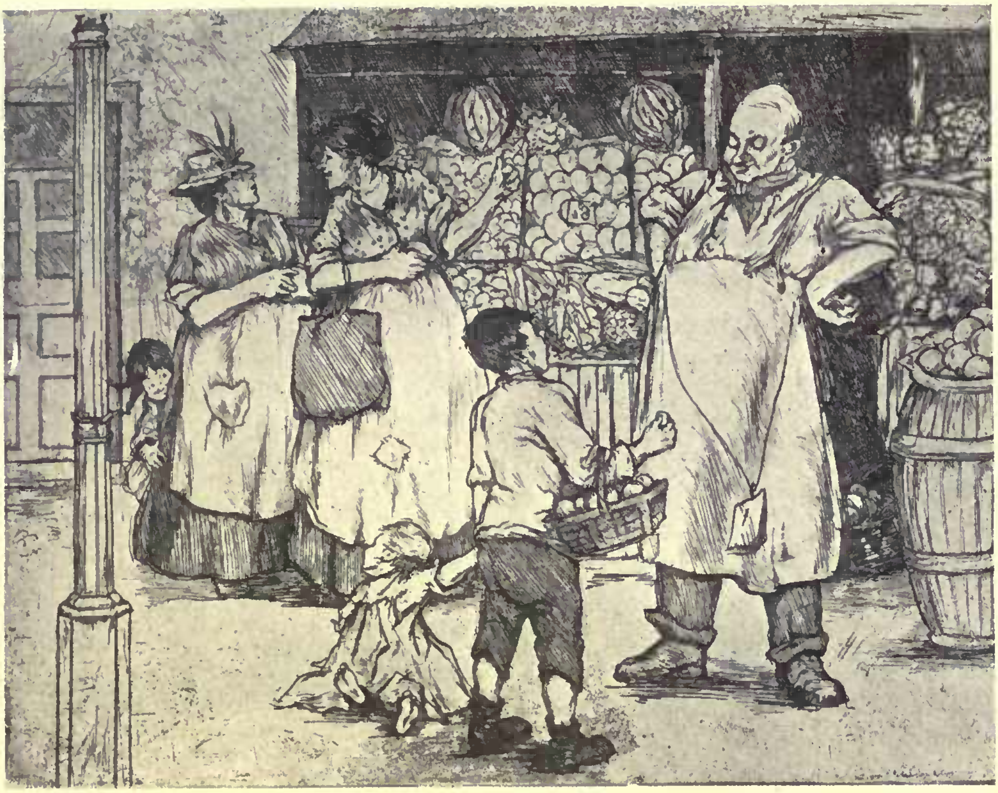
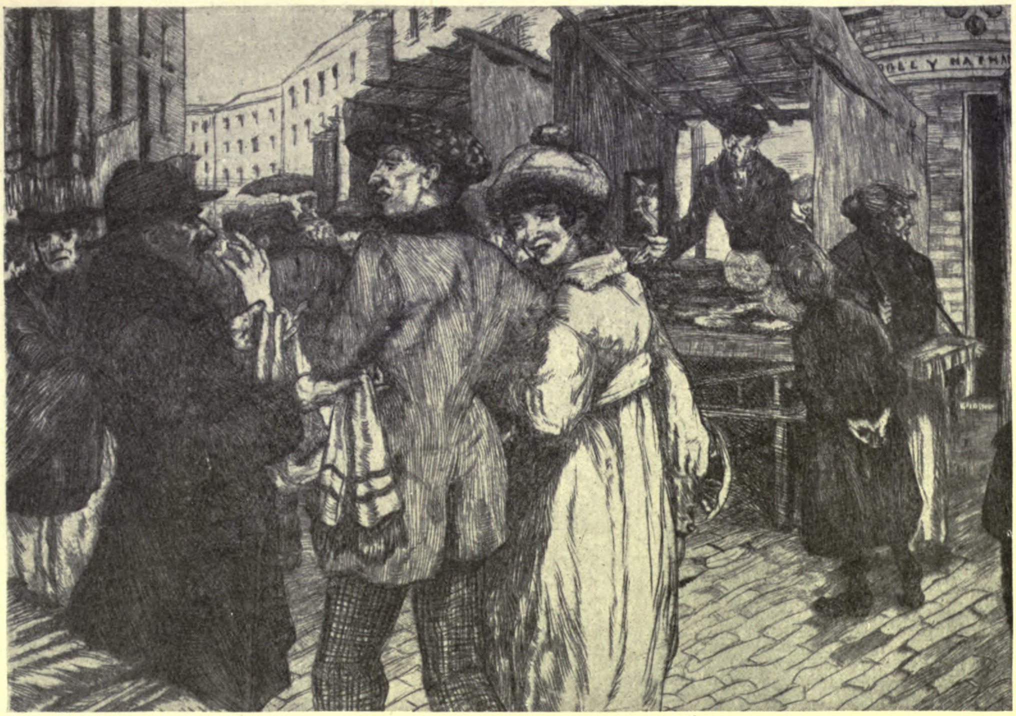


"THE REJECTED." ETCHING BY MOLLY CAMPBELL, A.R.E.



" MARKETING IN SUBURBIA "
ETCHING BY DORIS DAVIS



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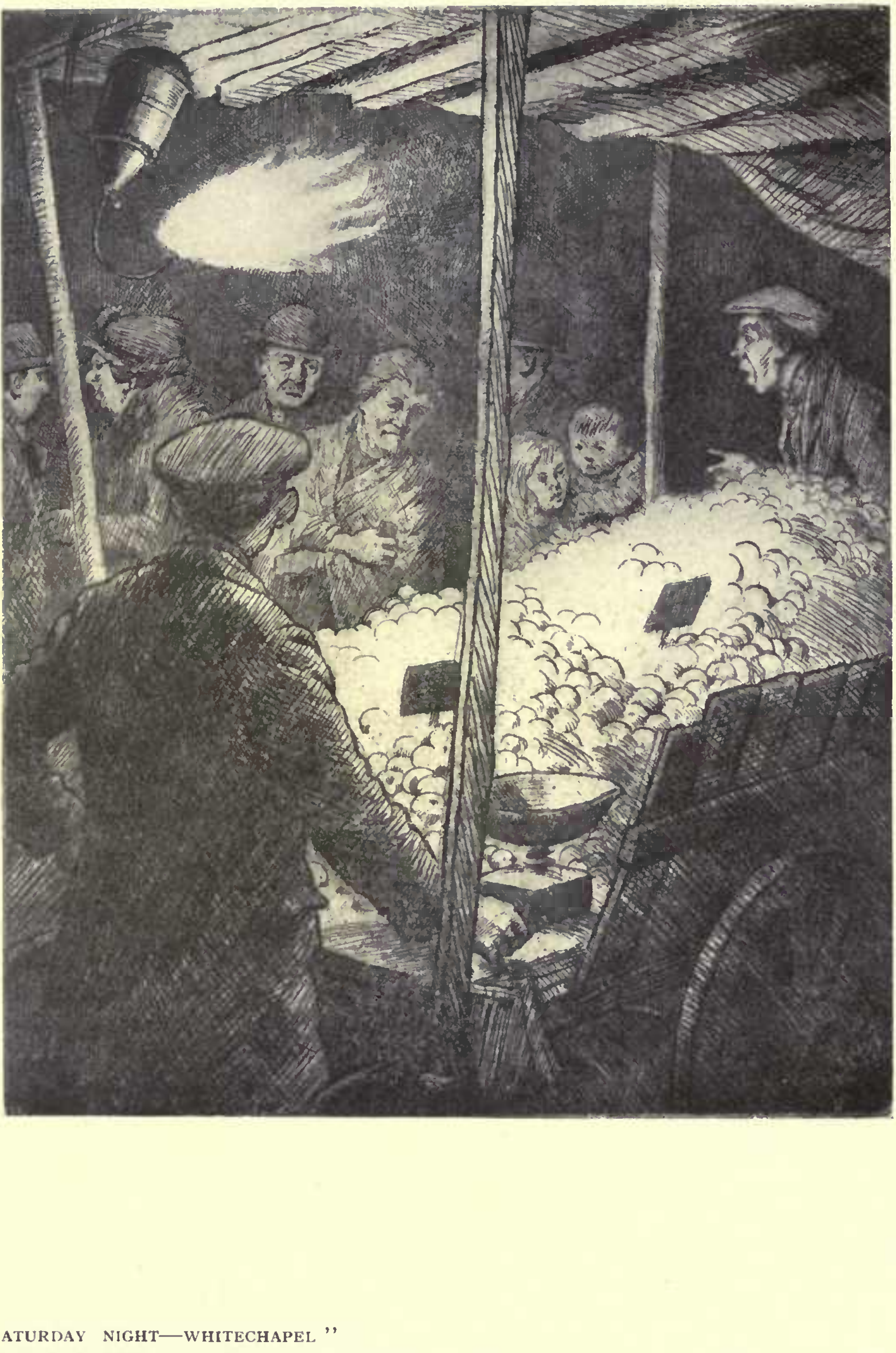
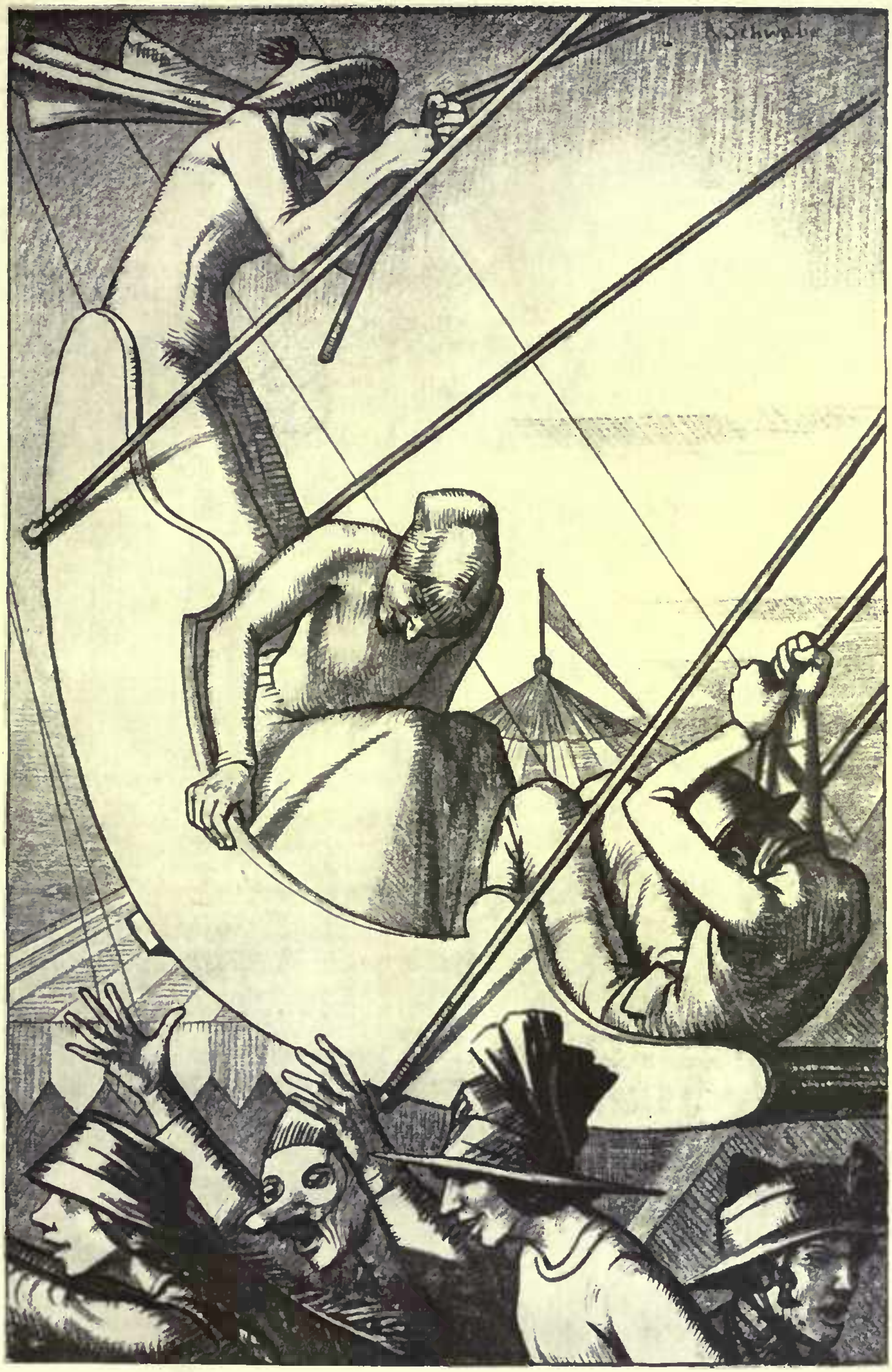
ETCHING BY KATHERINE O. LACK



" SATURDAY NIGHT—WHITECHAPEL "
ETCHING BY ERNEST BLAIKLEY



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"BANK HOLIDAY—THE SWINGS." 1920
LITHOGRAPH BY RANDOLPH SCHWABE

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